

THE



SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

<i>Belloc</i>	Catholic Resurrection
<i>Powers</i>	Easter in Rome
<i>McNamara</i>	Sisters in China
<i>Newton</i>	Pieces of India
<i>Conlehan</i>	Converging Witness
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<i>Dinnis</i>	The Messenger
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<i>Clegg</i>	Bernadette Grows
<i>Schneiders</i>	Hunan Medicine
<i>Maloney</i>	The Middleman

--- --- Passionist Chinese Mission Society --- ---

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Feb. 24	St. Matthias
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July 25	St. James
Aug. 25	St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
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Dec. 26	St. Stephen
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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Catholic League for Social Justice

LAST September a group of fifteen Catholic gentlemen, prominent in the business and financial circles in New York, reached the conclusion that the social, financial and industrial dislocation that has overwhelmed the world demanded the conformity of human relations with spiritual ideals and that the material welfare of the country depends upon the attainment of social justice as set forth by Pope Pius XI in his encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. Under the able leadership of Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy they organized the Catholic League for Social Justice and invited Catholics, men and women, priests as well as the laity, to join in a nationwide effort to put into actuality the Papal pronouncements. In the hope of furthering the work of this organization we print this summary:

OBJECT

AS THERE are a large number of Catholic devotional and social societies now adequately serving the needs of Catholics, it is not proposed to add another, but rather to provide the members of these existing societies, as individuals, an opportunity to participate in a crusade for social justice. It is hoped in this way to mobilize the combined strength of all these societies to enable their members to answer the call of our Holy Father and participate in a crusade for social justice.

The laity are not called to preach; they are, however, called to teach by example. "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven." (*Matt. 10:16.*)

It is by doing social justice first of all in our own lives and then by crusading for it, that we can realize the Kingship of Christ on earth and the brotherhood of man. Divine assistance is absolutely indispensable to the attainment of this end.

ORGANIZATION

THERE will be no formal organization, nor officers. This is an individualistic movement. It should be remembered that the Catholic Church operates in the conscience of the individual, not in the mass, that it differentiates between religion and humanitarianism, between charity and philanthropy.

There will be maintained a permanent office with one attendant in charge, to receive and record pledges and issue membership cards. The small expense involved will be defrayed from voluntary contributions of the most zealous crusaders.

The membership list will be open to inspection to members only and for no other purpose than to promote the objectives of the movement.

MEMBERSHIP

ALL Catholics above eighteen years of age, laymen and women, clergy and Religious in their status as citizens, are eligible for membership. Members of the following and similar organizations are invited to join the movement and crusade within these organizations for Social Justice: National Council of Catholic Men, National Council of Catholic Women, National

Catholic Alumni Association, National Catholic Alumnae Association, Holy Name Society, Knights of Columbus, Third Order of St. Francis, Manresa Men, Catholic Evidence Guild, Catholic Converts League, Sodalities of Men and Women, Catholic College and Highschool Students, League of the Sacred Heart, League for Daily Mass, The Rosary Society, Central Verein, Catholic Unity League, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Nocturnal Adoration Society, etc.

There shall be no initiation fee nor membership dues. The small amount of money required to finance the crusade will come from voluntary subscriptions.

Crusaders wishing to join the movement will sign the pledge, hereinafter described, forward it to the Diocesan Recorder and receive a membership card. His (or her) activities thereafter will be dictated by the individual conscience.

THE PLEDGE

TO SECURE the Divine assistance deemed indispensable to success in Catholic action to attain Social Justice in this country, prospective members of the League will sign the following pledge:

"I resolve to inform myself on Catholic doctrine on Social Justice, to conform my life to its requirements and to do everything in my power, in my home and religious life, in my social and business contacts, to promote its principles.

"Realizing that I cannot keep this resolution faithfully without Divine help, I further resolve, as nearly as possible, to hear Holy Mass twice a week (once besides Sunday) and daily if possible; and to receive Holy Communion at least once a month and weekly if possible, to attain Social Justice in the United States."

STUDY AND EDUCATION

STUDY group programs and pamphlets can be had at a small charge, explaining, in a popular manner, the teachings of the Catholic Church on Social Justice as expounded by our Holy Fathers, Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, by the American hierarchy and by authoritative laymen, from the offices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.



ALREADY the League has received the hearty sanction of the Archbishops and Bishops of twenty-five dioceses in the United States, of the Archbishops of Mexico City, Montreal, Toronto, and Antigonish, Nova Scotia. It is confidently expected that within a short space of time every diocese in the United States will enter this crusade. Individuals seeking further information are directed to communicate with the Catholic League for Social Justice, 30 West 16th St., New York City.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S address to the fifty-four nations not only expressed a hope for continued peace but also sounded a timely warning for the immediate need of disarmament and

President Roosevelt Introduces the United States to Europe

Ramsay MacDonald's program, to which the United States had given its adherence. Of course, we might object that it is useless to make new pacts to prevent war when such pacts have already been violated by nations which had agreed to observe them. However, the repetition of a good purpose is not without its merits. And the expression of such purpose is particularly imperative at this time when a great European Power is strongly suspected of dangerous intentions to increase its armaments. It is the recognition of this dangerous intention that gives paramount significance to the President's phrase that, in the event of the failure of the Geneva and London Conferences, "the civilized world . . . will know where the responsibility for failure lies." It is commonly accepted that Herr Hitler's speech was emphatically tempered as a consequence of the President's utterance.

President Roosevelt realizes that Geneva and London are inevitably tied together. World peace and world recovery are bound up with the results of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. Unless that Conference achieves some genuine measures of success for the reduction of arms, the Economic Conference at London will prove such a huge and drastic failure that no one is competent to envisage it. The President clearly sees the unavoidable connection between guns and tariffs. That is why the economic conversations in Washington have necessarily involved questions of international conciliation. Hope of lasting peace and plans for world recovery are absurd unless Geneva can furnish a foundation on which to build up world security.

The nervous tension in the European situation more than justified the President's dramatic appeal to the fifty-four nations of the world. Amid the confusion of claims and counter-claims, charges and recriminations heard at Geneva, these facts stand out:

1. Hitler's rise to power and the intransigent attitude of his representatives at Geneva isolated Germany.
2. The British attitude, notorious for its friendliness towards Germany and unfriendliness towards Poland since the War, violently changed within the past few weeks.
3. Mussolini has grown wary of Germany, in spite of the fact that he proposed a plan to put her on an arms equality with England, France and Italy.
4. The Little Entente in a further effort to protect its own interests has drawn its members closer together.
5. The attitude of France can best be expressed in the words of Foreign Minister, Paul-Boncour, who asserted the readiness of his Government to "take a strong aggressive stand and to join

all the foes of Nazidom in an effort to crush the National Socialist régime by peaceful means."

The President has put an end to American isolation. He realizes that, without the adherence of the United States, any agreement made at Geneva will be just as ineffective as the other post-War agreements have been. Whereas, any agreement that shall be backed up by the United States will allay the fears of Europe, at least to the extent of permitting the first steps towards disarmament to be taken. Hence the time has come when our Government can no longer shirk its share of international responsibilities. In assuming these, however, we must be careful that no individual nation or group of nations make a cat's paw out of the United States. We should be just as ready to oppose French or British aggression as Italian or German. Our one purpose should be to throw the whole force of our coöperation against the use of arms in settling national squabbles or satisfying national claims.



THE preceding editorial was already in type when word came from Rome to the effect that an agreement had been reached among the representatives of France, Germany, Great Britain

The Four-Power Pact for a Ten Years' Peace

and Italy on Premier Mussolini's four-power pact, guaranteeing the peace of Europe for the next ten years. Although differing in several respects from the original draft, the pact in its present form retains all of its essential features. A compromise was finally reached between France and Germany. The latter had declined to accept certain reservations to the original draft which the former had insisted upon. A summary of the principal provisions of the Four-Power European Peace Pact is given by The Associated Press:

"The preamble states the purpose of the pact to be collaboration among the four great Western European powers to maintain peace. It states that it is based on the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the agreement not to resort to force as signed at Geneva last December and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

"Its duration is to be ten years.

"It is made abundantly clear that the signatory powers will not impose a solution on any other nation.

"The revision of the post-War treaties is stated definitely to be a possibility, but only under Article XIX of the League of Nations Covenant.

"The signatories agreed to abide by Article X of the League Covenant, respecting and maintaining against all external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of all nations members of the League.

"Disarmament is mentioned as a desirable necessity without reference to any specific proposals.

"In general the pact is a restatement of previous accords for international collaboration.

"It is very careful not to mention either the necessity or the desirability of the revision of treaties, although admitting the possibility of revision."

According to a wireless to *The New York Times* the peace pact makes provision for the realization by Germany of equality in armaments with the other European nations to be gradually brought about over a period of five years.

No one can be so optimistic as to believe that the ratification of the peace pact will automatically solve all of Europe's manifold problems. The present draft fails to cover many details which must be dealt with as they call for solution. But, whatever its deficiencies, the pact will exercise a tremendous moral influence. Formulated almost immediately after President Roosevelt's international message and Chancellor Hitler's speech to the Reichstag, it should generate a mighty impulse for the return of mutual confidence among the nations with a consequent stabilization of Europe and the World.



THIS year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of La Salle Military Academy conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, in Oakdale on the pleasant shores of Long Island's Great South Bay. The happy event signalizes another worthy and notable achievement in the annals of the Christian Brothers, and calls to

An Anniversary Witnessing to a Three- Century Success

mind the long and glorious history of these zealous, self-effacing men as fervent Religious and efficient educators.

For nearly three centuries they have been a brilliant ornament and shining light in the story of Catholic education. By their fruits shall they be known. Since the day of their foundation in 1680 they have ever remained true to the ideals and standards of their founder, Saint John Baptist de la Salle. Their path, to be sure, has not been an easy one. Persecution, misunderstanding and exile have more than once been their lot. They bore all in a spirit of genuine Christian humility and fortitude. Today they stand forth as true heroes, unsung indeed, and for the most part unknown—they themselves would not have it otherwise—a numerous body of quietly efficient teachers, seeking not worldly plaudits nor the esteem of men, but an eternal reward, striving only to instruct young manhood in the sure ways of knowledge, grace and faith. Such men, such sterling Christian teachers, are sorely needed in these times when, on all sides, the wellsprings of knowledge and the fountains of pedagogy are being sadly polluted. With our most hearty congratulations there goes a fervent prayer that God will give great and urgently needed increase to the ranks of the Christian Brothers.



EX-GOVERNOR Alfred E. Smith, having pointed out the way, even conservative experts are agreeing that the solution of the present economic distress may be entrusted to a dictatorship.

Dictatorship in Govern- ment: Infallibility in Religion

powers bestowed upon the latter.

Because Mr. Smith invariably leads the way only after experience, hard study and a certain sure instinct have made the attainment of the goal clear to him, he avoids the imputation of demagoguery.

In applying his experience, study and his very instincts to the solution of the world's economic crisis it is quite possible that he has an advantage in the background of his Catholic Faith.

We allude to the analogy between dictatorships and Papal Infallibility. Ordinarily we use too cumbersome a machine for

the happy event signalizes another worthy and notable achievement in the annals of the Christian Brothers, and calls to

the suppressing of selfishness, the allying of passions and the attaining of harmony in the economic or political world. Thus, too, Revelation—if left to human examination, debate and sanction—would fail of its purpose as a means of maintaining religious truth in an anarchical world. Let us quote Cardinal Newman:

"Supposing, then, it to be the will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism, in such a case—I am far from saying that there was no other way—but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters, such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and, when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I find no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility, as a provision, adapted by the mercy of the Creator, to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses. . . . I say, that a power, possessed of infallibility in religious teaching, is happily adapted to be a working instrument, in the course of human affairs, for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive, capricious, untrustworthy intellect."—*Apologia pro Vita Sua*.



FROM time to time the czars, moguls and other numerous powers—that be in the motion picture industry come forth (it must be with tongue in cheek) with some grandiose statement anent

the great things accomplished by the movies. We are urged to have faith in the movies, in the producers and the actors, and also to believe that the movies

The American Slaughter of Countless Innocents

are a powerful influence for good (none will deny that they easily could be), and that much care and solicitude are being exercised in seeing to it that the moral tone of the pictures is generally elevating. Nevertheless, Hollywood continues to offer a seemingly unending series of pictures which give such statements the lie.

No one likes to be dubbed prudish or puritanical, but even the broadminded must look askance at most of the pictures produced these days. Even the titles are made to appeal to the lowest and most depraved human instincts. A picture that in itself is harmless enough is usually given a misleading sexy title. Statistics compiled from a recent careful survey show that, in somewhat more than seventy percent of the pictures, crime, sex love, passion, violence or horror is dominant.

What is the influence of such pictures? Professor Blumer of the University of Chicago, in his treatise *Movies, Delinquency and Crime*, has made a thorough and factual study of the effect of movies upon conduct, especially the conduct of youth. Dr. Christian A. Ruckmick of the University of Iowa, working under the Payne Fund, has just completed a study of the emotional responses of children to the movies. The results of their work are neither edifying nor gratifying and, when not utterly discouraging, furnish matter for grave concern.

Professor Blumer says: "The emotional possession induced by passionate love pictures represents an attack on the mores of our contemporary life." Of the four hundred and fifty-eight high school pupils observed by him, fifty-five percent spoke of having been stirred by this type of picture, while thirty percent admitted having been made more receptive to petting or other prevalent forms of so-called love demonstration. Among the reactions from such pictures Dr. Ruckmick reports a resultant "unnatural sophistication and premature bodily stimulation." He concludes with the warning: "Let those moralize and standardize who will; our fundamental facts speak loudly for themselves."

The producers may whine that they are giving the public what the public wants; catering to popular demand. Let them remember the intense receptivity of the childish mind, that impressions stick and stay there and crop up later on in life. Children can be educated to like a thing by sheer repetition and quantity. If they be deluged with all that is low and mean and dangerous and thus acquire a taste for that, whose, then, is the fault? Long ago Christ said something terrible in its very possibility about those who scandalize "these little ones."



MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT, wife of Pennsylvania's Governor, took a novel means of attracting nation-wide attention to the plight of the strikers in the shirt factories of the

"The Human Price of a Bargain"

Lehigh Valley when she paraded with those youthful workers. She found hundreds of children, fourteen or fifteen years old, working full time for \$2 or \$3 a week; very few are receiving more than \$5 or \$6. These starvation wages they are forced to accept because in many instances the adult breadwinners in their families are unemployed. Through the newsreels Mrs. Pinchot has obtained wide publicity which may do some temporary good; but there is only one way to bring about decent conditions—which is, adequate State and Federal legislation properly enforced.

The Federal Department of Labor and the Consumers' League found girls working over power-machines in Massachusetts whose piece-work wage averaged 1c. an hour. They found women in Pennsylvania working 12 and 14 hours a night; in New Jersey women getting 70c. for three weeks' work. In Baltimore, of the 6,800 men and women employed in making men's clothes—60% of them women—several hundred worked in crowded, poorly lighted rooms, sitting all day over power-machines or handling huge steam presses. "A spice company in Cincinnati has cut wages to \$2.50 a week." "A shirt maker is paying 34c. per dozen shirts for the making of buttonholes." "A toy factory in Jersey is paying \$2 per week." "Tobacco stemmers get 8c. an hour."

"When is a bargain not a bargain?" asks Mildred Adams in the Delineator. "When it is the product of a sweatshop, a run-away plant, or a gypsy industry. . . . Those three major villains of depression manufacturing cut their way into established industries, destroy trade agreements, smash standards of price and workmanship, offer competition that reliable houses must meet—or go out of business. Then, when business that has a conscience is operating at a loss, and profits have fallen off even for them, the gypsy industries move on to something else, leaving chaos behind."



TO fight for social justice and by this means to combat Communism, a new Catholic monthly has been started in New York City called *The Catholic Worker*. The editors are Dorothy Day,

"The Catholic Worker": A New Venture in Catholic Action

a Catholic journalist who has contributed to the *Commonweal*, *America*, and *THE SIGN*, and Peter Maurain, who is a convinced follower of St. Francis of Assisi, a laborer and a student of economics.

The new paper offers itself as a mouthpiece to Catholic men and women who are organizing in New York and Brooklyn and elsewhere, forming labor guilds to study the Encyclicals of the Popes on the Condition of Labor and the Reconstruction of the Social Order, and to put into practice the precepts of the Church. As the *Guildsman*, a Catholic magazine published in Germantown, Illinois, points out in an article on *The Catholic Worker*, up to the present time there have been no purely Catholic Labor organizations in this country, though the Pope expressly advised the forming of such organizations. It has been thought that the

existing labor organizations sufficed. Also there has been no purely Catholic Labor paper to express the aims of workers.

The first number of *The Catholic Worker* came out on May Day and was sold by the editors and volunteers both in Union Square, where 75,000 Communists had gathered for their May Day parade, and in Columbus Circle where Communists are accustomed to meet for street speaking. During the month unemployed men have been selling the paper throughout the city, in Bryant Park, Union Square, the Battery and the Bowery, and requests for copies from branches of the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus, from libraries and seminaries, from the police department of New York City, and from study groups interested in social justice, have been filled.

Catholic editors such as Patrick Scanlon of the *Brooklyn Tablet*, Father Wildrid Parsons and Father La Farge of *America*, Father McGowan of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference of Washington, and others have written both in letters to the editors and in their own publications to commend the paper and its purpose.

The paper was started without funds, and edited and written in the home of one of the editors, but since its inception Catholics, both priests and laity, have sent in contributions to further the work.

So far, the contributions have sufficed to pay for the cost of the first issue, for mailing and distribution, and for renting an office at 436 E. 15th St., New York, and now more money is needed to put in a telephone, buy some office furniture (chairs have to be borrowed from Italian and Irish neighbors when a meeting of the organizers of the new labor guilds are held) and to get out a larger (the second) edition of the paper.

The editors wish to express their great gratitude for the help already given, and to beg their readers to help them in their work.



TO the Most Rev. John A. Duffy, S.T.D., Vicar General of the Newark Diocese, on his being nominated Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y. ¶To the Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M.M., co-

Toasts Within the Month

founder with the late Father Thomas Price of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society on his being raised to the Episcopate. ¶To the Seventeen Commanderies of the Buffalo Regiment, Knights of St. John, on the Golden Jubilee of their founding. ¶To Senator George W. Norris on the passing of a bill authorizing the Government operation of Muscle Shoals, which for many years he had staunchly advocated. ¶To the Most Rev. Philip G. Scher on his appointment as Bishop of Monterey-Fresno. ¶To the six boys of the Passaic Home and Orphan Asylum whose heroism in flagging a train during a terrific rainstorm prevented a major accident: Jake Melnizlk, 15; John Murdock, 11; Douglas Fleming, 15; Rudolph Brosche, 14; Frank Mazzola, 12; Michael Mazzola, 11. ¶To Miss Dorothy Day and Mr. Peter Maurain on establishing *The Catholic Worker*, an eight-page monthly paper intended to counteract the influence of radical sheets which aim to mislead the unemployed and defraud the workingman. ¶To Mr. D. J. Farrell, transportation official, on being designated this year's recipient of the DeSmet Medal awarded by Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington. ¶To Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller on ousting Señor Diego Rivera, Mexican Communist, as mural decorator of Rockefeller Center for having included a portrait of Lenin in a symbolic group. ¶To Dr. Hugh Scott Taylor, chairman of the chemistry department, Princeton University, on being awarded the Mendel Medal by Villanova College. ¶To the Hon. Norman A. Davis, President Roosevelt's Ambassador At Large and Envoy Extraordinary, on his great work for the United States and Europe. ¶To Dr. Eugene A. Colligan on his election to the Presidency of Hunter College. ¶To the Eighteen Thousand School Teachers of Chicago on receiving \$12,468,000 in back salary, though they are still lacking four months' pay.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Berton Braley in the "Atlantic Monthly":

WHEN I hear lofty brows denote
Art as an astral glow remote,
And Artists as a Sacred Clan
Who shouldn't share the woes of man
Or need to think of bread and meat
Or jobs to hold or homes to heat,
I find my mind begins to dwell
On Hals, Da Vinci, Raphael,
And wonder if they wouldn't toss
Such talk aside as applesauce.
I doubt if Rubens would declaim
"Painting to order" was a shame,
Or Rembrandt view his robust art
As something High, Aloof, Apart;
Nor does it somehow seem to me
Van Dyck would talk of being "free,"
Nor Michelangelo nor Titian
See "art for art's sake" as their mission.
No. To my crass, commercial view
The Masters had their jobs to do
And their mundane ambitions were
To Satisfy the customer.
And thus, as decent workmen would,
They did their work the best they could,
And, with no lofty bunk, loved, laughed,
And toiled at their commercial craft,
And didn't hold themselves too proud
To please "the herd" or reach "the crowd."
I think that's how the Masters worked,
Professionals, who never shirked
Or sulked because the Artist's Soul
Was Balked of Its Supernal Goal,
But took commissions as they came,
Glad of the chance to get the same.
Art was their Business and their trade.
—Pretty good pictures those boys made!

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN REPUBLICAN SPAIN

DESPITE dispatches in our daily Press, religious conditions in Spain are not so deplorable as usually pictured. E.A.P., special correspondent of "The Church Times" of London, writes:

Seville, in this Holy Week, has been the saddest city in Spain. In Monarchist days, each night saw the world-famed processions of the Confraternities, with their huge *pasos*—sculptured figures or groups representing scenes of the Passion—borne on sturdy shoulders, which traversed the city to the accompaniment of subdued music, and drew thousands of visitors from all over the world. Last year, so violent had been the anti-clericals, that only one courageous confraternity ventured forth, with the result that revolver shots were fired at it, and there was almost tragedy. This year no processions have gone out at all; the hotels are half empty; the city has lost its animation; and the weather has mocked it by producing temperatures of over eighty in the shade!

But to those who can look below the surface of Seville's superficial depression, the religious situation is not unhopeful. Except that the great Palm Sunday procession went round the Court of the Orange Trees instead of outside the walls, the Cathedral services have been unchanged, and, allowing for the absence of tourists, at least as well attended as usual. In the churches the

number of services has purposely been increased, and increased congregations have resulted. The *pasos*, jewel-decked, ablaze with lights, and surrounded by banks of flowers, have been placed in the churches of their confraternities in the positions customary before the start of the processions, and additional realism has been lent to this rather touching procedure by the attendance, at stated times, of the men who normally bear them through the city. Thus the non-emergence of the Church into the streets has had the result of drawing thousands from the streets into the churches.

On the night of Maundy Thursday, I left Seville, to wake a few miles from Madrid to what looked like anything but Good Friday. Bunting at the windows and republican flags mast-high everywhere! For Good Friday this year coincided with the second anniversary of the Revolution. It was feared at one time that the coincidence would lead to riots all over Spain, for those who knew said that the Government was determined to carry out its programme of festivities. A few days ago, however, an official announcement postponed practically all of these till the day following, and brought untold relief to the millions who desire peace above all things.

Good Friday in Madrid (and *a fortiori* elsewhere in Spain) has been observed with all its traditional solemnity. Possibly the Government thought that it was pleasing the people when it cancelled the prohibition of a previous epoch to open theatres and cinemas on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. The result in Madrid has been this. Of its twenty theatres and thirty-six cinemas, only one theatre and ten cinemas have opened; and of these ten, five have shown only films on sacred subjects. Thus do the people of the Republic respond to the declaration of the Constitution that the Republic has no official religion.

That the Spaniards are as religious a people as ever is the irresistible conclusion to which I have come during a five-weeks' tour of the country—north, south, east, and center. At Bilbao, where the anti-clerical town council has ordered the demolition of a statue to the Sacred Heart, devotions on its site have been so persistent that an order has been issued forbidding persons to congregate there—"still less to pray." In Catalonia, where there is great satisfaction that a Catalan prelate has been raised to the Metropolitan See of Toledo, the shops and offices still close for religious *fiestas*, such as Maundy Thursday and the afternoon of Lady Day, which the Government has officially abolished. I have never seen denser or more devout congregations than on St. Joseph's Day in Barcelona Cathedral, or for the great *Hora Santa*, which was observed in Valencia Cathedral on the Thursday in Passion Week.

The fact is that Spanish Catholics, few of whom can remember the last epoch of persecution, received a series of shocks in the first days of the Republic for which they were totally unprepared. The expulsion of Cardinal Segura; the assaults on churches and monasteries; the anti-religious campaign of the Government; the disestablishment of the Church, and the attendant disabilities which this entailed; the suppression in Spain of the Society of Jesus; the harsh treatment of the Religious Orders, culminating in the recently passed Law of Religious Congregations: all these blows, coming within two years, might well have crushed the spirits of all but a few.

But, on the contrary, the Spanish people, of whom an immense majority are practising Catholics, have rallied magnificently. If a few who formerly professed what they did not believe have now brought their hostility into the open, they have strengthened the main body of the faithful, and not weakened it. There is no lack of money to pay stipends, until now provided by the State; collections, formerly rare in Spanish churches, have been put on

a business-like footing; and the number of voluntary helpers is abundant.

These are perhaps impressions which, though they are evident enough to the observer, might, by a hostile critic, be considered biased. But there can be no question of bias about the figures shown me yesterday by a sub-editor of the Catholic daily, *El Debate*, which prove that its circulation has risen to a point far above that of the days when authority smiled on it. *El Debate* is not primarily political; it is certainly not Monarchist: it stands first and foremost for the interests of religion, society, and family. That, in a period when it would seem that these ideals are in disfavor and in danger, such a phenomenon should have made its appearance shows as clearly as possible that Spain is still true to its immemorial ideals and traditions.

CURIOUS NAMES IN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A WRITER in the Baltimore "Sun" thumbed his way through the Baltimore Telephone Directory. Here are some of his findings:

A glance through the latest edition of the world's most-used book—Baltimore issue—revealed to the Baltimorean such classifications as Baker, Bishop, Constable, Diver, Driver, Duke, Earl, Farmer, Judge, Justice, King, Lord, Major, Manager, Mason, Mechanic, Merchant, Miller, Miner, Page, Pope, Prince, Queen, Rector, Rider, Singer, Sexton, Taylor and Trader. At the present time some of these people are working at a Loss and some at a Proffitt.

The names of nationalities found among the listings are German, Irish, Roman, Swiss, Turk and Welsh. A Gentile name are also listed, as are France, Holland, Rome and Wales.

The colors enumerated are Black, Blue, Brown, Gray, Green, Golden, Rose and White.

These people may be classified as: Best, Better, Bitter, Bright, Close, Dull, Fair, Faithful, Fine, Free, Fresh, Gay, Good, Little, Meek, New, Pool, Rock, Shade, Shore, Sand, Stump, Sinners, Small, Smart, Sober, Stout, Strong, Swift, Tall, Valiant, Wise.

The outdoors is represented by Bay, Beach, Bloom, Cove, Falls, Field, Flowers, Lake, Lane, Leaf, Marsh, Moon, Moss, Orchard, Parks, Plant, Pool, Rock, Shade, Shore, Sand, Stump, Trail, Thorn and Weed. Ash, Birch, Cherry and Chestnut grow there, and it needs no naturalist to find a Bass, Bird, Crow, Bugg, Fox, Hare, Sparrow, Stork, Trout or Wolf.

The weather is suggested by Blizzard, Gale, Clear, Frost, Snow, Storm and Waters. The four points of the compass—North, South, East and West—are found, as are Day, Weeks, Noon, Holliday, March, May, Spring and Winter. Cotton, Glass, Wheat, Cable, Nickel, Silver, Gold, Silk, Stone, Tarr, Wood and Zink are also found.

CURIOUS NAMES AMONG THE CLERGY

A ND now comes Fra Juniper of "The Universe" (London) with some odd names among our own and foreign priests:

A priest has been ferreting out many appropriate names of the clergy listed in the American *Catholic Directory*. Beginning where the human race began, he has found a Fr. Adam, many named Fr. Kane and two named Fr. Abel. There are two Frs. Abraham, a Fr. Jacob, a Fr. Solomon and a Fr. Angel. There is one Fr. Church and five priests bear the name of Fr. Rock. He had found a Fr. Abbot, three Frs. Bishop, a Fr. Cardinal and a Fr. Pope, with several Frs. Dean in between. More than a dozen priests are named Fr. Grace. One priest is a perpetual reminder of parish funds: his name is Fr. Cash.

There are a Fr. Temple, a Fr. Tower and seven Frs. Bell. Other clerical surnames found in the list are Divine, Joy, Bliss and Love. Finally, as at the end of Mass, we have a benediction from a Fr. Blessing.

Our own *Catholic Directory* reveals many similar names. The first priest mentioned is Fr. Abbott (St. Peter's College, Fresh-

field). We have Fr. Bishop and Canon Bishop; Fr. Bliss, Fr. Boat (the nearest to Peter's Barque), Fr. Brotherhood, one Mgr. and two Frs. Bull, a Fr. Cross, Mgr. Dean, Fr. Grace, one Canon and two Frs. Hope, three Frs. Kane (but no Abel), two Frs. Kirk (one of them in Scotland), several Frs. Lamb and one Fr. Lambkin, Fr. Love, Fr. Dove, no Fr. Angel, but one Fr. Messenger, Canon Monk, three Frs. Parsons, one Fr. Peall as well as several Frs. Bell and a Canon and a Fr. Ring, two Frs. Pope and one Fr. Prior, a Fr. St. George, a Canon and three Frs. St. John and two Frs. St. Lawrence, three Frs. Sexton and three Frs. Porter, Fr. Sinnott, two Frs. Sole, no Fr. Church but many Frs. Wall and plenty of Frs. Wood. There are, I might add, several inappropriate surnames.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN BEAR ARMS

E XCERPTS from "Stalin's Ladder" by Russian correspondent, Elias Tobenkin, published by Minton, Balch & Co., New York:

There are 60,000,000 children under 17 years old in the Soviet Union—a population greater than that of either France or England—and all pass through a military mold. Indeed, every Russian between the ages of 10 and 50 is provided with some sort of military qualification, whether for work on the battlefield or behind the lines. Each factory is provided with a "military corner"; every village has its "defence house," a small scale armory; the whole of the Soviet Union is covered with a network of shooting circles. Office, factory and bank employees hold regular drills in wearing gas masks. The Army Press has 120,000 volunteer correspondents who report to it the progress military training is making in every corner of the Soviet Empire.

Military discipline is maintained in educational institutions. From grade and secondary schools and universities the government requires: "A minimum of military training that can be put to practical use at any time."

Instructions issued by the Commissariat of Education make clear that no teacher who underestimates the country's war danger is a fit preceptor for the young. The teacher must present the subject of preparedness to the children in a manner that will arouse "appropriate patriotic emotions." All children must be impregnated with the idea that war may come at any time.

In the universities, where military science in its advanced forms is taught, the most noteworthy feature of military training is the absence of distinction between sexes. Girls in primary and secondary schools receive training along sanitation and Red Cross lines; women students in the universities are trained for all branches of army service.

For the war training of the adult population there exist 60,000 "military circles" throughout the Soviet Union. The organization directing this mass military training furnishes rifles and equipment to each military circle. It provides instructors, organizes classes and lectures and keeps unbroken connection between civilian companies and regular army units in the district. The citizen soldiers make regular visits to the Red Army barracks. The Red Army returns this compliment by sending officers to address these military circles. The citizen soldiers who distinguish themselves are not infrequently taken from their trades and professions and sent to higher military academies to be trained for command in the Red Army. Contests are arranged between military circles of different cities, with worthwhile prizes for the winners. Rifle and machine gun practice is the primary training the citizen soldiers receive, but others are taught to qualify as tank operators, gas experts and army aviators.

Every factory in the Soviet Union, every large commercial or professional establishment, every mine or mill, every government-owned farm forms the nucleus of such a military circle. During my ten months in the Soviet Union, daily between four and seven p.m., the streets of Moscow resounded with the tramp of marching men and women. They were workers, clerks, professional people in civilian clothes, but the rifles over their shoulders were army rifles. From one end of Russia to the other, at the same

hours, similar bands of men and women were undergoing the same military practice.

Figures for the number of women in the Soviet Union who are training for regular army service are unavailable for the past two years. But in the year 1930, nearly a quarter million women were undergoing such training in military schools. Fifty-five thousand of them qualified as rifle experts and machine gunners. Something over 10,000 specialized in war chemistry; others took up artillery and aviation. Petrograd has a famous company of woman snipers; Moscow has recently graduated a corps of militarized women telegraph and telephone operators. Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk have women's sniping companies that are among the best-trained in the Union. In Omsk a woman's college trains shooting instructors, most of the graduates of this institution being used to organize women of Siberia and Mongolia. Camps for summer training and fall maneuvers for this woman's volunteer army of 250,000 are maintained jointly with the camps for men. After the women have attained proficiency they are organized into mixed divisions, the proportion being about 30% women to 70% men.

To the writer an important Soviet official in Moscow said: "The Red Army is not an army of soldiers, but of officers, of 'commanders,' as we call them. Our soldiers are *the whole of the Russian people*." His remark was not a flourish, but a statement of fact.

YOUTH ADRIFT: BOYS GOING NOWHERE

IT is conservatively estimated that there are 300,000 boys and young men drifting aimlessly from city to city. In "The New Republic" Robert Carter gives excerpts from the diary of one of these youths:

Salisbury, N. C.

My pal, Jola, and I went to the Salvation Army early in the morning. It was filthy and over the place hung the smell of anti-septic. A broken-down pugilist and three old men were there drinking weak coffee and eating moldy bread with smelly butter. We left without eating, bummed the houses and finally got food.

Joly had studied the violin for seven years, and was a painter. Along with hundreds of other musicians he had no job, his pictures didn't sell, and now he was a wanderer, painting portraits on the streets at 25c each. I met him in my wanderings, and posed for him to attract crowds.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

It's a hard grind going from house to house and saying: "We're artists and will draw your picture for a quarter." No one responds.

While loafing around the post office a man came and asked us if we wanted to make some easy money. Of course! So he spins a yarn about a hidden load of liquor, and that he needed help to hijack it. He said there would be \$200 in it for the night's work. It sounded too fishy, so we turned him down. Later in the evening we saw him talking with a cop and knew he was a detective trying to frame us. We left town in a hurry.

Durham, N. C.

My pal left me here and went towards New York City. He said: "I'm tired of starving and freezing to death at night in haystacks. In New York one can always bum a few cents and get a good meal at Macfadden's Penny Arcade."

Fell in with two other boys, one fairly well dressed and with nimble fingers. He stole a tin of sardines and, after trying several stores, made a superb theft of a can of apricots. With a loaf of bakery bread we had quite a meal and stretched out to sleep in the park.

Greenville, N. C.

Arrived here on a freight train late at night, and slept in the tobacco warehouse with two other young tramps. Next morning I turned due south, walking the roads and getting an occasional ride from trucks or Fords. When dinner time came I asked for work at a farmhouse for food and picked peas with the farmer's family for two hours.

That night I pried open a church window and slept there. I

placed two seats together, wrapped my blanket about me and fell asleep. It grew steadily colder during the night. About four o'clock I was awakened by the wind rattling the windows. I got up chilled to the bone and walked the roads till morning. When the sun rose I spread my blanket on the ground and fell asleep.

Morehead City, N. C.

I have found the hobo's paradise, an unbummed town. I live well for three days and nights, eating and sleeping, talking to the fishermen and lounging by the seaside watching the ships and sea gulls. I lie in the sun, for I am worn out by the months of hardships, suspicions, the bad food and hard words. Here is peace: the barefooted fishermen are kind, the captains of little fishing boats sit on the curb listening to my talk of the coal mines and mountain people.

Charleston, S. C.

Traveled across country for days, living as usual, always on the lookout for food, a place to sleep and possible work.

Charleston is full of homeless boys from the North and Northwest, brought by the delusion of palm trees and warm days. People in the big houses facing the harbor are generous if you can get an interview. One feels like a fool hollering up through a high window to a colored cook, "What about something to eat." But when they do feed, it's good food.

I slept two nights in the Red Star Mission. Paid for my bed, beef and grits by listening to their prayers, by being brow-beaten by some young tough who had just got religion and was consequently allowed to stay in the Mission any length of time for his valuable testimony at each night's meeting.

En Route.

Grabbed a freight towards Macon. Boys were scattered all over the train, with 15 or 20 in the box-car I was in. Some lay sleeping on old paper, others swapped yarns, told each other of bad detectives, of good places and friendly people, and where to catch the trains in and out of big towns. One, a boy of 20, was just off the chain gang and showed us his leg raw from the shackles.

Macon, Ga.

We descended on Macon in a horde and were swallowed up by the streets, dozens of us, bumming the same houses and restaurants, vague and lonely, ever on the move. One of the boys said: "If I had one of those pistols over there in that showcase I'd get what I wanted." We figured how to break the glass without making much noise at night. We could wrap the case with an overcoat, break the glass with a rock, seize the guns and run. It was all talk, of course.

Slept in the Salvation Army. It was crowded with boys and young men, some with small grips, others with nothing but the shirts on their backs. One boy, a nightmare of rags and dirt, was so thin and far-gone that we tramps, ourselves destitute, gave him of our stock of goods.

En Route.

On the freight to Atlanta I rode an oil tank and as the night was cold I stood up, holding the railing with rigid hands and staring ahead, watching the smoke grow red when the fireman stoked the boiler. I tied my bundle to the railing for fear of losing it, and stamped my feet to keep from dozing. But I slept in spite of myself. When I awoke with a jerk, I found myself leaning far over the gulf of grinding wheels. I was too frightened to sleep during the rest of the night.

Fifty miles from Atlanta the train stopped for water and the railroad detective found me and said I could ride no farther—that I would be arrested in Atlanta anyway. When I started away he said, looking at my bundle: "You've not stole anything around here, have you?"

"No," I said. "Do I look like a thief?"

"Yes," he said. "You have that mean look."

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Finally got into Tennessee, tired, dispirited and hopeless. I decided to go to Mexico or California. It didn't matter.

EASTER IN ROME

(*Impressions of a Convalescent*)

By Gabriel Francis Powers

"DON'T do anything that will tire you, and don't go where there is a crowd." Imagine how much remains that can be done in a city swarming with thousands on thousands of pilgrims, and where every function in the basilicas requires standing for hours in the midst of a massed, pushing, many-tongued humanity! We tried St. John Lateran one late afternoon for the service of *Tenebrae*, and there was plenty of room but the air was thick with dust (a thing we never remember having noted there before) and the invalid began to cough immediately.

The most serious deprivation was the exclusion from St. Peter's where our Holy Father was to pontificate at the Easter Mass; and exclusion even from the square in front of the basilica, for it was held by troops, and thousands of pilgrims were assembled there—even before the exodus from the basilica, which completed the jamming—to receive the Papal Benediction, given from the balcony for the first time on Easter Day since 1870. And the year is the centenary of Our Redemption: historic dates indeed.

So you have the dawn of Easter Day in Rome, a marvelous breaking of roseate brightness over a world trembling in a shower of diamond dew, and as yet wholly virgin in its beautiful purity of silence. So, at least, it appeared to one who saw the sunrise from the hill. In the night Christ had risen. And in another garden, just at this hour, Mary Magdalen and the other Mary had found the stone of the Tomb rolled back. One must not go to St. Peter's: it was forbidden. There was the Church of the Mother, Santa Maria Maggiore, full of the memories of her, her special church as Lady Paramount. Why not go to the glorious Mother who, after His and her agony, had seen the Risen Christ? Not without a particular appropriateness has the Station for the "Resurrection of the Lord" been set at S. Maria Maggiore. And it was an added reason to seek the great church of the Mother.

From the very threshold one sensed the atmosphere of peace, the breath of a deep, spiritual living, the exultance, hushed there and yet profoundly felt, of a boundless joy that was thrilling the whole world. Lights everywhere, the tall solemn Roman candles, the silver swinging lamps filled with oil. Clusters of wax tapers, all burning, on the Pontifical High Altar; the same on the altar of the Blessed

Sacrament with its majestic golden Tabernacle sustained by Angels; and again in the crypt with its superb casket of silver and crystal exposing the precious relics of the Crib.

THEN we come to her own shrine where, in the midst of a very glory of golden light, her austere and magnificent image looks down upon the suppliants at her feet. Those eyes that remember yesterday's Calvary, and that have been looking down, direct, impressive, mysteriously solemn, for over fifteen hundred years, upon the generations redeemed in her Son's Blood; eyes that to Francis of Assisi, Ignatius Loyola, and Paul of the Cross seemed to speak from their haunting shadow; they were looking down this Easter morning upon a swarm of worshippers gathered in penitent sympathy and in gratitude at her feet.

Innumerable Communion; and all these people, young and old, the rich and the poor, evidently penetrated with the thought of what this day must have meant to the Mother of Christ. It was touching to see so many soldiers among the communicants. From far down the aisle came the chant of a procession of pilgrims entering by the Holy Door and filling the basilica with the full-noted nostalgic singing of hymns in their native tongue. One did not know what the strange tongue was, but what did it matter? They were brothers in faith, and were here—as we were—to pay homage to the "Great Mother."

Ours had been the privilege of assisting at the First Mass at the altar of Our Lady. Now preparations were made for a second Mass, and a group of students from the South American College, with the blue sashes signifying their consecration to the Immaculate Conception, surrounded one of their companions. It was evident that this was a New Priest, one of the *ordinandi* of yesterday's solemn ceremony at St. John Lateran, a slender, dark youth who scarcely dared to raise his eyes.

They brought him vested to the feet of Mary, and he crossed himself and, very low, said, this Easter morning: "*Introibo ad altare Dei*" for the first time. His mother and two young sisters knelt, absorbed in prayer, just beneath the altar steps, and one watched the unfolding of the tremendous drama, with a poignant interest and sympathy because this young stranger, no longer a stranger to any

Catholic present, was ascending, freshly ordained, to the altar of God. At the Communion, the mother, too humble to come forward, would have suffered others to pass in front of her, but one of her son's companions came down the steps and compelled her to take the first place. She wept so much it seemed almost a desecration to watch her. And the face of her son was drawn in the effort to contain his own emotion. Afterwards we all kissed his hands, those who knew him and those who did not know him, and I think there was no difference in the faith and the reverence with which the act of homage was performed.

After that we took leave of the Great Lady, Our Lady Paramount, looking down from the rectangle of light in which she shines in her golden glory, and went out into the soft blue and sunshine of one of the loveliest mornings that were ever made. In and out of the basilica people came and went busily; young men and girls, children with happy faces and new garments, were crossing the square from point to point in all directions; the trams were crowded already, and—alas for me—most crowded, the autobuses going toward Blessed Peter! . . . Coffee in one of the little *cafés* at the corner of the Piazza S. Maria Maggiore, and then the problem of how to spend the morning of Easter Day profitably and happily without getting into a crowd.

THE beginning of the day had been full of joy and it was richly blessed already, but Rome is somehow inexhaustible. Then came the thought of carrying flowers to my dead at San Lorenzo. They must not be forgotten, and the radiant gladness of the day bore a special message of hope, that as Christ is risen so also all those who have slept and "rest in Him" will rise in Him again. The old tramcar directed its laborious course toward the Tiburtine quarter and skirted the open-air market of Piazza Vittorio. It ran along the edge of the flower-market and the sight was absolutely a gorgeous one. Imagine the flower-market of Easter morning! Masses of azaleas in every shade of pink and red; sheaves of carnations and marguerites; large plants and small plants; everybody buying and good-humored; friends meeting friends and "*Buona Pasqua*" ringing out cheerily at every fresh encounter.

Then, on again, past the Porta Maggiore

and the Roman tomb of Euryalis the baker (folk are making and eating bread still and he has been dead two thousand years), and then in the middle of nowhere the dilapidated tram comes to a halt and the conductor tells us that we must proceed on foot as the line ends here. It is a rather long walk but there is no help for it.

A rustic lane seems to lead in the right direction, and presently we come in sight of the immemorial cypresses and of the column bearing upon its summit the statue of the glorious young martyr Deacon. Just beyond it, the ancient basilica of St. Lawrence, erected over the crypt where his body lies. For it was their wish to rest near the relics of their great martyr and patron that induced the Romans to open the cemetery in close proximity to the Catacomb of Cyriaca wherein he was buried. And it is a fact that several of the underground galleries of the catacomb run beneath whole areas of the modern tombs.

THE entire cemetery was like one vast garden, and everywhere people, with their hands full of flowers, were hurrying along and talking brightly, and others, more silent, wearing signs of mourning, carried their tribute of spring blossoms to newer graves. But there was no outward

grieving. For all, today was the day of certain hope. We passed the monument of the Pontifical Zouaves, St. Peter bestowing the sword upon a knight in armor kneeling to receive it, and the peace of the spot, silent, and girt about with cypresses, struck us as ineffable.

WE can never forget Julian who died before we were born. His name is there in the straight military column of names, among the fallen of Mentana. He was only eighteen, fair as a flower, and so glad to offer his life to Christ and to the Pope. But he had prayed that no temptation might darken his soul when he was dying. The bullet struck him in the middle of the forehead and he fell straight, face to the enemy. Our Lady must have remembered that he had asked her to take his soul at its passing, but I think he must have stepped directly into the Light. This, today, is Resurrection morning. Sometimes I have thought that if God in His mercy will let me enter some day too into His blessed Paradise, I shall find many I have loved on earth. And a boy in gray will come forward, with a smile, between shy and luminous, saying to me: "I am Julian." He will have to tell me because otherwise I might not know.

Then on to the tomb where my own dead are lying. A proud purple iris spreads its velvet petals in the sun; the gold and brown wallflowers shed a sweet scent on the air; the Cross is fretted over with light and shade beneath the cypresses; scarcely a sound troubles the fresh morning air. I know that below a catacomb gallery with hallowed graves of the third Christian century passes close to the spot. Suddenly, from the ancient brick tower of the basilica of the Martyr, the gay Easter bells begin to peal. Slowly, in that great peace of the city where all are sleeping, we wend our way back to the gates. More visitors are arriving with expectant faces and hands full of flowers.

AT the threshold we pause and turn back, because it is the Roman custom to send a last salutation to all the dead inclusively, but what strikes us most today is the great white marble statue of Christ Triumphant. The plots, the graves, the crosses, the flowering shrubs have disappeared, and only, in the midst of the vast rectangle, that one Figure soars, the sepulchre broken, the stone spurned by Its Feet, in the beginning of Its Flight toward Heaven. On the pedestal is written: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Solemn words,



THE ENORMOUS THROG GATHERED IN THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER'S WAITING FOR THE POPE TO GIVE THE PAPAL BLESSING FROM THE BALCONY FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1870

speaking to every living soul with an altogether novel significance today; and we think of the liturgical "Christ is risen" with the response charged with pulsating faith: "He is risen indeed. Alleluia!"

Religious duties accomplished, we set our face homeward toward the hill, but on the way we recollect another duty, of courtesy and gratitude this time, toward a gracious lady to whom it is imperative that we should speak good wishes on this day. We have an hour to spare, and her villa is less than a half-mile from the junction. And to be quite frank the walk is a most delightful one, with wide views toward the plain and horizon, and, at the turn, a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, ribbed and faintly blue, "like a hyacinth flower upturned." The long drive to the house is beneath gray-silver olive-trees and terminates in a clustering of superb umbrella pines. Song birds abound as the General never permits them to be shot or snared. One wonders whether his sympathy for all winged things might possibly be explained psychologically by his long association with fliers.

THE house seems very quiet, and we note with surprise, as we pass the door of the music-room, that a priest is standing in it, in an attitude of listening. The gracious lady ushers us into the reception-room, and we enquire for the General. "He is at St. Peter's. We were fortunate in getting some good tickets." (Of course everybody is at St. Peter's today. Where else should one go?) We speak of the weather, the number of pilgrims and tourists in Rome.

Suddenly the air of the reception-room is filled with music, and a storm of voices in a sublime liturgic chant breaks forth over our heads. "It is the radio," the lady of the house explains. "We were just listening to the Mass in St. Peter's when you arrived. The Father from the Colony asked permission to come and hear it too. Mass in St. Peter's! And we were on the hill three miles away, seated at ease. But to our mind the most marvelous thing was, not that we could hear the choir singing with absolute distinctness, but that, closing our eyes, we could actually be in St. Peter's for the magic instrument gave the very atmosphere of the basilica, that faint soft soaring of the voices into the fathomless depth of the cupola.

There is a peculiar atmospheric quality to the chant in the Roman *cantorie*, and especially in St. Peter's, owing to the immensity of the space. We listened with rapt attention. Then came a silence. Then one voice alone, intoning: "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum*" . . . The Holy Father! The long, floating music of the "Amen" seemed to sail almost tangibly across the air. Then the aged voice intoned Again: "*Dominus vobiscum*" . . . The Lord be with you! With all you thousands, gathered here immediately around me, with all you upon the hills and in the valleys, with you on the great seas and



POPE PIUS XI GIVING THE BLESSING *URBI ET ORBI* (TO THE CITY AND THE WORLD) FROM THE BALCONY OF ST. PETER'S

beyond them, wherever there is a man of good-will. How wonderful that on this Easter Day we should be able to hear the blessed voice saying to us: "The Lord be with you!" The cantors answered in the wish of all his children: "And with thy spirit." Then he said: "Let us lift up our hearts," and the choir answered with the dutiful assurance of sonship: "We have already, unto the Lord." And again he invited the whole Church to join with him in thanksgiving, the slow, grave voice very full and with just the slight tang that it has also in speaking, but particularly when pronouncing Latin: "*Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.*" . . . Let us give thanks to the Lord our God . . . for so many, many graces; and just now for this amazing radio that has brought one exile into his own. Those aerial voices, far away in St. Peter's, reply that it is meet and just.

Then the chant resumes and the good lady goes out to ask the Father from the Colony (an agricultural school for abandoned boys), at just what point of the Mass we now are. She returns breathing softly: "He says it is the Preface." There is a rather long pause; then rising, expanding, soaring, all those beautiful voices together,

the soprano piercingly sweet among them, fill the vast upper spaces of the basilica, and we feel our St. Peter again in the unmaterial quality of the exquisite *Sanctus*. In the house there is not a sound. We hope that we shall be able to hear the bell, but we do not hear it. Instead there rings across the room the sharp military command: "Present-Arms," and we know that the swords of the Noble Guard are rattling upon the marble pavement in salute.

INVOLUNTARILY, because I have hungrily recognized the signal, I say aloud, "The Elevation." And immediately from the eerie heights of the cupola-gallery drops the wondrous sweet music of the Silver Trumpets in the melody of the Papal Hymn. Every note is clear and exquisitely tuneful, reminding one of the haunting beauty of certain buglers' renderings of night "Taps." The Silver Trumpets always seem to end too soon, but they are succeeded by the rare singing of the *Benedictus*. And then it seems only a few minutes until we hear the voice of the Holy Father again, concluding his prayer: "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum*" . . . "for all the ages of ages." And he resumes almost at

once: "Admonished by salutary precepts and formed by Divine instructions we dare to say Our Father . . ."

We listened to every word and every word was clear, but the voice and the breast seemed to be lifting up a load, a heavy load, and there was a fatigue in the tones which have aged, that sent a deep pang through the heart. We remembered Leo XIII at the altar, charged with the burden of the universe, and drawing deep breaths and lifting his shoulders as though he scarcely could find strength to go on. Pius XI is considerably younger and squares his shoulders in stubborn energy, but at one o'clock on Easter Day he was, we should have said, almost worn out. Yet he had the courage to finish his Mass, and to bless to right and left incessantly as he was carried out in state, and then to come to the great balcony and impart the solemn blessing "*Urbi et Orbi*" to the thousands assembled to receive it. And persons present told us of his visible pleasure as he looked down, and from side to side, at the immense throng pressed together in the piazza on this historic occasion. For the Easter Blessing had not been given from the *loggia* since 1870, and this, too, is one of the fruits of the Conciliation.

THERE was an interruption before the "*Pater Noster*" ended, and we were not able to follow the rest of the Pope's Mass, but even so we felt that we had been immensely fortunate. Only the longing for the reality of St. Peter's remained. On Easter Monday at sunrise we were out upon the road again. There could be no crowd in the basilica at this early hour, even though the "Station" for the day was set there. And there was no crowd: persons without number, groups of pilgrims, and Masses being said at all the altars, but it is not so easy to fill St. Peter's. A subtle veil of dust was in the air, left over from yesterday—a proof of what the crowd must have been. But there was very little dust on the pavement and the long brooms of the Sanpietrini were removing that.

Our devotions completed, and the bronze foot of Blessed Peter dutifully kissed, we strolled over to watch the stripping of the High Altar, for what is used by the Sovereign Pontiff must be used by him alone. The Sanpietrini were removing no less a thing than the superb cross and candlesticks chiseled by Benvenuto Cellini, and the beautiful figures of Sts. Peter and Paul which go with the set. Works of marvelous art and fit for kings to look upon them. The altar-cloth used for His Holiness had not yet been withdrawn and it was of finest linen with lace of pure gold, one yard deep at the ends. One of the younger men, alluding perhaps to the Station, enquired of the chief: "We leave the altar-cloth for today, don't we?" But the answer was peremptory—"No, we change everything." So the young Sanpietrino learns. And we are well content to have seen the altar as Pius XI used it on Easter.

Song of the Leper

" . . . {Father Damien} slept that first night under a tree
amidst his rotting brethren."—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By Earl Lawson Sydnor

THEY left me here to die
With the dragging time,—
To see
The flesh of me
Borrowing the marrow
Of my bones. The hair of my head,
Like the sheddings of a beast,
Leaves traces where I make my bed.

These crumbling teeth in my
Parching mouth are like
The shifting sands
On a scorching desert.

The scales from my skin
Follow the spasmodic breeze
And rot each living green
On which they fall.
The stink of my body
Quickens the only sense
The tricky fates have left me.

The earth is my bier.
The skies are the boundaries
Of my tomb.
Death (somewhere taunting
Ones that have no wanting)
Holds the keys
Of this great vault of mine.
Am I a living death?

Look! Look!
The mocking sun in the flaming west,
As it scourges from my cell,
Writes in blood across the sky:
"This is another day you shall not die.
You are a living death!"
A living death . . . a living death.

The Catholic Resurrection

By Hilaire Belloc

The Eighth in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church

THE political turn-over from a once-overwhelming Protestant domination in Europe to the reversal thereof has been more obvious than the more important spiritual change. It can be seen on the map, and it is written down in great current events which everybody knows from their newspapers. But though it is the most superficial of the forms or symptoms of the change it is not without importance, and I propose to deal with it in this article.

Protestantism Ascendent

AFTER the defeat of Napoleon, the Protestant political triumph was complete. That may not have seemed to be the situation to the careless observer, and it certainly has not been so interpreted in the average textbooks of history, but that was the truth of the matter. Napoleon himself (though he had turned to the Faith in the last hours of his life and made a good death) and, still more, the Revolution—the traditions of which he inherited and of which he was the soldier—represented hostility to Catholicism in the eyes of the old Catholic governments, of which Austria was the chief center.

All that was highly conservative on the Continent, including therefore the main temporal traditions of Catholicism, seemed, on the fall of Napoleon in 1815, to have been restored and the opposition to them defeated. But in reality the beneficiaries of Napoleon's defeat were Prussia and England and what was bound to follow upon it was the expansion of both those powers. Spain, a Catholic country, continued to decline; Austria continued to decline; Italy was once more a mosaic of small States. The aggressive, successful governments which had the future before them were those of Berlin and London. It was Prussia and England who had put back the Bourbons upon the throne of France, and though that Royal Family stood for an official restoration of Catholicism they were under the protection of the Protestant Powers, and much the most striking evidence of the new state of affairs was the capture of whole masses of Catholic population by Protestant governments.

Note that London and Berlin put all the Catholic part of the Netherlands—the nine provinces which had remained loyal

to the Spaniards in the old days and had become part of France under the Revolution and Napoleon—under the rule of the Protestant Dutch government at the Hague. The whole of that Catholic population which today we call "Belgium" was made subject to a non-Catholic or rather anti-Catholic political power—Holland. At the same time the Catholic Rhineland was handed over *en bloc* to Protestant Prussia, to which it still belongs. All that mass of high German civilization which has Cologne for its chief town and of which the Lower Rhine is the axis, a dense population devoted to the Faith, was handed over to be governed by anti-Catholic Berlin. Catholic Ireland was more firmly subjected than ever to the alien rule of the anti-Catholic government in London.

Most significant of all, Catholic Poland was for a second time destroyed; only a very small section was handed over, first to the influence and later to the government of Vienna. The rest was partitioned out between the violently anti-Catholic government of the Czar and the equally anti-Catholic government of Prussia. To any far-seeing man looking around him on the morrow of Waterloo, or rather on the morrow of the Congress of Vienna, it would have seemed manifest that the Catholic culture was doomed to decay and to being more and more overshadowed by the Protestant.

The Belgian Revolt

THE first sign that this state of affairs could not endure for ever was the successful revolt of Catholic Belgium against the Protestant government of Holland. The Protestant Dutch government had and has in Holland itself a very large minority of Catholic subjects in the seven provinces which had originally succeeded in their revolt against Spain and had fallen into the hands of a growing Calvinist clique with their principal commercial center at Amsterdam. The Dutch government was no longer intolerant in 1815—the Revolution followed by the brief Napoleonic Dutch kingdom had put an end to all that—but they represented the anti-Catholic culture.

The Belgian revolt which broke out about fifteen years after Waterloo was suc-

cessful in spite of the bitter opposition of England. The emancipated nine provinces with their capital at Brussels were formed into a new country called Belgium. In Belgium, from that day to this, there has been, as in any country of Catholic culture, a deep division between the practising Catholic population and the anti-clerical revolutionary traditions; but, at any rate, the Dutch Protestant domination has been unable to reestablish itself there.

Catholic Emancipation

AT the same time came the overthrow of the Bourbons, who had been put back by England and Prussia upon the throne of France, and their replacement by the Orleans, who represented not indeed a Catholic government—rather a government somewhat less Catholic in tone—but, at any rate, a France less overshadowed by the Protestant culture which had conquered in the fall of Napoleon.

Contemporaneously with all this went on the political movement which was to end in the partial liberation of Ireland.

First came Catholic emancipation, passed through the English Parliament. Its political consequences in England were insignificant and remain so to this day, for though English Catholics have not since then been disabled by law from taking part in the general political life of the country, their influence upon the general tone of England has not been advanced. But what Catholic emancipation did was to permit the election by Catholic voters in Irish constituencies of men who could speak for them in the very center of anti-Irish and anti-Catholic power—the Parliament at Westminster. All this is identified with the great name of Daniel O'Connell. The agitation for the repeal of the Union failed, but the idea had been planted and had taken vigorous root. The Act of Union had been passed when such local autonomy as Ireland had was still entirely in the hands of Protestants; it was clear after Daniel O'Connell's great effort that, though he himself had failed, should the ideas of which he was the powerful advocate ultimately succeed there would result a Catholic Ireland governed by representatives in tune with the overwhelming majority of the nation.

After the middle of the century two political developments went on side by side, one of which was bound to prove of service to the Catholic culture and a weakening of the Protestant hegemony in Europe, and the other of which was bound to work the other way.

The first of these was the growing feeling in Italy in favor of a new Italian nation, to be made up of the various separate States, the governments in all of which (except that of Savoy) were hostile to that revolutionary idea.

United Italy

THIS conception of a united Italy was, of course, a resurrection of the work of Napoleon, which, at the Congress of Vienna, was supposed to be destroyed forever. Because the idea of a united Italy meant the loss of territory to Catholic Austria and the loss of the Papal States to the Pope, and because Rome as the capital of a united Italy was the ultimate goal of the revolutionaries, because also the Liberal intellectuals who were the leaders of the movement were strongly anti-clerical in tone (some of them rabid, like Mazzini) there was enthusiasm throughout the Protestant culture for this idea of a united Italy; and no where was that enthusiasm stronger than in England, where this "resurrection," as it was called, of Italy was short-sightedly taken for a final blow against the Papacy as the supreme spiritual power.

Napoleon III and his government in France, being afraid of this rising new power to the south, protected the town of Rome itself as long as they could, though they helped to make united Italy by coming in as Allies of Savoy and defeating the Austrians in the field. Of this double effort of the French, that against the Austrians for the freeing of north Italy was of permanent effect; but that in defense of the Pope and the integrity of his government of the town of Rome was not destined to endure.

Side by side with the rise of a united Italy, to the short-sighted but enthusiastic plaudits of Protestant England, there was rapidly growing to a climax the formidable power of Prussia. Napoleon might have destroyed Prussia had he liked after Jena in 1806: he allowed it to survive. We have seen how after Napoleon's defeat the Catholic Rhineland was handed over to Prussia; the defeat of Napoleon made Prussia, which may be called the northern Protestant pole of the German world, a great power. Bit by bit this pole of northern German Protestantism outweighed the southern pole of German Catholicism, Austria—with its capital at Vienna.

Prussia absorbed much the greater part of north Germany, and under the guidance of a man of genius, Otto von Bismarck—who was the Richelieu of his day—she reached quite unexpected heights of power. Otto von Bismarck served the dynasty of the Protestant Hohenzollerns with their

capital at Berlin, their traditions of Frederick the Great, their very fine military discipline and organization, and especially the idea they stood for of the permanent destruction of Poland; as also for the establishment of a permanent Protestant domination in Germany and the dethronement of the old Catholic spirit reigning from the south.

Prussia challenged Austria and defeated her in the field in the battle of Sadowa. Next Prussia turned on France. Bismarck provoked the declaration of war by a famous forgery (the Emms dispatch) and Napoleon III, who had foolishly neglected to help Austria when she was first threatened by Prussia, and crushed at Sadowa, was conquered in his turn. The Prussian army at the end of 1870 won the most astonishing series of rapid and crushing victories against the French. The whole of the French regular army was out of action in the first few weeks of the war.

The attempt to keep up the struggle with amateur volunteer levies quite failed; Paris was besieged and capitulated at the end of January, 1871; it suffered a disastrous communistic rebellion which bred violent dissensions between Frenchmen for a generation; in the place of a strong central government under one man, a Parliamentary régime was established on the aristocratic English model—a thing quite unsuited to the democratic French temperament, and bound to weaken the nation more and more for the future. The Prussians, in occupation of Versailles, had completed Bismarck's plan. Berlin became the capital of a new State in Europe called the Reich, the object of which was to put as much as could be put of the German people under the domination of Protestant Berlin and the Hohenzollerns.

The individual States were allowed to remain, notably Bavaria, the ruling family of which, like the majority of its population, was Catholic; but the whole tone of this new Reich created by Bismarck on the basis of these great Prussian military victories was Protestant. Things were carefully so arranged that the largest possible number of Catholics should be included in the new Reich, and therefore divided from their fellow-Catholics on the Danube and in Bohemia—the largest number, that is, compatible with the maintenance of power in the hands of Protestant Berlin and Prussia. Roughly speaking about one-third of the population—but nothing of the real political power—remained Catholic in this new Bismarckian Reich. As for Austria, she was mortally wounded and, with her, all that highly cultivated Catholic culture which was far the highest thing among the Germans.

The Prussian Blunder

THIS astonishingly rapid and equally astonishingly complete success on the part of Protestant Prussia under the guidance of Bismarck's genius committed a blunder even in the height of its success. On the

west bank of the Rhine and in the middle part of it lies a very fertile and beautiful plain, only a few miles broad, with Strasbourg for its chief town. This plain is bounded on the west by wooded hills, which, from their great height, are mountains though they are everywhere easily passable and rounded in shape, called the Vosges. On this plain and up to the crests of the Vosges, German speech and German habits have always prevailed. But it was part of the old Roman Empire—as for that matter was all the upper Danube, with Austria, and all that was most anciently civilized among the Germans.

Alsace and Lorraine

THIS enclosed separate district, very wealthy and with a strong local spirit, is called in French, Alsace; in German, Elsass. Though it was of German speech and all the local habits were German—cooking and building and all the rest of it—it had come under the French crown without much difficulty and with no feelings of injustice left in connection with the process, for it took place at a time when local government was powerful, and when the Alsatians had no particular feeling against France on the one hand or in favor of Austria on the other. The French Revolution finally emancipated the peasants upon the land and clinched the already long-established union between Alsace and the French government. Later the Alsatians who served in the armies of the Revolution and Napoleon were transformed by that military tradition into men ardently French in political sympathy, though remaining German in all social habit. Where the Vosges sink in the north into a sort of indeterminate rolling country German speech overflowed a little to the west, occupying a portion of the old French province of Lorraine, and there was here another great town which was a most important fortress, called Metz.

Now, after the Prussian victories, the Prussian government, the new Reich, acting on an academic theory that language and politics went together—a theory divorced like all academic theories from real life—thought that it would be a glorious thing to annex Alsace and all that was German-speaking outside Alsace on the fringes of Lorraine.

It is difficult to decide how far Bismarck was in favor of that blunder. The Prussian army was, of course, violently in favor of it. One thing, however, we do know, that Bismarck with his high political genius saw that the annexation of Metz and its district would be fatal. One might, in the compact wealthy little State of Alsace with its German speech and social traditions, perhaps, at long last, breed a new spirit in favor of union with the new Protestant-dominated Reich and its center at Berlin; a third almost of the Alsatians were Protestants; and perhaps, in a lifetime, by the use of universal education, sending in colonists, starving everything French in memory

and tradition, Alsace might have been made an integral part of the new Hohenzollern power. It looked doubtful, since Alsace voted violently anti-Prussian in election after election; but still, victory in the field is a thing of great prestige, and the new Reich became enormously more prosperous than the old north Germany had been, and Alsace shared in that prosperity.

But the annexation of Metz and its district was a different matter. It was a violent dismemberment, intolerable to those who suffered it. And we know that Bismarck warned the army against the blunder. Nevertheless the blunder was committed, and the whole district known collectively (though not quite accurately) as "Alsace-Lorraine" was taken over as the common property of the new Reich, made subject to specially restrictive laws and treated as conquered territory.

Meanwhile the victory of Prussia over Napoleon III had made French support of the Papacy no longer possible: complete Italian unity was established and the town and territory of Rome forcibly taken from the reigning Pope, Pius IX. He protested in the most solemn manner against this violation of international law, energetically affirmed the impossibility of the Papacy's acting normally unless it were free, and the impossibility of its being free unless it could act upon completely independent territory, including the town of Rome. He refused, and his successors

for sixty years refused, to touch any bribe, or "compensation" as it was called, for the violent seizure of his territory. He claimed, as his successors continued to claim for sixty years, that the dignity and supreme office of the Papacy would never consider for a moment a private treaty with the usurping power of the new Italian State, and that he would never touch any of its money.

The Map Had Changed

AFTER the great Prussian victories of 1870-71, the Protestant hegemony in Europe appeared to be reestablished on a somewhat different basis. It was true that there was a new Italy, but then it was at violent issue with the Pope; Spain declined more and more—the prey of civil war and revolution, and it had lost its great American Empire, largely through the efforts of England. The new French Republic turned anti-clerical, its despised Parliament was more and more organized by the Masonic clique which became identical with French politics, and, therefore, French power rapidly declined.

The vigorous efforts of Ireland to obtain independence by force completely failed, and that failure was made the more conspicuous by the starting in England of a sham agitation for Home Rule, or local Irish autonomy—a sort of partial freeing of Catholic Ireland which there was no real intention of granting. The Irish position was enormously strengthened by the

formation of a united and highly disciplined national party in the Protestant Parliament, but though this strong opposition succeeded in permanently weakening the English Parliamentary institutions, they were after half a lifetime as far away from Irish freedom as ever, and with no apparent chance of obtaining it. As for Poland, it was apparently dead and done for.

Then came the Great War, and we all know what followed—the resurrection of Catholic Poland; the partial strengthening of the Catholic culture in France; the erection, within a few years of the Armistice, of a very strong Catholic Italy; and the emancipation of a great part of Ireland. Prussia and the Reich had been kept intact by the efforts of the Protestant Powers, and a continual struggle followed to depress the French and raise the Prussians again to something of the position which they had had before the War. But the tide had turned. The map had changed, and was not so easily to be rearranged. Catholic populations, oppressed for centuries, had now their own destinies in their hands and, most important of all, a new and powerful Catholic nation had arisen south of the Alps, and by a strange and profound irony that very united Italy which had been welcomed with such frenzied applause as the death of the Catholic organization in Europe, and in particular of the Papacy, became the chief example of the new state of affairs.

PIECES OF INDIA

THESE papers I have before me have brought up a curious memory. They recall my father's good friend, the Slave Trader.

It is almost a shock to realize how close we are to what seems a mere bad legend of history, though really it should not be. Slavery was still a legitimate business in England in the early eighteen-hundreds; and since Hawkins became a pioneer in it and British legislators secured monopolies for it right up to the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, it was considered one of the most national and respectable of trades.

My father, who was seventy-six when he died fifteen years ago, knew this slaver, Adam Pawlak, as an old man of his own parish. There is an odd note about that, too. That parish is now a poor southern suburb of London, inhabited largely by city clerks. Adam Pawlak's house has, in fact, become a boarding-house for such clerks, and I often wonder if the lovely boys and girls who live there have any idea or interest in the fact that the bricks and slates that form their home were wrought

By
Douglas Newton

together by money earned from a traffic in human bodies.

I doubt whether they know. Adam Pawlak kept his profession dark after his conversion and retirement, only talking of it to rare friends like my father.

He was, my father told me, a stocky, hearty man, still upright and brisk even in his seventies. There were none of the sinister suggestions of his calling about him. A very ordinary, bluff citizen, pleasant to know and a good neighbor. He was always ready, often lavish, in his subscriptions to church charities, was president of the local branch of the St. Vincent de Paul and was respected by all who came in contact with him in spite of his reserve.

He ran his big house and his two acres of garden in a neat, apple-pie manner, employing a half-breed Negro family as

servants. He was especially fond of green lawns and many flowers, though he kept these delights to himself, enclosing all within high walls. He was not gregarious, being content to keep within his own domain save for his daily walk, his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament or to take part in any church meeting where he could be of service.

SO little was known about him that he was considered an old bachelor, a well-to-do East India man (everybody who made money abroad was that in those days) who had got somewhat out of the way of English hospitality in his sojourn in the Colonies. It was easy for such an attitude to be accepted. Not more than five people had ever been invited inside his gates during the whole of his life in the village—as it was then. My father was really the only intimate of the five.

He had taken to my father, for what seemed some inexplicable reason of his own, through their meetings in connection with the St. Vincent de Paul, to which my

father, as a very young solicitor, acted as treasurer. His regard grew so warm that presently he took his affairs out of the hands of his Lincoln Inn lawyers and placed them with my father's firm, though it was only a local one.

At first their meetings were entirely in my father's office, Adam Pawlak dropping in on all manner of excuses to chat, yet showing a curious reluctance to ask my father to his house. However, time overcame that limitation and he had my father along in the evening, but always at a very carefully fixed time and day.

There was a purpose as well as regard in all this, of course, but Adam Pawlak approached it cautiously.

It was some time before he let my father know he had been a Slave Trader. He let it slip out so casually and gradually that, by the time definite knowledge arrived, my father took it as a matter of course. Adam Pawlak had always taken it as a matter of course. It had just been a business to him, and he had seen nothing heinous in it even when British law made it illegal. That was not unexpected. Even Catholics had taken what seemed an everyday thing as a matter of course, in spite of Papal denunciations of it.

He was not, as popular story might have made him, a Slave Captain. He had been a sort of managing clerk or stock buyer, and he had obtained his job very much as the clerk of today obtains his. He had applied for it by letter and been examined in his capacities of penmanship, figuring, honesty and respectability by a Liverpool firm, proud of its solid repute, before being shipped off to the Guinea coast, where in the ordinary way he kept the books of a Factory dealing in Pieces of India as the slaves were called.

It was all as humdrum as trading in palm-kernels or hides or pig-iron. The traffic had its technique and commercial usages like any other business. The Factory was there to buy men, women and children from the Arab slavers or Negro chieftains who brought the goods in, sometimes singly or in pairs, or, when trade was looking up, by scores. Adam Pawlak and his fellows had to examine the slaves so that there were no bad bargains, pay for them fairly, according to their grading, and invoice and ship them in businesslike style to the Americas or the West Indies.

The grading was as regularized as any other trade commodity, say, cocoa or coal. It was regulated mainly by age and sex. The statute "Whole Piece of India" of commerce was a sound male between 15 and 45 or a sound female between 15 and 35 years of age. Between 4 and 8 years two were counted as one, irrespective of sex, and between 8 and 15 or above 45 or 35 three counted as two. All under four were, in trade language, "cast with the mother."

There were, of course, many other categories. Faulty or damaged goods, so to

speak, needed special consideration, as did those slaves possessing outstanding merits, such as beauty or a great physical strength that might fetch prices beyond the ordinary market ruling. There was even, it seemed, the qualification of breeding. Certain tribes from certain districts were ranked as more durable and profitable than most, while others were notoriously poor quality, likely to die on a Captain's hands in the voyage to the Indies and having little stamina for field work when they did arrive.

Adam Pawlak could speak with authority on these things because, like Hogarth's industrious apprentice, he rose by sheer application from the humblest position in the Factory to its managership, with the reputation of being the shrewdest buyer his firm had ever had. One had to be shrewd, too, he declared, for the Arab dealers and chiefs could be as fly as horse-copers. They could dye or doctor an old man or a sick one, change tribal tattooing and be up to every kind of monkey trick to palm off indifferent articles for top-price ones.

Adam Pawlak talked of all this as a man respecting his capacities as an expert tradesman. He had had no particular squeamishness about the traffic. He had held, as many did, that there was as much to be said for it as against it. Like Boswell and many members of Parliament of that day, he had felt that the wealth of the nation was bound up in it and that the Colonies could not be run without slaves. Also, he had held that the slaves were better off in white hands than in their African wilds. He had seen with his own eyes how the blacks treated each other, how strong tribes continuously massacred weak ones and what happened to survivors left over from the village burnings and the spearing. A lot of the Negroes he handled would have been slaughtered if it had not paid chieftains to keep them alive for sale to him, while those who were kept alive for slaves were infinitely happier with white masters than under the cruel subjection of savage chiefs.

He said that a great deal of nonsense had been talked about the horrors of the traffic, though he admitted that in many cases, especially in Portuguese, French and other ships, conditions could be very bad. But, he said, given a reputable firm like his own, care was usually taken. Would dealers endanger valuable horses or cattle by bad treatment? Well, slaves were just as valuable and had to be cared for just as keenly if they were to fetch a good market price.

Of course, even before his time abuses had crept in. The old Act of William and Mary that threw the Trade open to any Tom, Dick and Harry instead of leaving it in the hands of responsible Chartered Companies, had let in a lot of catch-penny Captains who did any amount of nastiness. Then, too, towards the end of his time on the coast, in the early Eighteen-hundreds,

that is, when all manner of Abolitionist laws changed it from a recognized profession into smuggling—and worse—things got really bad.

It brought into the business gamblers who were little less than cut-throat pirates, men who thought nothing of flinging a whole cargo of slaves to the sharks to escape pursuit from the preventive ships. They did this the easier, too, because there was no great financial loss in it. The semi-suppression of the traffic had naturally sent prices up so high that if a Captain could manage to land one cargo out of three he was still a rich man.

It was the coming of these anti-slave laws that made Adam Pawlak leave Africa. He was sorry to go. He'd settled himself comfortably, contracted—well, what men of his type considered a quite respectable "native marriage" with an Arab woman. He had a fine house, was quite a personage on his bit of the coast. It meant leaving all these things behind but there was no alternative. His Factory was suppressed by English law, and he was sent by his firm to the West Indies.

Slaving was now illegal in British ships, but there was still considerable traffic with the Southern States of North America, Brazil and the various Latin colonies, sometimes openly, sometimes under the rose. Quite a lot of it, indeed, was carried on by English vessels, sailing under the Spanish or Portuguese flags, or by specially built fast American clippers; that country consistently refusing the "right of search." For these reasons the West Indies, and especially Cuba, became the clearing-house of the Trade, and Adam Pawlak's experience and shrewd eye for values was found to be very useful there.

It was, however, this change that began his distaste for the Trade; not from moral qualms but because the business had lost its respectability. It was being carried on now by a brutish and unscrupulous type of man, for the risks of chase, fighting, capture and confiscation due to the anti-slave laws, called for a hard, reckless and violent breed of seaman.

Probably traveling to his new position in a slaver germinated his unease. She was not a "hell" ship, but she had reduced the business of Negro carrying to commercial perfection. Thus the difficulty of supplying water for so many for the 20 to 30 days' journey across the torrid tropics was overcome by reducing it to the scientific minimum of one teacupful per Negro every third day. Also, though the slaves were not so close-packed that they had to sit between each others' knees on the deck, as in some ships, the usual trade gauge of 16 to 18 inches per body lying flat between decks so low that the Negroes could not sit upright, was scrupulously observed. That might seem crowded, but emaciation and wastage incidental to the tropic voyage soon gave the cargo room to turn round in.

However disturbed though he might

have been by these things, Adam Pawlak remained in the Trade because it was the only one he was master of and he was too young to retire.

He was twelve years in Cuba, and during that time two sets of experiences were working on him. One was the increasing violence, physical cruelty and criminality of the Trade. The other the devotion of the local priests to the Negroes.

The slaves were being so rushed through the anti-slave blockage in overcrowded ships that they landed living wrecks, often unable to stand. Thus it was necessary to give them a recognized period of "priming up" to fit them for the auction sheds. And always, when a shipload of these emaciated and often diseased creatures arrived, the priests were the first aboard, going straight into the stench of the holds, where not even the ships' crew would go. There they tended, comforted, medically treated and fed the blacks with the zeal handed down from Las Casas and Peter Claver. They showed so selfless a charity for these poor creatures that, always honest at heart, Adam Pawlak could not help seeing that such good men must be right and his trading wrong.

THEN, after twelve years, came the thing that forced him to leave the traffic.

He was going round the barracoons one morning, inspecting a shipload of slaves about due for sale. He was examining them with care because the Captain who had brought them in was a thorough black-guard, quite capable of raiding a friendly village to make up a cargo and, more important from a business point of view, quite capable of trying to slip through men and women damaged in such affrays.

Still they were a good lot this time, though some of their tribal markings puzzled Adam Pawlak. They were not from the usual slave areas. When he came to the women this was more pronounced. There were about forty of them—there always were less women than men—and they were all strong, comely wenches. Yet, good stock though they were, he frowned over them: They were not true Negroes. They had a strong Zeb Arab strain in them. That was what troubled him. Zeb Arabs were not usual Trade material. Also his wife in Africa had been a Zeb Arab.

There were two girls standing behind the main bunch. They were Zeb Arab, too, yet not true Zeb. They were far too white even for that fair-skinned race. They were, in fact, half-castes, and their father must have been a white man.

He eyed them with a growing fear. One of them wore a bead necklace that carried a small gold locket amid the amulets at the end. He put out his hand, took the locket and opened it.

It contained the miniature portrait of his own mother.

He had known, of course, that it would. He had not missed it before, though he knew he'd taken it to Africa. His Zeb wife must have been beguiled by its prettiness into carrying it off when he sent her back to her people. She, in turn, must have passed it on to her daughter—her daughter and his!

There was no doubt about it, these two half-caste girls that had come to him for sale on the slave block were his own children.

Their story was as simple as it was atrocious. These girls, mere babies at the time, had gone back with their mother to her village when he left Africa—he'd had no particular qualm about that. He wasn't a Catholic then, and it was quite the customary thing; indeed, it was held to be fairer to the women. Also he had provided handsomely for her and her offspring. They had dwelt in the village for twelve years, until they had become fifteen and seventeen respectively—prime "Whole Pieces of India" in fact. Then this pirate slaver had come and, making forced marches from the coast, had attacked their village and carried them off. All, that is, who were marketable, including the mother—but she had died on the voyage in the packed hold of the ship.

Adam Pawlak never attempted to describe the emotions he had felt at this quite appalling moment. The nearest approach to feeling he allowed was when he told my father that these children did not remember him. They had been too young when he left them; now he was merely a slave driver to be answered abjectly for fear of the whip. Also he exhibited some anguish when he told of his bitter public struggle to get possession of their bodies.

The slave-captain knew these girls were first-class commodities, comely and likely to fetch high prices. He refused to sell privately, so that Adam Pawlak had to face the shame of seeing his own daughters exposed on the slave block and go through the terrors of bidding against all comers for his own flesh and blood. The elder girl he secured easily, on high but reasonable terms. Over the younger and more beautiful he had to fight a desperate battle, for a dissolute planter had taken a fancy to her and strove to outbid the anguished father in hundred-dollar calls. The price had reached an extravagant height when a priest intervened. Adam Pawlak had become friends with this cleric through his work among the Negroes and, hearing the story, the priest tackled the planter, who was a Spanish Catholic if also a scalawag. Even his desire could not stand against the fervor of the missionary and he let Adam Pawlak buy back his own.

IT WAS this that completed Adam Pawlak's conversion. That same priest received him and his daughters into the Church, and, turning their backs on the Slave Trade, they sailed for England, where

he built this house in a quiet South London village. This, too, was the explanation of his seclusion. His daughters lived with him.

MY FATHER met them. He had seen them in church before, but like others of the parish had thought them members of the Negro servants' family. The elder was an old woman even in her middle age, shriveled, very dark and uncomely—a true Arab woman past her zenith. The younger took more after the father and, if older looking than a white woman of her age should be, she was still markedly handsome and full of character and vigor.

This daughter had also married. The young Irish third-officers of the vessel that brought them from Cuba had become so infatuated by her beauty that her parentage had been no bar—well, why should it? Her father was a white man of exemplary character, while the mother was of pure Arab blood coming to her from a line of chieftains.

It had proved the happiest of marriages, too, though the husband had been drowned at sea just before my father came to know her. He had left one child behind, a girl as beautiful as her mother had been, and as definitely an English miss as had ever been educated at a well-known South of England convent.

That, indeed, was the reason why my father had been admitted to the intimacy of Adam Pawlak's house. Adam Pawlak had found in him not only a lawyer but a friend who could handle sympathetically the delicate business of his children's future.

And that brings me to the matter that started these old memories. I have been winding up the estate of Adam Pawlak's great-grandson.

He died a few months ago without issue, as we lawyers say, and he was a priest. What is more, though his great-grandfather, with the help of my father's shrewdness, had trebled the fortune the old slaver had brought to England, there was practically nothing left when the great-grandson died.

Soon after his ordination the great-grandson had asked to be sent to a mission in East London. There he built up one of the finest known hostels and settlements for colored seamen—Lascars, Negroes and the rest—spending every penny he had inherited upon it.

He had, it is acknowledged, a quite marvelous understanding and sympathy with natives. Queer that. It was as though the old slaver's shrewd instinct for black men was being used for their own benefit, while all the money he had earned in the barter of their bodies—and more—had been spent in the care of other black bodies.

Yes, queer that—or, perhaps, merely to be expected. It was God's justice completing the circle.

The Converging Witness

Belloc: Chesterton: Galileo: Mendel: Pasteur

By George Coulehan

QUITE recently Mr. G. K. Chesterton took occasion to protest against a reference, made in all innocence, to "the Chesterbelloc." The Chesterbelloc, as he explained, was invented by Mr. Bernard Shaw to suggest that Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc were not two distinct and diverse entities in our midst, but only one—a monstrous creature, of which one of them formed the front legs and the other the hind legs, to be regarded as a unique and unnatural phenomenon. The object of this invention was, Mr. Chesterton pointed out, to destroy the converging witness of two distinct personalities of eminence, to the truth of one Thing. And Mr. Belloc, who was sitting by the side of Mr. Chesterton at the time, remarked, "You never said a truer word!"

Mr. Chesterton went on to show how different, in fact, were he and Mr. Belloc; different in origins, in upbringing, in education, in temperament, in taste, in expression.

Mr. Chesterton, with English, Scots, and Swiss in his ancestry, grew up in a middle-class Victorian family in England, the son of a surveyor who was by temperament something of a craftsman and a philosopher, and of a mother who was and is (despite her nearly ninety years), a clear and trenchant thinker and speaker.

Mr. Belloc, son of a French statesman and an English mother, with figures like Joseph Priestley, the great chemist, and Oliver Cromwell in his family tree, was "born Catholic" and went to a Catholic boarding-school, whilst Mr. Chesterton went to an Anglican day-school.

When Mr. Belloc went to Oxford, to Balliol College, the home of tradition and classical learning, Mr. Chesterton went to an Art School where he mingled with ultra-modern, rebellious, and revolutionary characters, such as those Socialists of the young Fabian Society which provided the group of intellectuals who led the political Labor party—the Webbs, Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald, Bernard Shaw, and the rest.

MR. BELLOC'S mind turned to the writing of clear-cut, forceful prose in severely objective and analytical studies of history, both of events and characters. He turned to the mastery of the exacting science of military strategy and all the statistical and geographical accuracy which that involves. He wrote poetry distinguished

for its clear classical form and dignity and perfect technical execution. Even his more frivolous verse and satires are marked by the same competence and quality. His controversial writing is compact and forceful, marked by a fine economy of language, devastating in its sheer strength and direct force of logic.

IN almost direct contrast with this stands Mr. Chesterton's fondness for the grotesque and fantastic, his rich and exuberant allegories, his weird detective stories with beautifully embroidered plots that work themselves out so artfully to the logical but unexpected conclusion. In poetry, and in his lighter verse, he revels in a riotous profusion of language and measure, achieving masterly effects in his sudden intervals of simplicity and directness. His prose teems with the same abundant variety, with frolic and fun that suddenly discloses a profound truth. In controversy he pierces at once to the weakness of his enemy's case, drives him to the defensive, exposes follies and errors swiftly and relentlessly, yet with great good humor.

Just as Mr. Belloc's prose marches firmly and relentlessly to the inescapable conclusion, Mr. Chesterton's cavorts and gambols in all directions yet lands you without any more hope of escape at the very same conclusion. The whole of their training, mode of thought, and technique of expression, is widely different, yet in each case it converges on the same Thing.

That is obvious enough so far as concerns their literary work, which has placed them in the front rank amongst the most eminent of living writers. But what of the Thing behind that literary expression, the Thing that gives it meaning and purpose, the Thing that it serves, the Thing to which it bears witness?

That was given to Mr. Belloc in the beginning; he was nurtured with it, grew up with it and by it. As he came to the fuller use of reason, grew to an awareness of the criticisms and attacks levelled against it by the educated men of his time, he had to satisfy himself in his own mind about it, just as every born Catholic must sooner or later satisfy himself, aided no doubt by grace and faith, but still unswervingly loyal to truth and reason, as to the rightness of the Thing.

To say, as do some critics, that a man of Mr. Belloc's mental stature, holds to and bears witness to the Catholic Faith, merely

because he possessed it from childhood, is nonsense. For, so to withstand his reason would be the mark of one unreasonable, that is, insane or intellectually dishonest. In either case there would be some other evidence, and there is none. His most bitter critics have never produced any, but have stopped at the bare statement or implication.

The same may be said of any man of eminence who continues to bear witness to the Thing. In some cases the gifts of supernatural grace and faith play a larger part than in others, even a predominant part; but reason can never be denied without unreason, nor witness borne falsely without falsehood. Even the part played by supernatural grace, in its varying degrees in proportion to and in combination with reason, is itself a phenomenon that bears witness to the Thing—a fact that we see supported by the efforts made to explain it away on natural grounds; efforts that in their diversity and insufficiency are still inadequate to satisfy the reason, as we may see from the way they are discarded and hastily replaced as they succumb to criticism and the lapse of time.

In contrast to Mr. Belloc's witness to the Thing long experienced and long tried, we have Mr. Chesterton's long years of experiencing almost everything else and trying the alternatives, and coming very slowly and deliberately, almost, it might seem to some, against his will but in obedience to his reason and conscience, to bear full and formal witness to the Thing.

IT is as if Mr. Belloc were to say, "I have this Thing; I am told by many others who have it not that it is a bad thing, and they offer me numerous alternatives. I examine this Thing and find that it is good, I examine the alternatives and find that they are bad, and at best far inferior to this, and I, therefore, hold fast to this Good Thing, the Best Thing." And it is as if Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, being offered the whole lot at first to choose from, sorted and sifted them all until he came to one that far surpassed all the others. Finally, they both stand by the same Thing.

Now, it is an axiom of science, as of common sense, that, when the same result is arrived at by two or more different lines of approach, there is good reason for

believing that the result may be the right one. The weight of evidence is greatly increased if it comes not only from two independent scientists, but by each of them following different methods, and both converging on the same result.

For example, if one man observes that the shadow of the earth on the moon during an eclipse is round, and concludes from that that the earth is round; if another man sees the tops of a ship's masts coming up out of the sea on the horizon, and then sees the whole ship gradually appear as over a curve or ridge, and concludes that the earth is not flat but round; and if another man sets out on a journey and by continuing in the same direction arrives back at the place he started from; then there is good reason for believing that the truth of the matter is that the earth is round.

Each of these men's experience, being different, gives added weight to the evidence for the fact that the earth is round. If one man put forward all three pieces of evidence, they would still be very valuable, but not so valuable. Other men would feel that it was necessary to repeat his experiences to guard against the possibility of some bias leading him to the conclusion he might wish to reach or have some interest in reaching.

Similarly, if different men all came to the conclusion that the earth is round on one common observation, say that of the shadow on the moon, the evidence of these several witnesses would still be impressive, but not so impressive as when they each arrive at the same conclusion by three different observations; because they might all have made the same mistake.

We should feel that unless some different evidence pointed to the same conclusion, it is possible that the three men might have all made the same mistake, since they were dealing with the same phenomenon. Again, if the men who put forward the evidence are known to be men experienced in these matters, they may still be in error, but they are less likely to be so.

HENCE the more eminent the witnesses, the more diverse their experiences or lines of approach, and the more identical their conclusion, the greater difficulty will a reasonable man have in ignoring or rejecting the conclusion they reach. All the laws of science are established on this principle, and accepted on the strength of such converging witness.

That is why those who think that in spite of the abundance of converging evidence by diverse witnesses, the conclusion to which they point is erroneous because of some common error in their reasoning or their observations, when they are unable to discover and expose the error, seek to destroy weight of the converging evidence by minimizing the number of witnesses, and the diversity of their experience. If they can show that many of the witnesses have relevant characters, ideas, or meth-

ods in common under their superficial differences, the convergence which gives strength to their separate witness, is minimized.

Calling Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc "the Chesterbelloc" is one way of reducing two witnesses to one witness, and so denying the convergence of their witness. If any of a number of other witnesses to the same Thing, were to stand in the same position of public eminence, there would be an attempt to identify them with the Chesterbelloc in the form of some centipede monster with, of course, only one head.

ALREADY it has become the practice of critics to lump together a number of widely different men, of different origins, ages, experience and talents, who have come to the same conclusion, and refer to them as a "group" or "clique." For the words group or clique do reduce the plural to the singular. They substitute a single notion, with the suggestion of a common bias or prejudice, for a number that might be very large or very small; as if to conceal the numerical strength of the witnesses, and so concealing their diversity and the force of their convergence.

But this is not the only manifestation of the attempt of the enemy to minimize the force of the converging witness. In a more general way we see an attempt to lump together all Catholics as Romantics, or dreamers, as men naturally sentimental and superstitious as distinct from the hard-headed practical, matter-of-fact, no-nonsense-about-me type of man who, in certain intellectual circles, has impudently appropriated the name of "rationalist," in order to suggest, by implication, that his way of thinking and his conclusions are the only rational or reasonable ones, and that all who do not agree with him are irrational. This is an attempt to lump all those who believe in a supernaturally revealed religion, as the kind that does not appeal to reason, that is irrational, and "unscientific."

This brings us to a particular form of the attempt to deny the converging witness. It is represented by the assertion, now pretty well exploded, of a conflict between science and religion. The case of Galileo, long used as a standard example of such a conflict, is a good instance.

Galileo was preëminent as a bold and enterprising scientist, of great ingenuity and inventiveness and courageous speculation. He made a number of important discoveries, well verified, and shrewd guesses on certain matters for which he lacked adequate proof. Hence his enemies and critics, towards whom he was impishly truculent and arrogant, refused to accept his conclusions or, more properly, guesses.

In the main he proved to be right, though frequently for the wrong reason, whilst his enemies proved to be wrong. They moved the Inquisition against him and got

a majority of the theologians of the Holy Office to go as far beyond the evidence in contradicting him as he had gone in making his original guesswork assertions. They won and made him withdraw his statements. From that we are asked to believe that there was a divergence between the man of science ultimately proved right in his facts (though wrong in his proofs), and the theologians who were ultimately proved foolish.

Yet Galileo stands, in fact, as a fine example of the converging witness. The Rationalist would have us believe that the "scientific mind" does not converge on Christian faith and philosophy. Galileo, despite his speculative and inventive turn of mind, his originality, his revolutionary discoveries that at first appeared to contradict established Christian doctrine (but did not do so in fact), despite his being the Father of "Modern Science" and a prime example of the "scientific mind," he remained a firm adherent of religion, a firm witness to the truth of revealed religion as taught by the Church; even the folly, opposition, and unjust triumph of the theologians could not deter him from that. With treatment that might have driven such an independent-minded man to exile, out of the Church—with a keen mind that was naturally rational, rebellious, and adventurous—he testified to the Thing.

Modern agnostics have attempted to discredit this striking type of converging witness, which really does converge from the very types of mind that they have been most concerned to insist upon as separate. They suggest that the great scientists, such as Galileo, keep their science and their religion in separate compartments in the mind, and use their great intellectual powers only on their science, never on their religion and philosophy. But none of these critics ever bring any direct evidence to show that such men stop thinking and go completely stupid during those frequent periods in their daily lives when they are engaged in the actual practice of their religion, as at prayer; nor do they suggest any reasonable explanation of the mental processes of those devout scientists whose life was a constant practice of their religion.

THE biographer of Gregor Mendel, in order to destroy or diminish the witness of that great genius to the Faith, is reduced to suggesting that the whole of Mendel's life was two-faced and hypocritical (though he does not dare to use these words). He suggests that Mendel was a Religious, and performed the duties of a Religious, because that was the only way, or, at least, a very convenient way, of getting free education and free facilities for pursuing his scientific bent; that, as a Catholic prelate, he performed the duties of his high office outwardly only and cynically, without subscribing intellectually to their meaning and purpose, and to the Faith of which

they were the outward expression. The agnostic biographer does make this second suggestion categorically, and it is significant of the mentality of such a critic, although a scientist, that he does not find such supposed conduct in Mendel very reprehensible. Anything, he thinks, is better than admitting that Mendel is a convergent witness to the Faith.

The same sort of thing has been said of Louis Pasteur, who was neither a Religious nor a prelate, but a simple layman living and working as a scientist in an atmosphere of intense anti-religious activity amongst the atheistic intellectuals of the French scientific and scholastic world. It is impossible to believe that he never appreciated and never examined the ever-present challenge to his Faith.

In point of fact we have records of his statements which show that he was fully conscious of, and answered, such a challenge. For, speaking with regard to the knowledge he had acquired, for which he was venerated throughout the scientific world, and of the knowledge that he continued to seek, he said that "the more he knew the more he aspired to the ideal of

the simple Faith of the Breton peasant."

Now, this striking witness converges from the mind of the man who had made what might well be regarded as very disturbing discoveries on the nature of the most elementary forms of life. He made a most important discovery which gave a severe blow to the idea of "spontaneous generation," an idea that many supposed to be essential to the Christian conception of the creation of man and the universe of living things; it raised the same sort of issue as Galileo's statement that the earth revolved round a stationary sun, which was supposed (erroneously) to be a flat contradiction of Scripture.

THE witness of the great mind of Pasteur, in spite of these difficulties, converged unhesitatingly, firmly, finally, and exactly upon the same Thing as Mendel's and Galileo's. Small wonder that the enemies of the Faith seek to minimize such strong converging witness, by denying the multiplicity of the witnesses, and then, when they cannot deny the eminence and standing of the witnesses, they try to deny that the witness is conscious and deliberate.

A further example of the great force of the converging witness is to be found beyond the mere convergence of diverse minds and characters in our own civilization such as those of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc and the scientists, and the whole gamut of great men and women whose names will come readily to mind. There is the fact of the witness of the minds of widely diverse peoples—Europeans, Americans, Asiatics, of civilizations of high and ancient standing, as of those of the East. Their ancient native religions, profound as some of them are, find little or no acceptance outside their own climatic and racial areas. But all of them, in great numbers and of individual eminence—Wall-street brokers, African nuns, Indian philosophers, Chinese bishops—bear converging witness that the Faith is Catholic, that it is equally True in the minds of all kinds of men.

That is why the enemies of the Church feel that they must try to minimize, and if possible deny, this one great converging witness. For, by so doing, they strike at one of the four great marks of the true Church—She is Catholic.

Priests and the Press

By

A Clerical Scribe

THIS is not an *apologia*; it is just a little fabric, woven in the loom of memory, from the warp of incidents and the woof of experiences acquired during decades of activities in the pastoral and academic fields. During the weaving there will be what may, perhaps, seem an obtrusive use of what James Russell Lowell used to call "the perpendicular pronoun"; but this is inevitable.

My experience with the secular and Catholic Press is not of yesterday; and it is presumably more eventful than that of the author of a recent article in *THE SIGN*, which bears the caption, "Should Priests Write?" I am still writing for the Press, though long past the age at which a former distinguished physician is said to have suggested that men should be chloroformed! I shall likely continue to do a little writing while conscious cerebration continues and my fingers are able to manipulate the typewriter of ancient vintage, which I have had in my office for nearly thirty years.

Unlike the author of "Should Priests Write?" I have written books (one just completed). I have published dozens of monographs and scores of articles; but I have never "perpetrated" poetry. An old professor cured me of such pretensions in my salad-days, by frequently paraphrasing for his students *poeta nascitur non fit*, as "a nasty poet is not worth his

salt"; and, thenceforth, those of us who might have had aspirations to enter Thalia's sanctuary kept to the domain of prose. Few of my early literary effusions ever came back from publishers; and none of them, as far as I recall, ever brought a honorarium. In later days cheques began to come, but none of them were of such proportions as to endanger the solvency of the banks on which they had been drawn. Many of my contributions have appeared in high-class periodicals abroad; and one will appear presently in what is, perhaps, the most widely circulated Catholic publication in the English language.

I disagree with Mr. Rowe that the "Catholic lay author is more or less frozen out in comparison with the priest or nun," and protest against the insinuation that priests and nuns "take the bread out of the lay author's mouth." These charges, made, seemingly, *ex abundantia cordis* (in the ignoble sense) are not borne out by facts. Mr. Rowe, "a native of Liverpool," must be familiar with the Catholic Press in England where, as far back as I can remember, the *Tablet*, the *Catholic Times*, and the *Universe* have been edited by lay-

men, though their most distinguished contributors, such as Father Herbert Thurston, the learned W. H. K. ("the modern Mezzofanti"), and Dom Bede Camm are priests. True, the Catholic monthlies in England and Ireland—*The Month*, the *Catholic Gazette*, *The Sower*, *Blackfriars*, the *Downside Review*, *Studies*, the *Ecclesiastical Record* and the *Irish Messenger*—are edited by priests; yet we find that lay contributors to these periodicals are almost as numerous as the clerical writers. *Blackfriars* is perhaps the only exception; it is conducted by the English Dominicans.

DENUNCIATION of priest-editors and priest-writers is by no means confined to Mr. Rowe. Frankly, I have seen little of this writer's output; but, apparently, he has written a great deal. I read much of the splendid work done by such English writers as Enid Dinnis, Anna Christich, Marion Nesbit, Stanley B. James, Henry Sommerville, and Compton McKenzie, and, of course, Belloc and Chesterton. These writers are widely read in the United States; but neither priest nor nun seems to be guilty of attempting "to take the bread out of their mouths."

In the United States we find an occasional blast by laymen against priest-writers; but often they originate from sources that deserve little attention. At

times a squall against clerical journalism and priest-editors comes from a section of the country, where tornadoes (atmospheric and intellectual) are born; and possibly they receive some attention in certain quarters. Such a squall burst forth not long ago, after the Catholic bishops of Slovakia had issued an order forbidding priests in their respective dioceses to edit newspapers, even Catholic newspapers, or to become permanent writers for the Press. We do not know why the bishops issued such an order; but it is surmised that they did so to prevent their priests from entering an unseemly welter of political passion and racial fury. There was nothing to indicate that the bishops banned clerical journalism on the score that priests are unsuitable persons to occupy editorial chairs. The fact that the Church has officially declared St. Francis de Sales patron of Catholic journalists would seem to make impossible such a sweeping proscription.

A WRITER in a Mid-West periodical, that is ostensibly Catholic, cited the action of the Slovakian bishops as an argument against all priest-editors, and clerical journalism in general. He stated: "A similar prohibition might be salutary and profitable if extended to other countries," meaning palpably the United States. He goes on to deliver a phillip against all and sundry in the ministry who write for the Catholic Press; "Priests as a rule [he says] make unsatisfactory editors, not only because they are not trained for that sort of work, but because their hearts cannot be in it. . . . Where priests become newspaper editors, laymen must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. . . . Let the priest concentrate all his energies upon the peculiar work for which he is specially equipped and set apart, and let him at least leave in lay hands the editing of his papers and magazines. . . . A priest who becomes an editor deserts, his calling, neglects his training, and gives himself to a service that a layman can do as well." This criticism emanated from an individual who seems to have constituted himself an adviser-general to the Catholic body (even the Episcopate) in the United States.

I also recall other squalls of a similar kind some twenty-five years ago. Invariably the result was to arouse bitter feelings in the minds of a certain coterie that culminated in a mild outbreak of anticlericalism. "More Catholic than the Pope" used to be said of a lay-editor of the type mentioned. Ultimately he landed "on the rocks." By the irony of fate this editor was saved from beggary by a group of kind-hearted priests who changed the policy of his publication, kept it alive financially, and thus enabled the would-be "adviser-general" to the Church to get a decent living in the field of journalism. I might cite several historic incidents of this kind. I have mentioned only episodes with which I am quite familiar.

Shortly after this squall came out of the Mid-West, *Blackfriars* said: "The extravagant assertion about the priest who becomes an editor being one who 'deserts his calling' need not concern us very much except to suggest how interesting it would be as a mere exercise if we were to reckon up the number of cardinals, bishops, and priests who must, in view of this writer [in the Mid-West periodical] have been guilty of a black desertion of the highest calling of all." *Blackfriars* then informs him that "he has the most grotesque notion of what apostolic work means and what journalism means." It then goes on to say that the busiest missionaries have found time for writing amid their ceaseless labors, and instances the voluminous St. Alphonsus Liguori and others. *Blackfriars* continues: "It would have been more than a pity if St. Thomas Aquinas had been checked from writing through any qualms of scruples about its being inconsistent with his priesthood. It would indeed be lamentable if Fr. Ronald Knox was silenced or if Fr. Martindale's excellent journalism—in the best sense of that most tortured word—had ceased to appear each week in the *Catholic Times*. . . . We are not urging any rivalry between clerical and lay editors and journalists. . . . But our protest is against the prohibiting of priests from fulfilling what is part of their apostolic function. . . ."

Let us take a peep at our own land, and ask: Where should we stand today if it were not for the great service rendered to Catholicism, by *America*, the *Catholic World*, the *Ave Maria*, *THE SIGN*, the *Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Catholic Educational Review*, the *Catholic Historical Review*, the *Homiletic Review*, *New Scholasticism*, the *Catholic Charities Review*—all of which are edited by priests? I say nothing of Catholic newspapers, as I do not desire to cause a riot. Evidently there is a place for the priest in journalism.

PERSONALLY, I find writing a delightful recreation. Moreover, as a teacher, I find it of superlative importance. In preparing my lectures for the class-room, I come across a great many items that are worth preserving for future use. I jot them down in a cheap note-book or, if found in a periodical, clip them out, and past them on separate sheets. These sheets are later gathered up, and placed in a "jacket" (jackets may be bought at any bookstore for less than half-a-cent apiece). Ultimately the jacket is transferred to a filing cabinet, or stored away in a corner of my study, where it is readily available. If I find valuable items in books that are likely to be useful for magazine articles, I make a marginal notation, and at the end of the volume, provided that it is personal property, I note the page on which the notation occurs.

Later, the subject-matter of each notation is indexed, and the indexes are laid away, always in alphabetical order.

Budding scribes, and students, generally, are under the impression that they need an expensive filing cabinet for their notes and clippings. I have such an apparatus; but it is a heritage from my editorial years when I had to make provision for a large number of exchanges. All that is needed by the ordinary neophyte in the academic or writing field is a common shoe-box, or some similar receptacle; a stock of *fiches*—slips of paper, of about 3 by 5 inches; a piece of pasteboard of the same size (for backing); and a few rubber-bands: an outfit of this kind will cost less than twenty cents, and will last for a long period.

This little technical aside reminds me of a story told me some years ago by a graduate of Louvain. He informed me that Cardinal Mercier (under whom he had studied) wrote many of his class-lectures on scraps of waste-paper, and on envelopes, which he used to slit in two, for the sake of economy and convenience.

A NOTHER reason why I write is because my contributions to the Press are a source of revenue, and thus supplement my income—a Catholic teacher's emoluments are by no means princely. This additional revenue enables me to buy needed books, procure typewriter supplies and stationery and purchase stamps. Postage is quite a large item these days.

For much that I have written I have never received a dime. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, articles which I have not been paid for have been an excellent investment. They have gone out to Catholic periodicals and newspapers that are struggling to keep alive. I thus participate in "instructing others unto justice," and feel that I am making regular deposits where "thieves will not break in and steal."

After a long experience in the writing game (perhaps I should say *métier*) I am convinced that it is an excellent hobby for a priest; and it has the singular advantage of requiring just a modicum of time; writing can be done anywhere. It is an excellent way to beguile what otherwise might mean weary days, and thus forestall loneliness—the bugbear of clerical life, and the *bête-noire* of many priests who are located in isolated missions. I once heard the head of a Catholic Foreign Mission Society say to a group of young priests about to set out for foreign fields: "The greatest solace a young missionary can have, after his daily Mass, his Office, and Spiritual Reading, is to record his daily experiences in a well-kept Diary."

These young men may never become a Pepys, an Evelyn, or a Froissart; but their daily records may prove quite valuable, not only to the individuals concerned, but to others, who in future years will follow their trail. We have excellent illustrations of the importance of the advice given to the young missionaries (many of them former students of the writer). For example, *THE SIGN* publishes every month

splendid letters from the Passionists laboring in China, and they are far more valuable, from the historian's view-point, than some portly tomes that profess to tell us what is going on in the Orient.

We have another illustration of the importance of the Diary in the "Maryknoll Letters," many of which are incomparable literature, notably those written by that eminent journalist, Msgr. Ford, who, by the way, spent his adolescent years under the ægis of one of the greatest journalists in the annals of Catholic America—Father Lambert, author of *Notes on Ingersoll* and other important works. With the "Maryknoll Letters" I bracket *Father McShane of Maryknoll*—the most delightful book I have read in many moons, in which the author says: "The incidents related are the observations of one who is also a missionary; the comments represent the very fallible opinion of one who is little else." It was my great privilege to be associated with the writer of this book, who is the beloved Bishop James Edward Walsh, Vicar-Apostolic of Kongmoon, China. This brilliant scholar has one besetting sin—self-effacement. In addition to being a saintly prelate, he is a journalist, in the highest sense of the term. He is actively engaged in saving souls, yet he finds time to contribute splendid articles to the *Ecclesiastical Review* and to several missionary publications.

Whilst on the subject of the value of Diaries, I may say that my earliest venture into bookdom was nothing more than a Diary, which I amplified with some historical data regarding the Northland, where I had spent dreary days during my first years in the ministry. But the dreariness was greatly minimized by the possession of a few lead-pencils and a stout note-book, in which I recorded many interesting facts about this *terra incognita*. I even attempted to sketch the headlands that mark the supposed landfall of the Icelandic adventurers; but, needless to state, none of my "sketches" adorn the walls of National Gallery or the Metropolitan Museum! Yet they afforded delightful recreation that had more than a monetary or even artistic value. This will be readily understood when I say that during those days my nearest clerical neighbor was more than three hundred miles away!

YOUNG writers feel very discouraged when their contributions to magazines come back with that fateful slip whereon the editor "regrets, etc." But there is really no reason for discouragement. A distinguished writer prescribed the remedy when asked by a tyro in the art of writing, what was to be done to achieve success. The latter had expected to get a learned disquisition on the subject, but the veteran in many fields of literary endeavor replied laconically, "Write, write, write." The tyro passed through the disappointment and kept on writing.

Recently a young colleague came to me in a rather depressed mood, and like Crawford, whose staccato voice we hear occasionally when we listen in to that skit of skits, "Amos 'n Andy," was feeling "very unhappy," because an article which had sent to a learned Catholic magazine came back with that well-known "slip" which, I am afraid, comes too often from the office-boy. I asked the youthful aspirant to a place in the literary firmament to let me see the article. He did so; and I informed him frankly that I should have done just what the editor-in-chief of — did. My young friend will probably keep on writing, and may become a huge success.

THERE is an impression abroad that most American priests are "too busy" to do any writing. This is a fallacy, and the *alibi* would not be accepted in any court. The fact is that some of the busiest priests in the United States and elsewhere in America write a great deal, and are contributing greatly to the cultural activities and social progress of the Catholic body throughout the land. Those who are curiously disposed need not look far afield. I could fill a large page with the names of men, east of the Potomac, who are performing yeoman service along these lines.

Of course many of these men are engaged in the teaching profession; but they are extremely busy men withal. I shall now go farther field. Rev. Dr. — has a parish of some 8,000 souls, and he has three assistants. The parish is splendidly organized; it has excellent schools, a flourishing Holy Name Society, an active Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and two sodalities, each of which has a large membership. No parish activity is in the "moribund" class. The pastor is a former disciple of the great Cardinal Mercier; and, except in physique, he has many of the latter's characteristics. Nearing the fiftieth milestone, he is still a great student; and he writes thousands of words every week. He has an immense pile of manuscripts, and is a contributor to several periodicals. I doubt, however, if the honorarium received is extravagant. In fact, many contributions are given *gratis* to magazines.

Another pastor (recently deceased, R. I. P.) was for many years rector of a cathedral parish, and he had four assistants. Once each week he and his assistants engaged in a round-table discussion of some important subject, customarily theological, philosophical, or liturgical. His evenings were devoted to writing, and for many years he wrote the learned front page of a Catholic weekly. He never received a nickel for his services. The paper, by the way, was in nowise connected with the diocese in which he labored. In addition, whenever any misstatements were made in the secular Press of the cathedral city, he invariably challenged them, and in an unobtrusive way gave the quietus to what might, under less prudent direction, have

developed into serious denominational unpleasantness.

I notice that Mr. Rowe's article (*Catholic World*, November, 1932) says: "Catholic lay authors are overlooked and ignored. They are not even encouraged by Catholic publishers, who prefer the priest or nun who writes, naturally enough, of course, because *their* works carry a certain amount of influence on account of their cloth, and are sure of some recognition, deservedly or otherwise." Now, Mr. Rowe, this is a serious imputation. As regards nuns, let me say most emphatically that this is an unwarranted assertion (I speak from long experience on this subject). I also beg to differ from the author of the article, "Should Priests write?" who states: "Mr. Rowe is possibly justified in his strictures." Evidently neither Mr. Rowe nor the author in question knows much of the work that is being done by nuns. Nuns in this country are producing work, and publishing studies of superlative value.

I suggest that both Mr. Rowe and the writer of the article in *THE SIGN* procure a copy of the *Bulletin* published quarterly by the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of the Catholic University of America. There will be found many expressions of opinion regarding some of the work being done by nuns; but neither will find a recent statement by the Head of the Department of Literature in one of the best known Universities in the United States, who says: "It is beyond question the most profound work on the subject ever published by anybody within the borders of the United States, or, perhaps, elsewhere." So, it is not true that it is the influence of the nun's garb which brings "some recognition, deservedly or otherwise."

IN conclusion, I might say that it must not be understood that all will be *couleur de rose* for the priest who "takes up his pen." He will become a target for criticism, and lots of it. It will come from what has been termed "the sacerdotal spirit to ferret out unworthy motives, detect errors and discover false statements or incongruous implications" in the writings of a brother priest; and it will come from certain lay folk to whom picayune items seem tremendously important, and who do not seem to realize that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

All nature is now giving us the green signal, so let's go.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot*.

No tax is fair if it represents a week of one man's time and only a day of another's. *San José News*.

When anything as crooked as the pretzel can come back there is hope for the corkscrew.—*Toledo Blade*.

The Japs are now far south of the wall, still chasing Chinese troops to defend themselves from — *Publishers Syndicate*.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

D. E. H.—The assertion that there was once a female Pope is pure nonsense. All reputable historians, both Catholic and Protestant, so regard it. Read the pamphlet *Pope Joan* by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J., published by The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. R. C.—*The Tragedy of Fotheringhay*, by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, founded on the journals of D. Burgoing, physician to Mary, Queen of Scots, and on unpublished MS. documents, may be recommended. Price \$2.60—postage 15c.

E. M. M.—*Roma, an Ancient Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture* might interest you. It is listed at \$12.00, net, and may be found in large libraries.

F. J. M.—The devout reception of the Sacraments, together with confidence in your confessor, is the best remedy. *The Difficult Commandment*—(25 cents), and *Is Life Worth Living?*—(5 cents), will also help you. Send 35 cents in stamps and we shall mail these booklets to you.

M. P.—*The Snare of the Fowler*, by Ida Mary Smalley, which appeared in our January issue, is now published in pamphlet form. (Price 5 cents, postage 2 cents.) It is an excellent booklet to put in the hands of non-Catholics who are on the brink of the Church.

J. S.—Your questions are answered candidly in *A Modern Messenger of Purity*. Price 35 cents, paper; 75 cents, cloth. Postage extra.

M. McD.—The tax for a dispensation may vary in different dioceses. See your pastor.

J. B.—Leave the destiny of the child to God. He loves it more than you do. We presume that you have mentioned the case in confession.

M. H.—The book is not listed among forbidden books on the Index. Yet it is not to be recommended, for it is unreliable.

CASTRATION OF CHOIR BOYS

Recently a lecturer in physiology remarked that castration of choir boys in the seventeenth century was resorted to by the Popes, in order that they might keep their voices young and feminine. If this is true, could this act be justified in any way?—N. N., GERMANTOWN, PA.

Your lecturer was guilty of the common fallacy of stating a half-truth, and drawing the inference that the fact was approved of by the Popes. While it is true that during the Renaissance period and later such artificial sopranos were very numerous and their employment was not discouraged, even in many church choirs, it is false to assert that the operation by which they were made eunuchs was approved of by the Popes. The contrary is the fact. The abuse of the employment of such singers was condemned by Pope Benedict XIV, and Clement XIV threatened with excommunication those who performed such an operation, unless for lawful medical reasons. It is also true that some theo-

logians of those days admitted as at least *probable* the opinion of those who said that castration of boys was lawful if it was performed for the purpose of preserving their youthful voices to be used in the church choirs, and that thereby they might make a livelihood. Two conditions were demanded by those who held this opinion: (a) that the operation might not endanger life, and (b) it was not done against the will of the boys. But such an opinion is contrary to the common teaching of theologians held today. The custom is now entirely reprobated. (*Catholic Encyclopedic Dictionary*; Noldin, *Theologia Moralis* 11, 328.)

ATTITUDE OF CHURCH TOWARDS Y. W. C. A.

Regarding your reply in the April issue, page 538, has the Church ever gone on record, officially, with regard to the Y. W. C. A.?—S. P. E., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The Y. W. C. A., though not officially connected with the Y. M. C. A., nor historically sprung from it, is similar in character and scope in its work for young women. The Y. W. C. A. presents the same religious aspect as the Y. M. C. A. The direct religious activities of the Y. W. C. A. are also practically the same as those of the Y. M. C. A. Hence, all things considered, the question of Catholic membership in this organization is identical in all respects with that of membership in the Y. M. C. A., even in the units which allow Catholics to vote. (Suppl. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, pages 779-783.)

In order, therefore, to ascertain the attitude of the Church towards the Y. W. C. A., we should recall what the Church has said about the Y. M. C. A. In November, 1920, the Congregation of the Holy Office formally warned the bishops of the world against the Y. M. C. A. in these terms: "Considering that these associations are supported by the good-will, the resources and active coöperation of highly influential persons, and that they render efficient service in various lines of beneficence, it is not surprising that they deceive inexperienced minds, who fail to detect their inward nature and purpose. But their true character can no longer be a matter of doubt for any one who is well informed; their aims, hitherto but gradually revealed, are now openly declared in pamphlets, newspapers, and periodicals, which serve as their means of publicity. Under the pretext of enlightening youthful minds, they turn them away from the teaching authority of the Church, the divinely established beacon of truth, and persuade them to seek in the depths of their own consciousness, and hence within the narrow range of human reason, the light which is to guide them. It is chiefly young men and young women who are drawn into such snares. They, above all others, need help and direction in order to learn Christian truth, and preserve the faith handed down from their forefathers. Instead they fall into the hands of those by whom they are robbed of their great inheritance, and gradually led away, until they hesitate between opposing opinions, then come to doubt about everything, and finally content themselves with a vague, indefinite form of religion, which is altogether different from the religion taught by Jesus Christ."

The condemnation of these associations by the Holy Office does not disapprove of their welfare and humanitarian work. It is rather a condemnation of their attempts to undermine the Catholic Faith. The letter of the Holy Office, above referred to, was provoked by the proselytizing campaign started in Italy after the World War, when the Y. M. C. A. showed its true purpose. (*Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies*, Pruess, pages 492-499.) The Holy Office acknowledges the benefits produced

by the Y along physical and humanitarian lines, but it exposes the motive and aim generally underlying them.

AN ITEM REGARDING TERESA NEUMANN

I am sending you the enclosed clipping taken from "Keeping Up With the World," a special feature department of Collier's magazine, issue of April 29th, edited by Mr. Freling Foster. It says: "A peasant woman in Konnersreuth, Bavaria, is exhibiting today the world's latest case of stigmata, the supposed supernatural infliction of wounds corresponding to those of Christ. However, like most of the 321 other cases in history, she will not submit to a medical examination." What is your comment?—C. P. M. TAZEWEEL, VA.

This clipping is characteristic of the general run of items which appear in this department of *Collier's*. It appears to us to be rather a flippant remark about the girl, and also those who have testified that in their honest opinion her experiences seem to be real. Of course, there is room for difference of opinion about this case. But nothing will be gained by a smart-aleck attitude.

In the first place, it is recognized that the stigmata, when it is really such, is a supernatural infliction of wounds, corresponding to those of Christ. Thus, the Church officially celebrates the impression of the stigmata on St. Francis of Assisi on September 17 every year.

In the second place, though Mr. Foster has authority for saying that there have been 321 other cases of stigmatics in the Church, since this number is given in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (vol. XIV, quoting Dr. Imbert), he neglects to add that Dr. Imbert says: "in whom there is every reason to believe Divine action." Moreover, we know of at least one other comparatively recent and very prominent case of stigmata (that of Louise Lateau, died 1883), who was under the observation of many physicians in a hospital, where, after the most searching investigation, Dr. Charles Virchow, one of Germany's most famous physicians, declared: "We cannot explain this case, but we are not so foolish as to call it a miracle." (*The Story of Teresa Neumann* Fr. Pacificus, O. M. C., page 61.)

In the third place, it is false to say that Teresa Neumann objects to a medical investigation. As a matter of fact, a special commission was appointed for that purpose by the Protestant University of Erlangen under the supervision of the counsellor of the Board of Health, Dr. Seidl. This investigation was carried out most minutely in Teresa's home for fifteen days. Teresa was not left alone for one moment.

In the fourth place, it is false to say that either Teresa Neumann or her parents object to a medical examination in a public clinic: "Men of science have often suggested that Teresa be taken to a hospital in order to be examined thoroughly. Teresa herself raised no objection to such an examination; her parents, too, gave their consent, but when they heard the doctors say 'when once we have her we shall take care of her for good,' they withdrew their approval." (I bid, page 31.) It appears that the tactless and even brutal attitude of the physicians, not the investigation itself, is the reason for holding back.

These few testimonies, which appear worthy of credence, show what is to be thought of the item written by Mr. Foster.

DATE OF EASTER: OBJECTION TO FIXED EASTER

(1) Please tell me why the date of Easter changes? (2) Is there any objection to a fixed Easter from a Catholic viewpoint?—D. G., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—S. P. E., UNION CITY, N. J.

(1) The date of Easter is variable because it depends on the phase of the moon, which is variable. The Christian Easter supplants the Jewish Pasch. As the Pasch, or Passover, was celebrated on the Sabbath following the full moon which occurred on or after the vernal equinox (March 21st), it follows that Easter occurs on the Sunday following the above dates. Easter always falls on some date between March 22 and April 25, inclusive.

(2) There does not seem to be any objection to a fixed Easter, either from a theological or canonical viewpoint.

LUCRUM CESSANS—DAMNUM EMERGENS

A non-Catholic scholar said the conditions confronting President Roosevelt are similar to those in 1260 A. D., when St. Thomas Aquinas made his famous ruling about lucrum cessans and damnum emergens. Will you kindly give me some information about this, and how it can be compared to our present economic disorder and the President's task.—H. B., ALLIANCE, O.

Lucrum cessans and *damnum emergens* mean, literally, "gain ceasing and damage arising." They are terms which occur in questions of justice. Thus, if a person steals another's automobile and uses it for six months, he would not satisfy the demands of justice by simply returning the auto. He would have to compensate the owner for the wear and tear on the machine (*damnum emergens*), and also for the extra expenses incurred by the owner on account of being without his car (*lucrum cessans*). Of course, these conditions must have been foreseen by the thief, which it is quite legitimate to presume if he used the auto for a period of six months. *Lucrum cessans* and *damnum emergens* are also regarded as legitimate extrinsic titles for the taking of interest on money loans; the one who loans foregoes hoped-for gain, and runs the risk of not collecting the loan. Since you do not give a clue of the scholar's viewpoint, it is impossible for us to say how these terms are applicable to the financial condition with which President Roosevelt is so energetically dealing.

BIBLICAL COMMISSION

I would be grateful for some information regarding the Biblical Commission.—M. M. F., SHARON HILL, PA.

The Biblical Commission was instituted in 1902 by Pope Leo XIII. It is a council, or a commission of men of learning, whose duty it shall be to labor that in every possible manner the Divine text will find here and from every quarter the most thorough interpretation which is demanded by our times, and be shielded not only from every breath of error, but also from every temerarious opinion. (Apostolic Letter *Vigilantiae* of Leo XIII, Oct. 30, 1902.) The Commission is made up of a number of Cardinals, who are assisted by consultors from different nations, experts in biblical matters. The Commission issues doctrinal decisions on biblical questions. In 1907 Pope Pius X declared these decisions binding in conscience and to be received with internal and external assent. These decisions normally only obtain ordinary, not solemn, approval of the Pope, and are therefore not infallible pronouncements; hence, they are in themselves reversible and do not call for the assent of Divine faith. They call for that human faith and intellectual submission which is due to a religious authority and which, though not infallible, enjoys such providential protection as God gives to the official utterances of the Church He founded. They are a stimulus and a guide to further investigation. Between 1905 and 1915 decisions were issued on tacit quotations and non-literal histories, Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the fourth Gospel, Isaiah, the first three chapters of Genesis, the authorship and date of the Psalms, St. Matthew, Sts. Luke and Mark, and the synoptic problem, the Acts and Pastoral Epistles, Hebrews, and on the second coming of Christ in the Epistles of St. Paul. (*Catholic Encyclopedia*, page 60.)

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF THE APPARITION

Will you please give me some information regarding the Congregation of St. Joseph of the Apparition?—H. D., ELIZABETH, N. J.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition, with mother-house at Marseilles, was founded at Gaillac, France, in 1830, by Mme. Emilie de Vialard, for all kinds of charitable work. The institute spread rapidly from the beginning and, although some of the houses in France were closed during the French Revolution, they now number over 100 in various parts of the world, with over 1,000 sisters. The Congregation received the approval of the Holy See, March 31, 1862. The Sisters have one house in England, at Whalley Park, Manchester, where 10 Sisters devote themselves to the care of invalided ladies, for whom they opened

a home there in 1905; they also nurse in private houses. They now have about 20 branch houses in the British colonies, in the principal towns in British Burma, Malta, Cyprus, at Beirut, and in Australia, in all of which places there are high schools, homes for the aged, and orphanages under the charge of the Sisters. There are other branch houses in Italy, Greece, South Africa, and the Holy Land. The number of Sisters varies in each of the colonial houses from 15 to 20. At the request of the Bishop of Perth, the Sisters opened their first house in Western Australia at Fremantle, in 1854, where also they later established a novitiate. They have now in Western Australia 6 communities, with 56 members, in charge of 6 schools, with a total attendance of 1100. The Sisters also visit the poor. (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. V.) The Congregation has a house in Buffalo, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. B., New York City, N. Y.; I. McL., New York; M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. M. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; N. M., New York, N. Y.; S. M. T., Rochester, Minn.; E. L. B., Ludlow, Mass.; J. F. McC., Carbondale, Pa.; P. J. W., Woodside, L. I.; M. M., Hicksville, L. I.; M. F., Parsons, Kan.; R. B. W., Detroit, Mich.; M. F. J. M., Terre Haute, Ind.; M. C. M. P., Brighton, Mass.; J. F. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; S. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. & R. B., New York, N. Y.; M. J. S. O'B., Sioux City, Iowa; M. M. F., New York, N. Y.; M. T. J. R., Scranton, Pa.; A. V. P., New York, N. Y.; B. D., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.; G. B., Johnstown, Pa.; H. T. F., Oyster Bay, N. Y.; I. McL., New York, N. Y.; M. T. B., New Haven, Conn.; L. McN., Dunkirk, N. Y.; M. L. B., San Bernardino, Calif.; M. T. F., St. Louis, Mo.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Holy Souls, M. W. L., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Joseph, Sacred Heart, M. E. McG., Beresford, L. I., N. Y.; St. Joseph, Malden, Mass.; St. Theresa, A. W. K., Cleveland, Ohio; St. Gabriel, I. M. S., Phillipsburg, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Little Flower, M. F., Saranac Lake, N. Y.; St. Joseph, M. G. E. S., Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Joseph, M. J. S. O'B., Sioux City, Iowa; St. Anthony, O. S., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, A. V. P., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M. T. B., New Haven, Conn.; Venerable Gemma Galgani, S. M. R., Buenos Aires, S. A.; St. Paul & St. Gabriel, D. S., Hoboken, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Last Resort, St. Anne, Little Flower, St. Anthony, M. G. A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. M. L., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Gemma Galgani, M. L. F., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, H. E. H., Plainfield, N. J.; Holy Souls, C. M. K., W. Orange, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

"REVELATIONS": FORBIDDEN FRUIT: MR. HILL: CONVERTS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I be allowed to comment a little on some matters in your April issue. First, as to the communication, "Another False Revelation." Your Editor's Note may have shocked M. V. K. a bit. For his (or her) consolation let me say that when I was an innocent clerk in a grocery store many years ago I came upon a similar "revelation," which promised three days' warning before death, provided you recited daily a certain number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys. I said the prayers faithfully, doubting

nothing. The prayers were all right and so was my faith, though the "revelation" was not. The same may be said in the case of M. V. K.

As to the "forbidden fruit," on page 535. What ground have we for saying it was an apple or a fig or any other kind of fruit in the literal sense of the term? The Divine command was: "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat." (*Gen. 2:17*.) Can that have been a fruit tree in the ordinary sense?

I was most agreeably surprised to find an article from Mr. Edwin C. Hill in the April issue of THE SIGN. We listen to him here via radio station KFRC several nights a week at 7:30, our Golden Gate time. Mr. Hill impresses us as a scholarly, religious-minded man. He has one of the most captivating (not affected) voices on the air. It resembles the President's. Mr. Hill could double for him.

And there was Charles Willis Thompson's conversion story. Mr. Thompson states, "my Catholic friends . . . showed no desire to make converts." I wonder whether that is to our credit. Of course, we can influence them by our decent, God-fearing way of living, publicly and privately. But might not a word from us, now and then, be productive of good? Why not give them a catechism, or a story like Mr. Thompson's or John Moody's. May these gentlemen persevere to the end, despite all trials.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

(REV.) THOMAS P. HEVERIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is probable that the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was so named in anticipation of the disobedience of our first parents, through which sin "their eyes were opened" to the knowledge of good and evil. Jewish and Christian tradition has held that it was a material tree. There have been various opinions as to its species. Some have thought that it was an apple tree, an opinion still commonly held. Others have opined that it was a fig tree, for the reason that the fig leaves with which Adam and Eve covered their nakedness after their sin was very likely plucked from the tree nearest to hand. Despite these opinions it must be confessed that the true nature of this tree, and that of the tree of life, is mysterious. (A Lapidé, in *Gen. cap. xi*.) So far as we have been able to learn, the Church has never spoken authoritatively on the point. Nor does it appear that this tree must be understood as a material one.

AND NOW HE IS A FREETHINKER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Looking over an old copy of THE SIGN (November, 1932), which I picked up while riding on the L, I came across the question about the number of the saved, on page 227 of The Sign-Post. It is to be noticed that the Church has made a switch from its former teaching that the number of the lost would exceed the saved. Now it's something else. In fact, you don't know and won't commit yourself.

When a young man about 24 years of age I attended a mission in Dublin, Ireland, given by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. One evening the missionary was preaching on the old stand-by thriller—Hell. The old sadist gleefully told us of what the Church and the Fathers said about the number that would go there, to wit: after a field of grain is cut down and the gleaners have finished picking up the stray grains left behind, the few which they overlooked represented the number of the saved. Very consoling.

Very shocked and horror stricken, I went home thinking hard, and came to the conclusion that it was a demon I was worshipping, not a God. I did not finish that mission. A little reading of forbidden books and more thinking convinced me that the whole thing (Church) was a humbug. So, like a man I dropped it all and became a

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FREETHINKER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Church has never taught anything whatever about the relative number of the saved and the lost for the

simple reason that no revelation has been made in the matter. Preachers who wax eloquent on this point are inclined to speak beyond their knowledge. However, it is a poor exhibition of "thinking" to quit the Church because you took exception to the exaggerated viewpoint of one man. This is the Holy Year. May we suggest that you take advantage of its Christ-like offer of full pardon. At least, you cannot complain that salvation isn't offered to you.

NO CHILDREN BORN IN EDEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The subject matter treated in The Sign-Post (page 536) of the April issue of THE SIGN is certainly an interesting one. But if Adam and Eve obeyed God's command to "increase and multiply," what became of their offspring, which naturally would have resulted from their union? These children would have been born, of course, before original sin was committed. Therefore, they would not have inherited it. If there were any such offspring, nothing is told about them. May we think that if Adam and Eve had children prior to the Fall, that these were assumed into Heaven, body and soul, when our first parents were driven out of Paradise? Probably I am wasting your time, as nothing has been vouchsafed to us in this particular field of possibilities. But, probably, also, it is right to assume that Adam and Eve had children when they were in the original state of justice, for we do certainly know that they would obey God's command to "increase and multiply." The subject is intensely interesting. Kindly give a word of comment. I enjoy THE SIGN immensely, and The Sign-Post is full of information.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

M. L. VON SZELISKI.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Bible is silent about generation in Paradise, presumably for the reason that there was none to record. The first mention of offspring is in *Genesis* (4:1). The words of Eve on this occasion, "I have gotten a man through God," seem to indicate that he was her first-born. The meaning of this text is: "I have borne my first child, and am made the mother of a man." (Corn. a Lapide, *Comment. in Gen. iv.*) Indirectly, the doctrine of original sin and the universal need of redemption imply that all Adam's descendants have contracted the debt of his sin: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and by sin death; so death passed upon all men, in whom [Adam] all have sinned." (*Rom. 5:12.*) The teaching of the Church holds that the only exception to this law is the Blessed Virgin, who was conceived immaculate. How long Adam and Eve remained in Paradise is a matter of speculation.

URIEL THE ARCHANGEL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the February issue of THE SIGN some one asked about St. Orael, to which you replied that you could not find this name among the Saints. Perhaps, the person meant to ask about Uriel, who is one of the archangels.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.

M. E. O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Church does not officially regard Uriel as among the archangels.

FROM OUR VANITY CASE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Just a few words of congratulations from an ardent reader for the very excellent magazine you publish. I don't think that I am exaggerating when I state that it is far and away the best Catholic magazine ever published.

Hilaire Belloc's articles are truly inspiring, and Miss Enid Dinnis's stories with their charming philosophy are delightful. Then, too, the Question and Answer Department is the best ever. It is really impossible to find anything amiss with THE SIGN. But how could there be? It is certain that God is blessing all your great efforts in spreading His Kingdom to the distant

corners of the earth. Again my best wishes and prayers for your continued success.

I would like to see some more articles by your Father Adrian Lynch.

Kindly let me know if my subscription is near run out, so that I can renew it, and not miss a single copy of THE SIGN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FRANK COLLINS.

PRAISE FOR FATHER ADRIAN LYNCH'S BOOK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am delighted with Father Adrian Lynch's book, *This IS Christian Marriage*. I am glad that you published it in permanent form. It is without a question the clearest, simplest, and most practical book we have in English on this important subject. The book will do much good, I am sure.

Now if only you will publish the English Reformation sketches by Hilaire Belloc, I shall be happy. By all means send me a copy, if you do.

BELMONT SEMINARY,

(REV.) THOMAS OESTREICH, O.S.B.

BELMONT, N. C.

PROFESSOR OF CANON LAW.

BIRTH CONTROL: CONFUSION IN TERMINOLOGY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading your April issue, in which a letter from John E. Murphy on birth control appears in The Sign-Post. His letter intrigued me. For one thing Mr. Murphy uses the wrong term to designate the particular evil which he sees. Birth control (or contraception, as it should be) is really the control of conception. Therefore, if no life is conceived, no soul is condemned to eternity without sight of its Maker. Whether this is brought about by a device, or mere chance, is quite immaterial to the issue which concerns Mr. Murphy so much. If one is to take Mr. Murphy's text literally, every act of sexual intercourse that is not followed by conception automatically condemns a soul to eternal exclusion from Heaven.

There is a great scope in this world for someone who can make plain these things, rather than continuing to mystify the very name. The truth of the matter is that sex questions call for medical, rather than religious, handling and your correspondent's letter shows that there is need for more mature and adult public opinion.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

PRUDENCE LOWE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Murphy's letter does, indeed, confuse two acts which are in themselves quite distinct, namely, contraception and abortion. The first is prevention of life; the second destruction of life. Both these acts are in the popular mind loosely embraced under the term "birth control." Hence the confusion. It is when a foetus dies without Baptism that it is excluded from the sight of its Maker. If this happens through the malice of parents the sin of abortion is committed. Those who practice contraception prevent a child coming into earthly existence, which is the necessary state for one to be in the way to Heaven. We have good reason to take exception to our present correspondent's advice, to wit, that this is a matter for medical handling, rather than religious. Both sciences have grave concern in this question. Neither can be excluded. The momentous problem of the use of marriage has a moral aspect, as well as a medical. We are glad to be able to recommend a book which treats of this matter lucidly—*This IS Christian Marriage*, which was reviewed in the May issue, page 634.

IN BEHALF OF DEAF-MUTES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am writing this letter in an effort to reach our widely scattered Catholic deaf-mutes through the medium of your valuable paper.

Statistics show that about two out of every three baptized Catholic deaf-mutes eventually lose the Faith, due to the lack

of Catholic schools for the deaf and priests who know the sign language.

The deaf are deprived of the ordinary means of hearing sermons, Catholic radio programs, etc., and are dependent to a great extent on the written word for religious instruction. For this reason we wish to inform the deaf about the only national Catholic deaf-mute paper, *The Catholic Deaf-Mute*. This paper for the past thirty-three years has been published by a deaf-mute, Mr. James F. Donnelly of 9111-116th Street, Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Mr. Donnelly has published this paper to the gratification of the clergy and the benefit of the Catholic deaf. Besides general news items of interest to the deaf, it is instructive and apologetic in nature, supplementing—and in some cases, where priests are not available for deaf-mute work, even supplanting—the pastor in his preaching the Gospel. In his editorials Mr. Donnelly is fearless in enunciating the Catholic principals for which the paper stands.

In a few dioceses the Bishops, realizing the great good done by this paper edited especially for the Catholic deaf, have entered the subscriptions of the deaf-mute members of their flock, making the cost a diocesan charge. Mr. Donnelly also sends out several hundred free copies to those deaf who cannot afford to pay for a subscription.

May I ask your readers to kindly give this letter to any deaf-mute they know. We will be glad to receive correspondence on matters pertaining to the deaf.

COLLEGE OF
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

(REV.) M. A. PURTELL, S. J.
PASTOR, CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES.

PLAUSIBLE BUT SPURIOUS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We have been enjoying your wonderful paper for a long time now and it seems to be improving month by month especially in its enlightening articles on the Church for the layman.

We are referring particularly now to the article in the latest issue, by Mr. Edwin C. Hill, on Soviet Russia and the O-Gay-Pay-Oo. It was wonderfully written and certainly presents some very awful evidence against the Soviet, if any more evidence were needed.

Mr. Hill is one of our favorites over the Radio and we listen attentively to anything he has to say, particularly in his "Human Side of the News." Last night in one of his talks he mentioned, among other things, in speaking about Easter and Christ, a letter which was written at the time Christ lived from a Roman official to a Roman Senator. This letter described Jesus in great detail and was a most beautifully written document and, having been written by an eye witness when Christ lived, it seems to us to be of unusual interest. I think it would be a great thing if you could procure a copy of this letter from Mr. Hill, if you haven't already got one, and print it in *THE SIGN*. We certainly had never heard of it before and I am sure it would interest your readers.

Incidentally, we would like to know something about Mr. Hill. We do not know what his religion is, but we feel that he must be an exemplary figure in the hectic world in which we are living.

MALDEN, MASS.

LILLIAN M. CALAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hill is Protestant, sincere in his religious convictions. The letter referred to, while charming and plausible, is spurious.

"TO THE GHOST OF LORD MACAULAY"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN (April issue) carries an essay headed "To The Ghost of Lord Macaulay," by Charles Willis Thompson. It is a remarkable essay which should be put in pamphlet form for general distribution. What a blessing it would be for truth seekers, who are in the same predicament in which Mr. C. W. Thompson found himself before his conversion. Give this your kind

consideration. In these days of depression many Americans are seeking after *higher* things—they seek peace for their agonizing souls. Hence this is the opportune time to tell restless Americans that peace can be found only in the Catholic Church, established by Our Lord Jesus Christ. I thank Mr. Charles Willis Thompson for giving us the story of his search for truth.

DENTON, TEXAS.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

POPULAR UNDERSTANDING OF THE FAITH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The more I read your most wonderful magazine—the entire contents, *The Sign-Post* and, in particular, the articles by Fathers McCarthy and McNamara on your work in China—the more I am convinced that we all take too much for granted in this America of ours. We millions of so-called, or perhaps better described as luke-warm Catholics of these great, "intelligent" countries are so learned that we can immediately grasp and on second thought completely understand anything which is brought to our attention. The ease with which we learn lessons by rote and memorize "don'ts" leads ourselves and our teachers into the false position of believing that we are masters of our subject.

A Catholic child must be able to answer all the questions in the Catechism (I wonder what the result would be if the question was asked in different words and the question staggered haphazard from the Catechism); say Yes or No to questions concerning right or wrong, etc., etc. The child makes its First Communion and a few months later is confirmed and is then turned loose into the world. Let us say that better than the average always hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays, and grant that as many say their morning and evening prayers, and considerably less keep their promise of monthly Communion—to the vast majority, including most of the above, it all becomes a habit—mere routine, with a few bright and sincere spots during the after far-apart missions.

Before a Protestant is received into the Church, he is treated as you treat the Chinese, he is made to give absolute proof from his *mature* intellect of his complete understanding of all our doctrine together with the why and the wherefore. His mature intellect has received something it cannot possibly forget or act on from habit without thought.

My complaint is this—and I need it as much or more than anyone—why does not every parish have its graduate Catechist to teach doctrine in public at least one evening a week, to teach the people that a mere recitation of their sins is not sufficient, and to teach them how to hear Mass by going through the Mass, as it proceeds on the altar, with the people. In my opinion, the last is so important that in large parishes it should be every Sunday and carried through the principal Masses, say 8 A. M. this Sunday, 9:30 next, 11:00 next, and then back to 8. In small parishes at least twice a month.

I believe this kind of missionary work is as sorely needed in this country as your glorious work is in China.

ERINDALE, ONT., CANADA.

FRANCIS J. CLARK.

CONGRATULATIONS TO C. W. THOMPSON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have long been an attentive student of Charles Willis Thompson's writings on political and economic subjects; but I find the account of his spiritual odyssey the best thing he ever wrote. Congratulations to *THE SIGN* on giving us this insight into Mr. Thompson's religious experiences.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

(REV.) HUBERT A. CAMPO.

FOR A CATHOLIC PERIODICAL DIGEST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am a part of a small group of young enthusiasts who wish to do something which we feel to be needed in the field of Catholic magazine work. I am writing to you to ask for your opinion

regarding the work we propose to do and to ask for any suggestions you or your readers may feel will be of assistance to us.

Our hopes are based upon the success of similar publications in other fields and on the sincere belief that a publication of the sort is needed in Catholic journalism. It is our plan to begin the publication of *The Catholic Digest*, a reprint of the best and most interesting articles from Catholic magazines.

From among the great number of Catholic magazines published each week and month, the average "reading Catholic" can choose but a very limited number of individual publications. We believe that by bringing the best from all the Catholic publications, we will be able to give those "reading Catholics" a wider acquaintance with Catholic literature in general.

We are not looking for special concessions. The articles reprinted will be paid for. At this time we merely ask your opinion. Suggestions from your readers may be addressed to me at 654 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

HAROLD E. JOHNSON.

A RUSSIAN APPRECIATES MR. HILL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please send me a copy of the April issue of *THE SIGN* containing Mr. Edwin C. Hill's article on the O-Gay-Pay-Oo (the Russian Secret Police). I am anxious to acquaint my Russian compatriots with this article. May I have your permission to publish a translation of it in New York's Russian daily newspaper.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

EUGENE A. MOSKOFF, M.A.,
RUSSIAN LITERATURE DEPT.

"A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Herewith front page of the San Jose *Mercury-Herald*, with article marked in red. I think the work of the Mexican artist at Radio City could well be called *A White Handkerchief*, as described by Charles Willis Thompson in his article, "The Illiberal Liberal," in your May issue.

I thought perhaps it would not be amiss to call your attention to this particular incident at Radio City.

I am a subscriber to your paper, and have been for a number of years. I esteem it one of the best Catholic newspapers published.

At the time President McKinley was shot I was living in Syracuse, N. Y., as my native home is two and a half miles from Auburn, N. Y.

Where I am located here at the Bellarmine College Preparatory, your paper is read and circulated among the Jesuits quite freely, and they all esteem it very highly.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

HOMER C. STEVENS.

A PROTEST PLUS A DEMAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

When the undersigned subscribed to your periodical he had no idea that the tendencies of same were violently anti-German. I am no newcomer to this beloved America of ours, am as patriotic as any American born can be, come from an honored Catholic lineage as old and as fine as any Purcell or Gwynn can come from, but I will resent to my dying days any and all uncalled-for defamation of the land of my birth. Do not forget that the Centrist party has been for years the very ally of the Socialist party in Germany in utter defiance of Catholic principles and teachings.

I am sorry I subscribed to your periodical and I hereby ask and demand that you strike my name off the mailing list.

STUEBENVILLE, OHIO.

J. C. JUNG.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We publish ex-subscriber Jung's letter simply because it gives us an opportunity to state that *THE SIGN* is not anti-German or anti-any-other-nationality; and to state

further that we think ourselves fortunate in having as one of our foreign correspondents Mr. Denis Gwynn, whose ability has placed him among first-rank journalists and whose reportorial impartiality cannot be successfully questioned.

THE SAME OLD CATHOLIC WAY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Here is a sample of what is done among our poor colored people with the money God's friends send us. A Sister reported to me that the mother of three of our most delightful children converts was again in the dangerous crisis of a mother's life and that there was danger of having more orphans on my hands. I sent investigators. Here is what they found; one room accommodation for father, mother, four children, and expected new arrival; no food; no fuel; only two beds; not enough of bed clothes; the children's bed without a mattress; no doctor. To make the situation worse, the house in which they have one room for six persons is utterly unsuitable. It is not a place for human beings. A dead baby came last Sunday. What is there for me to do but get busy. How pay for butting in? Why, just in the same old Catholic way. God will do some playing with human hearts which love Him. Food, fuel, bedding, doctor's care are being looked after. As soon as the mother can be moved, a cottage shall have to be found for her. This means that God's friends will have to pay the rent, and they will do it.

WASHINGTON, N. C.

(REV.) MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

NOW READ THIS FOLLOW-UP

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I again beg space in *THE SIGN* for Father Moeslein's the Mother of Mercy Mission in Washington, North Carolina, in general and for its orphans in particular?

The Mission is in debt to the amount of three thousand dollars. And the orphans—well, there are five of them under the care of a convert aunt who has four children of her own, and it doesn't take much imagination to visualize the bills for food, clothing, housing, etc., that have piled in on Father Mark Moeslein since, in February, 1932, he voluntarily started supplying the entire family with bodily as well as spiritual sustenance.

The food bills are paid for monthly by a group of thirteen people who contribute two dollars or more apiece specifically for this purpose.

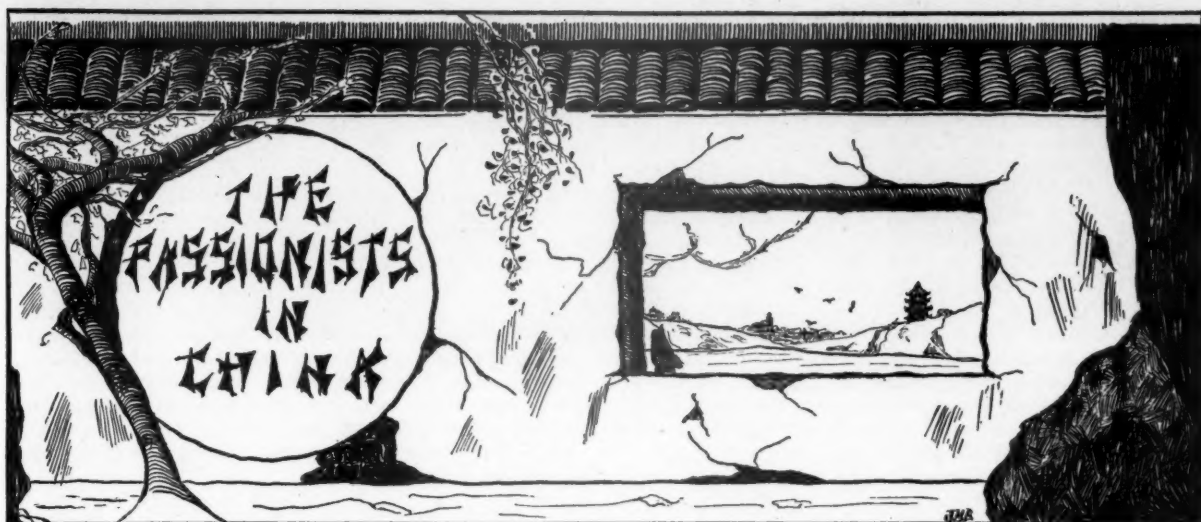
Out of the large circulation of *THE SIGN*, depression or no depression, cannot like groups be found who will shoulder other responsibilities for this aged priest? One group, the clothing; another, shoes; a third, decent living conditions that sickness may be avoided? The group can be comprised of any number of people and monthly contributions can be as small as the individual wishes.

Father Mark Moeslein's address is: Mother of Mercy Mission, 112 West 9th St., Washington, North Carolina. Please help him! What better way is there to thank Our Lord materially for our own blessings than to help feed and clothe and make life nicer for His lambs.

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

LILLIAN F. SMITH.

EDITOR'S NOTE. We heartily endorse the plan in behalf of the poor orphans in Father Mark Moeslein's colored Mission. She will not like to see it in print, but we must express our admiration for Miss Smith's generous interest in these children. Father Mark Moeslein is now about 80 years old. He has been a priest for 55 years. The warm sympathy of his priestly heart goes out to the poor colored folk to whose spiritual and material welfare he has consecrated fifteen years of his life. Please note the beautiful sentence in his letter: "God will do some playing with human hearts which love Him." We pray that He will play with your heart, dear reader. Do send Father Mark something. You can address him at 112 West 9th St., Washington, North Carolina, or through *THE SIGN*, Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. Please do it *now!* Every little helps.



The Sisters Succeed Again

By Jeremiah McNamara, C.P.

THIS is a tale of two victories; the one a conquest of a single soul, the other a moral success which inspired the town officials to urge on us an undertaking for which we had long hesitated to ask their necessary approval. Both victories must be credited in great part to that long list of accomplishments of the Sisters of Charity during their stay at Chenki Mission.

Not many months ago, readers of *THE SIGN* learned something of the good brought about by our visits to the local prison. The permission to perform this work of mercy, long sought in vain by our missionaries, was obtained for the asking by one of the Sisters after she had given medical treatment to the chief warden. Courteous treatment from those in charge of the jail and sincere gratitude on the part of the inmates has resulted in several remarkable conversions. The latest spiritual conquest is particularly worth recording.

Just a year ago two strangers from the neighboring county of Supu walked into the town of Chenki. An old lady, whose face revealed a natural goodness that patient suffering had made doubly attractive, stopped at one of the inns with her stalwart son. They bore the marks of honest countryfolk who were in dire need. Their meager meal finished, the young man casually asked the innkeeper about the prospects of work; the coal mines, the river front, even the bitter labor of coolie toil would do. The innkeeper suggested the local Home Guard.

"But I do not want to leave my mother," the young man objected. "There are just

we two. My heart would not be at peace if I went soldiering and left her alone."

"This is not soldiering," the host answered. "This is the magistrate's own militia. Most of the time they are right here in town and they never leave the

county. It's a steady job; and just now they are looking for a few good recruits."

The young man enlisted. Unfortunately, just a short time afterwards, the magistrate was appealed to for help against a small group of bandits. With his companions the newly enlisted Supu youth was dispatched to fight the trouble-makers. He ran to say good-bye to his mother before setting out at dawn for the lonely mountainous region where the bandits were making life miserable for the farmers. It was nearly his last farewell. In the first skirmish with the outlaws Chang, the young recruit, was mortally wounded. He was brought back in a dying condition to the town of Chenki. His mother, who realized his danger, stayed with him constantly. The Chinese are very devoted to their parents. Those who were with him wondered what his last message to her would be. What an unexpected request—we cannot yet explain it—he made to console his mother!

He whispered to her, "My mother, when I am gone, will you please go to the Catholic Church and become a good Christian?"

THE lad died. His mother was very kindly treated by the magistrate, who gave her the position of woman warden of the town prison. She attended to her duties well and because of her position could not but be witness to the noble charity of the Sisters towards the women prisoners. But for a time Mrs. Chang, despite her son's dying request and the splendid example of the Sisters, did not seem greatly interested in the Faith.



REVEREND JAMES CARNEY, C.P., WHOSE HOME IS IN MAYNARD, MASS., IS THE LATEST PASSIONIST MISSIONARY TO BEGIN THE LONG JOURNEY TO HUNAN, CHINA. HE WILL JOIN THERE TWO OF HIS CLASSMATES, FATHERS JOACHIM AND GERMAIN, WHO BUT RECENTLY ARRIVED AT THE CENTRAL MISSION OF SHENCHOW.

Gradually, however, her reserve broke down. She asked questions that showed she had really been trying to get at the truth in her own simple way. Were it not for one obstacle, she said, she would seek admittance immediately as a catechumen. As a pagan and as a grateful mother she felt she still had the obligation to burn paper money, at regular times, for her deceased son. Had he not been devoted to her? Had he not really given his young life for her, since it was to support her that he had joined the militia? How could she neglect his spirit?

IT was explained to her that such practices were useless and unreasonable. If this false money, this paper, were without value in human trade, would she insult her son's intelligence by offering it to his spirit? If, for the sake of argument, this cheap, coarse paper could be transmuted into coin for the spirit world, why was the burning of it dropped after the time of official mourning? Did the son, then, come upon an inheritance or get a job in the nether world? The old lady saw the foolishness of this practice and gave it up. She learned that a prayer to the God of mercy would not be without avail for her boy whose dying request showed how he sought the truth.

At Christmas time she heard an explanation of the meaning of Christmas, for, at their own request, a sermon was given to the inmates of whom she had charge. The old lady made her plans to enter the Mission to study for Baptism. A serious illness, however, came upon her suddenly so that she could not leave the prison. But she was not neglected. Each time that they went to the jail the Sisters paid her a special visit and instructed her in the principal doctrines of the Faith. She learned with eager readiness.

On February 22 this good soul sent a messenger to the Mission to beg that someone would come to see her. She

stated that she felt she would die very soon and she did not want to go without having received Baptism. That very day she was received into the Church and given the name of Mary Therese. The sixty-year-old Mrs. Chang beamed with the joy of a little child as the graces of the sacrament were explained to her.

In the early afternoon she asked the other officials of the prison to send for one of us that we might prepare her for death. Those good gentlemen, not understanding the reason for her request, did not want to trouble us too much on the poor old lady's account. Though they assured her that they had sent us word, they simply did not bother to call us. According to their reasoning, we had done more than enough for one who was almost a total stranger to us. She prayed that God would not call her from life until one of the missionaries arrived. But at four in the afternoon they pronounced her dead.

According to Chinese custom she was clad in special garments and placed in the usual large coffin. What was the shock of those who stood by to hear her cry out, as with the voice of one from the grave, that God had not yet come to take her. Again she begged that someone from the Mission be sent for. But we were not called, for the officials still felt that it would inconvenience us too much to assist the dying woman. All that night and the next day the dear old soul waited in vain for us. In the late afternoon, she said that God had come at last to take her and, bowing her head, she died.

SHE had requested, even demanded, that no superstitious practices be performed over her. The prison authorities respected her emphatic wishes, even though they did not inform us of her death in time for us to have the burial from the church. But a Mass was said, here in the Mission of St. Fulgentius, for the woman warden of the Chenki prison. May God grant that she is now united with her

devoted son, who was the first to advise her to go to the Catholic Mission that she might become a Christian. Surely she will enjoy eternally all that her dying boy desired for her.

TO the Sisters of Charity also we owe the beginning of another venture which has started with every promise of far-reaching good. Ever since their arrival in Chenki, almost two years ago, they have conducted a private school for the benefit of the Christian children of the local Mission. So successful has it been that the officials of the town have repeatedly urged us to establish a school that would be open to the children of the whole town. There were so many demands on the time of our small personnel that we were unable to give immediate attention to these invitations.

The subject was finally broached to our Right Reverend Prefect, Monsignor O'Gara, C.P. He gave the project his encouraging support, suggesting that the boys' school be opened and the girls' school be developed as well. Originally we intended merely a private, unregistered school. So kind, however, were the town officials and the members of the local School Board in encouraging us to register that, almost before we knew it, the formalities were over. Notice came from the authorities that our school was registered and that they were eager to help us in making it a success. This remarkable co-operation and initiative on the part of the School Board was all the more appreciated because of reports that had come to us from many quarters of the difficulties missionaries were having in their educational efforts.

Government regulations prescribe that, in registering, a particular name should be given each school. In keeping with China's political development and the general desire to spread the knowledge of Sun Yat Sen's Three Principles of the People our catechist, Paul Sen, suggested



THE OPENING OF THE MIN TEH HSIAO HSIOH, THE SCHOOL OF POPULAR VIRTUE, WAS AN EVENTFUL DAY FOR THE CHENKI MISSION. WITHIN A SHORT TIME AFTER THIS EDUCATIONAL VENTURE WAS PROPOSED THE FATHERS WERE ABLE TO GATHER A CAPABLE STAFF AND TO ANNOUNCE AN ENROLLMENT OF ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PUPILS. THE SCHOOL WAS STARTED AFTER THE AUTHORITIES HAD WITNESSED THE SUCCESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AS TEACHERS OF THE PRIVATE PUPILS OF THE MISSION.



FATHER JEREMIAH MCNAMARA, C.P., WITH THE CATHOLIC TEACHERS OF HIS MIN TEH SCHOOL. IN HIS ACCOUNT OF THE EVENTS THAT LED UP TO ITS OPENING, FATHER JEREMIAH NOTES WITH SATISFACTION THAT THE LOCAL MISSION WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY EDUCATED CATHOLIC LAYMEN AS PROFESSORS. HE EXPRESSED HIS GRATITUDE THAT THE LOCAL OFFICIALS GAVE HIM SUCH ENCOURAGEMENT AND ASSISTANCE IN REGISTERING THE SCHOOL.

the title, "School of Popular Virtue." It is our wish that the students not only follow their great Leader in his Three Principles, but that they recognize virtue and goodness as the foundation and safeguard of good government. The name of the school itself, we hoped, would indicate that we wished to train the pupils as exemplary citizens, lovers of their country and devoted to its interests. The name, Min Teh Hsiao Hsioh, is far more significant in Chinese than its English equivalent.

THE preparations of the buildings were finished in record time through the careful direction of Father Denis Fogarty, C.P. His ability in contracting for and managing the work, as well as his practical plans for the repair of the different buildings made it possible for us to have in readiness almost overnight a place for the hundred and more scholars that have to date come to enter the Min Teh School.

In the matter of painting appropriate decorations for the school, the Mission was blest in having as one of its Christian teachers the really gifted artist, Mr. Alphonsus Tien. His paintings of scenes and flower decorations have been remarked upon by all who have seen them. In the centers of the classroom windows were paintings of characteristic Chinese scenery. With these decorations, we were happy to see the excellent "mouth painting of Chinese characters" executed by the brilliant scholar, Mr. Matthew Fu. This gentleman, another of the older Christians of the Chenki Mission, holds high rank among the local scholars by reason of his learning and talents. The satisfactory arrangements for the opening of the school and the enthusiastic spirit of the officials is due in great measure to the efforts of fervent Mr. Paul Sen. Indeed this good catechist seems to have the blessing of God on whatever work he takes in hand for the growth of the Church in Chenki!

These accommodations having been arranged, necessary equipment was purchased. Preparations were then made to open the school on February 22. The officials of the various departments, mili-

tary and civil, of the Government here at Chenki, the heads of the departments of Public Safety, and of Schools, the officers of the several Guilds and of the Chamber of Commerce were all invited to attend the opening ceremony. We were sincerely happy to receive these representatives of the local government and truly grateful to them since their support had given us the necessary help to venture on the work of the Min Teh School.

At noon on the appointed day, these gentlemen came to the school and were welcomed by those of our scholars who had enrolled previous to that date. The national anthem, *San Min Chu Ni* was sung by all, the accompaniment being quite creditably played on a small reed organ by Anthony Tsoh, one of the young Catholic teachers in the school. There was the reading of the will of Sun Yat Sen, the late leader of the people and founder of the present National Government. A brief silence in his honor followed, as is the custom at national functions. The several representatives then graciously accepted the invitation to speak to the assembled teachers and pupils on subjects in accord with the day of official opening of the school. No record was made of the addresses delivered but their general theme was one of high praise of the Catholic Church, of the excellent work of the Sisters and of the perfect preparations made by our teachers for the opening of the Min Teh School. The usual hospitality was given the guests after the speeches were ended and the school was declared to have been officially opened. Our kind friends from the different departments of the Government promised their lasting support to the great and glorious work of the Min Teh School.

SOON the school was going along in fine order. Daily the number of pupils increased, due to the good name and the fame spread abroad by our many kind friends here in Chenki and in the surrounding country places. The Sisters were handling their classes most creditably. In a short time the enrollment had reached one

hundred and ten. Ours is not only the largest registered school in Chenki district but, from all reports, it is also the best managed and the most progressive.

A WORD about our teaching staff. Besides the services of the gentlemen above mentioned, Alphonsus Tien, Matthew Fu and Anthony Tsoh, there is also a clever and particularly gifted teacher of small children in the person of an old Christian named Aloysius Liu. We have also a representative of the Government who teaches regularly in the school, especially in the class of constitutional government. Children of our catechumens are well represented in the school as are also the Catholic children. Many of the pagan boys and girls, who come from families only dubiously inclined to enter the Catholic Church, now attend, with the consent of their elders, the extra class in Christian doctrine held daily. Compulsory attendance at doctrinal class is not permitted in China, where freedom of religion is government law. But because of the opportunity they are now having to learn what the Catholic Church stands for, many will be led to embrace the Faith. Those who do not will at least come to have a clearer knowledge of the Catholic Church and her work in the world, and so will be kindly disposed towards her members.

Our readers will share in our satisfaction that the officials have not only seconded our educational efforts, but have actually of their own accord suggested our school activities. It must come as a pleasant surprise, also, to some of our friends to learn that the Chenki Mission has so many Catholic men who are fitted for the beauties of teaching in a registered school. We have too, I had almost forgotten to mention, a capable Catholic teacher in the person of Miss Thea Li. This young lady of Chenki is, moreover, an artist.

Even at this early date, we are beginning to feel the good effects of our newly opened school. The Sisters and lay instructors have thrown themselves with such wholehearted interest into the task of teaching that the pupils are showing a splendid

spirit. Most of those enrolled are day pupils. A few from distant places board at the Mission. Their parents are doing all they can towards their support.

For the present the principal burden of maintenance rests on us. Our local Chris-

tians, most of whom are but recently baptized, have done all that their poverty permits. Most have contributed something and all have become members of the Propagation of the Faith Society. We must, however, look to our good Catholics

in America for the help necessary to continue our educational efforts. It would be a pity indeed to see the Min Teh School, which opened with such governmental favor and which has developed so remarkably, forced to close its doors.

A Medicine Man in Hunan

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

IT IS evening. The duties of the day are done. I look over the mail received this day, and my thoughts carry me back to my good friends in the United States who have been mindful of their friend in far off China. Here is a letter from a young, zealous Passionist priest, whom I had hoped to meet on this side of the ocean. It was with a heavy heart and holy jealousy he saw some of his companions leave for the mission fields in China. Though he cannot come in person he resolves to be a member of Christ's Foreign Legion none the less. At every opportunity he will help us fight the battles of the Lord.

"But what can I, who have never been 'at the front,' tell the people about your experiences in China?" he asks. I turn the pages of memory and search for some episode worth recording. Shall I write about our travels? But everyone knows the difficulties of travel in China. And besides, why always talk of troubles when there are other things more pleasant as well as more profitable?

What was the most tragic event of my missionary career? No doubt it was the time when I stood death-watch at a confrere's last hour. That has already been

told. What has been the strangest experience I have had? It is hard to say. One thing occurs and I say to myself: "This, indeed, is a unique experience." And then something else happens and I think it stranger still. Of what, then, shall I write? Will it be—

There is a knock at the door to interrupt my musings. A father enters the room. He is wringing his hands; his face is drawn in agony. "Please, Sen Fu, come to help my eldest son. He is very, very sick." I run off to see the lad. On the way the idea occurs to me what to write about. I shall call it: A Medicine Man in Hunan.

IN this little town of The Willow Grove, as Liulingcha is called, there is no doctor except the one for souls. And though he doesn't know much about medicine, he is often called upon to be the physician of bodies also. Cure two or three persons, and your fame will spread far and wide quickly. You will be considered a great medicine man, and some there are who will even think of you as a miracle man. To many of them, the results of a simple dose of epsom salts or of a quinine tablet appear as magic. A recent experience, in fact the

one that gave me the idea for these lines, will show this.

It was a sorry sight that the distracted father brought me to see. Here was a lad of fourteen who, by the way, was called Hung Liang, which the dictionary translates as "Magnanimous," deathly pale, racked with fever, delirious. The grandmother was sitting on the bed and holding the boy in her arms. Sick as he was and badly in need of rest, grandparents and parents, relatives and friends seemed to vie with each other to make the boy uncomfortable. Every door and window in that crowded little room was tightly closed, for they thought that any little stir of air would be harmful to him. If the lad should drop off to sleep someone was sure to notice it and do something to disturb him.

And then the mixtures he had swallowed! One person suggested lime and red peppers, mixed with water. There wasn't any lime in the house, but the local brick-layer had a little and so they got a handful from him. They did not have to go after the red peppers. It's hard to find a house here that doesn't carry a stock of them. What's a home without red peppers in China! Willing or not, the boy had to swallow that terrible mixture. And that wasn't all. Another person had suggested that in a similar case, scrapings from the bowl of an opium pipe, thoroughly cooked in orange juice, had given good results. So the lad swallowed that concoction on top of the lime and red peppers. Nor was that the last dose, either. Two native so-called doctors who had been called from a different town had just arrived. Each one wrote a different prescription. Both of these were filled, and the lad had to take both. No wonder he had a stomach ache!

HUNG LIANG grew worse. His fever rose higher and higher. How I tried to persuade his relatives and friends to let me put a cold towel on the boy's head and a hot water bottle at his feet. The hot water bottle met with general approval, but they simply would not hear of the compress. The Chinese have a deathly fear of cold water. Even on the sultriest days during China's hot summer there are but few who will take a cold bath.



THE LATEST BAND OF PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES TO ARRIVE IN HUNAN, RECENTLY GAVE TO READERS OF THE SIGN AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR LONG JOURNEY FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SHENCHOW. THEY HOPE THAT THEIR MANY FRIENDS WILL RECOGNIZE THEM, WITH FR. LEO BERNARD, C.P. (CENTRE), IN THEIR CHINESE CLOTHES

Last summer I opened a little school here in Liulingcha. The boy had attended it and had learned at least the essentials of Catholic doctrine. Besides that, he had been very faithful in coming to church twice a day. I felt that there was grave danger that the lad would die, so I asked him whether he wanted to be baptized. He was most anxious. In case he should get even worse, I would confirm him. He would be well fortified for his journey to his eternal home.

I stayed with the lad a few hours, then, realizing there was nothing I could do for him, I returned home. Next day I went to see him again. The Chinese doctors, instead of "staying with the case," lost hope in their own remedies. Rather than suffer the loss of "face" that would come if their patient died, they both left the town. Parents and relatives were already making preparations for the funeral they expected would have to be held soon.

IT was then that I decided on a desperate measure. I knew that if I gave the boy some medicine and he died, I would be blamed for it. The doctors would have plausible reasons to say that their medicine was all right and that it certainly would have cured Hung Liang, but that a Chinese stomach cannot bear foreign medicines. On the other hand, I knew that if I did not try to do something for the boy he would surely die. So, on some pretext or other, I sent everyone out of the room, took the cup of tea which was standing near the bed and mixed a strong dose of epsom salts in it. The rest of the story is quickly told. Three days later the boy was back in school. Not until he was well recovered did I let the others know what I had done during their absence. But the one who prescribed the lime and peppers, the other who suggested the opium-pipe scrapings, as well as the two doctors, each claimed that his particular prescription was responsible for the lad's recovery. Each one, of course, took the credit to himself.

The Chinese, like many Americans, have the idea that what can be had for nothing isn't worth much. I remember that, two or three years ago, on leaving the Mission one day I found, not far from the gate, some salve, pills and other medicine. I wondered how these came to be there. On inquiring, I learned that some people had called at our little dispensary, obtained some medicine and tried it for one day. Since the medicine did not cure them in twenty-four hours, they came back in the hope of getting something else. When they were again given the same kind of salve or pills they promptly threw them away. They figured that what did not cure them the first day could not cure them the second. Now, when anyone asks me for medicine, they must pay, if they can at all afford to do so, at least something. One copper (about a fifth of a cent) for an aspirin tablet, two coppers for a quinine pill, and so on. I have yet to hear of a

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Chinese, at least in this part of the country, throwing away anything for which he has had to pay.

I have another and graver reason for insisting upon some payment for medicine, even though it be but a nominal sum and far below the cost. How many thousands of Chinese have the mistaken notion that the Catholic Church is in China simply and solely for the purpose of doing material good. They are apt to consider the Church as simply a vast "Society for the Promotion of Good Works." To make people realize that we open our dispensaries and conduct our schools for a higher motive than merely their physical and intellectual benefit, will hardly be accomplished by giving them indefinitely free medicine and free education. That is why so many missionaries have turned to the policy of having the Chinese give a small offering for their medicines, and the school boys pay, at least in part, for their books. With but sufficient exceptions to prove the rule, experience has shown that those converts make the best Catholics who have obtained the least material benefits from the Church.

BUT let us return to our experiences as a medicine man in Hunan. This is the open season for burns. Stoves are unknown here; the only heating system in the homes is an open wood or charcoal fire. Almost every day someone in this town gets burned. How many thousands of babies must fall into the fire each year in China! If ever the day comes when there will be Accident Insurance Companies in this part of the country, they will surely have a clause in their policies excluding babies hurt by fire.

About a month ago a Catholic father came running to the Mission, carrying his little daughter. Baby Agnes had fallen face forward into one of the open fires and from the top of her head down to her shoulders was just one mass of burns. I had no specific remedy on hand. What to do! Truly necessity is the mother of invention. Past experience had shown me that vaseline and castor oil mixed make an

excellent remedy for burns, so I applied this mixture freely. A week ago the last signs of the burns disappeared and, thank God, little Agnes will not be disfigured. As soon as the natives saw the good results of this treatment there was a heavy run on our supply of castor oil and vaseline.

PROMPTNESS on the father's part saved his daughter. But the cases we are asked to cure are often those which Chinese doctors have not been able to help. Almost invariably the patient who comes to the missionary for treatment has first tried many Chinese methods to cure his ills. When all these have failed he'll try the "foreign medicine." Almost every day folks come here to ask for a remedy for an old sore that they may have had for many months or years. Yesterday a mother asked me to cure her baby boy of a stomach complaint. The youngster is about five years old. When I asked the mother how long he had this sickness, she answered: "He has always had it." There are scores upon scores who have been gradually growing blind for five or ten years, yet they appeal to the missionary in the hope of receiving a remedy that will restore their eyesight in a week or ten days.

Another difficulty is that the Chinese do not want to be hurt nor do they care to have their medicine distasteful, though, when the time actually arrives, they bear pain stoically enough. He is considered a mighty brave man who is willing to have his tooth pulled. I have been told that at hospitals in the larger cities many a native would rather die than undergo an operation that is practically certain to cure him. Last year I sent one of the mission helpers to a hospital to receive treatment for a sore that I could not heal. The lad was told he would have to stay in the hospital for two weeks. The treatment he received was a little painful. Even though assured that he would be well in the appointed time, he left the hospital and returned home. When I asked him why he did not stay until the two weeks were over, he answered, "The medicine they gave me hurt more



FARMERS ON THE ROAD TO YUNGSUI, DIGGING UP THEIR CROP OF SWEET POTATOES. THERE ARE TWO KINDS, WHITE AND A RARER VARIETY, YELLOW. THE CROP IS STORED IN COOL, DEEP HOLES NEAR THE FARMERS' HOMES

than the ailment; so I would rather have the ailment." He still has the sore, and still refuses any treatment that may cause him a little pain.

Then there are the quarrelsome ladies who, after having been worsted in an argument and so lost "face," decide to quit this cruel world by taking an overdose of opium. Of the dozen or so cases of this kind I have had to treat, the lives of only one or two were saved. Either I was called upon when every other method had failed and it was too late to do anything for the opium victim, or else friends and relatives did not believe in the foreigner's methods and would not follow directions.

To relate all the varying cases that come

to our little dispensary here in Willow Grove would fill a good size volume and might not be of general interest. Suffice it to say that the work done is well worth while. A certain person comes and tells you that he did not placate the god of luck on the propitious day, and so when he went to carry his rice to the market he fell and cut his head. That gives you a chance to tell him something about the Faith instead of the fates. Another patient asks if the medicine you are giving is really a good remedy, and if it will certainly cure him. You tell him that whilst the medicine will help, he must also ask the Lord to be his heavenly Physician. Again, another person's case seems almost hopeless, and you

try to cheer him with words about the future life without sorrow which all true worshippers of God will enjoy after death.

A word of doctrine here and there—who can foretell the good that may follow? True, many will soon forget what you have told them. They are indifferent and your words will have no effect. This is the seed that "fell upon stony ground." Others there are who may remember your words for a while, but whose first roots of Faith are soon choked by the thorns of superstition. "And the thorns grew up and choked the good seed and it yielded no fruit." But some there are who heed the advice given and this seed brings forth fruit that increases and yields, some thirty, and another sixty, and another a hundred fold.

LASTLY, how many souls must have been saved through the thousand or more Catholic dispensaries in China! How many babies baptized who were brought dying to a priest or Sister, and who left with the gift of life eternal! How many aged have stumbled to a mission gate and in a step, as it were, found themselves in Heaven!

To you good friends of the Missions, to you who so generously have helped "a medicine man in Hunan" and other doctors of souls as well as of bodies in every corner of the wide-flung mission fields, how shall I express our gratitude? The day will come when the Divine Physician will bless you and bid you enter into His Kingdom as He says: "For I was sick and you visited Me." You will wonder and will ask: "When did we see Thee sick and came to Thee?" And He then will say to you: "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it unto Me."

Meet the Middleman

By Anthony Maloney, C.P.

ONE thing that proves an unflinching source either of annoyance or mirth, especially to one not versed in their ways, is the Chinese method of doing business. The absence of a set price, the varying rates of exchange, the indirect method of approaching a deal, are in turn mystifying and exasperating to a Westerner. No doubt, the seaports have, to a great extent, adopted the forthright methods of the West. In Hunan, though, ancient customs still rule. No matter what it may be, whether a marriage agreement, the settlement of a dispute or the closing of a property purchase, every important affair calls for middlemen or go-betweens. They are sticklers for the old proverb: "When there is nobody between two men, affairs cannot be treated." You may fume and fret, but the business must be carried through in the

orthodox, roundabout way. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that every missionary has had furrows ploughed in his brow by the middlemen.

Shall I ever forget the occasion when we hired a middleman to negotiate for a piece of property in Wangtsun. He was given explicit instructions, but, in spite of that, he proceeded to agree definitely on a price far higher than any we had intended, one even beyond the wildest desires of the owners. More than that; he had the owners write the deed. Though we could have refused to abide by the agreement, that would have meant a tremendous loss of "face," brought odium on the Mission and made it impossible for us later to purchase any property. Besides, our refusal to stand by the agreement of our representative would have made the spread

of the Faith in that locality almost impossible. There was nothing to do, save carry the deal through as it had been arranged by our middleman. We strongly suspected that he had received a fat bribe from the sellers, but we could not find proof. Just one more debit against experience.

HERE is a description of how the middlemen get into action. A man named Li has, under instruction of a geomancer, decided on a particular site as suitable for the grave of a recently deceased member of the family. Next, inquiries are made as to the owner of the land. After a few days, Mr. Li learns that the land belongs to a Mr. Wang, who lives some two miles from the Li village. Now enters the hero of the piece, Mr. Chang, the middleman.

He goes to see Mr. Wang and fortunately finds him at home. After the usual small talk, to the tune of a bubbling water-pipe, Mr. Chang opens the fray. "Mr. Wang," he says, "I understand that there is a piece of ground southeast of the Li village, near the property of So-and-So, which is owned by your honorable self. How many acres are there in the piece?"

To which Mr. Wang answers: "There are six and a third acres."

Mr. Chang then asks: "How large a price would you want for one acre?"

At this, Mr. Wang's business instinct comes to the fore; if the one seeking the property is hard pressed by circumstances, there will be an opportunity for a rare profit, so he shrewdly asks: "Who is it that wishes to buy my worthless land?"

Not to be caught napping, Mr. Chang, in an off-handed manner, answers: "Oh, it is a certain party in the Li village," taking good care that there should be no hint that it is to serve as a burial ground.

Mr. Wang then says: "I'll make you a good price on this land. Tell your principal that I will sell for \$60 an acre." Having reached this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Chang finishes his cup of tea and politely takes his departure.

Mr. Chang now returns to the Li home and tells Mr. Li about the visit to Mr. Wang. On hearing that the price set is \$60 per acre, Mr. Li balks at it as too high. Then, the smooth-tongued Mr. Chang proceeds, at great length, to prove that it would be an excellent buy at that price. Finally, overwhelmed by the flood of oratory, Mr. Li grudgingly assents.

In the meantime, Mr. Wang, the owner of the property, has been far from idle. By dint of sedulous inquiry he uncovers the interesting item that the property is sought after by Mr. Li, to serve as a cemetery. Mr. Wang trembled at the thought of how narrowly he had missed letting slip a wonderful chance for profit; now, though, he is ready for the next visit of the middleman. When that worthy comes to close the deal, Mr. Wang sorrowfully tells him: "Alas! all your trouble has been in vain. I, myself, am ready to sell but my entire family disagrees with me. They are absolutely opposed to the sale of the ground, and I don't dare to go against their will. What family is there in which its members are not obliged to act together?"

By no means deceived, Mr. Chang counters: "In a family there are one thousand advisers, but there is only one to decide as master. The proverb says: 'If one allows oneself to be led by stupid women, how could things be settled?'"

REALIZING that this argument is a bit too pointed, Mr. Wang feigns anger. "What do you mean," he says. "Am I not free either to sell or not? Isn't there a proverb: 'Even with money it is not easy to buy what is not for sale'? We have written nothing nor drawn up a deed,

nor was there any money given; how, then, do you count me as already having sold this land?"

NOW comes Mr. Chang's turn to be angry. "What, are you a woman to break your word this way?" So it proceeds, each answer getting louder and more bitter, till they are ready to come to blows.

However, before they actually come to blows, a third party, Mr. Lo, steps between them. Soothingly, he says: "Now, now, what is all the fighting about? This is most unbecoming. Remember who you are, that, living not two miles apart, you are neighbors. Between friends, one must hold one's tongue. Have you forgotten the proverb: 'There is not a ladle that does not rub the pot's brim'? You have both used bitter words; come now, bear them with patience." Middlemen are always clever talkers, but all admitted that this Mr. Lo was peerless. It was said of him that it was as though his mouth had been rubbed with oil, that he spoke so well that he could make a dead man turn in his grave and that he knew how to overcome all objections. Those things that nobody else could say he knew how to express, and words of no importance became wonderfully melodious coming from his mouth. His tone was quiet but what he said was sensible and none could resist him.

Under the spell of Mr. Lo's honeyed words, the two disputants make up their quarrel. Now, Mr. Lo's effective mediation is not without its ulterior motive, as he proceeds to show. "This dispute is settled. Let us be silent about it. Let us wipe out what is past. Let us have a fresh notice and a new sheet of paper; nothing more is

required. Now, my good friend," he says to Mr. Chang, "since I came at the right time, let us both settle the matter. A proverb has it: 'Whoever saw any object, has a right to a half of it.' Am I not myself a middleman?"

Though his heart is torn with anguish at the thought of now having to share his middleman's fee, Mr. Chang cannot but answer: "Al! What is this my elder brother says? Between us brothers, is not the advantage of one the advantage of the other? I was just thinking of inviting someone to help me. You came just in time, according to the proverb: 'What one man alone cannot do, two men may do.'"

Having thus settled his status as a middleman, Mr. Lo is satisfied. Thereupon, the two turn to Mr. Wang. "Well, what about that land? How much do you want for it? Be not afraid to ask a good price, for doesn't the proverb tell us: 'A high price is asked to obtain a small one.'" To this Mr. Wang answers: "If Mr. Li really wants my land, he must pay me \$100 and something more per acre. If he does not consent, I cannot take it upon me to sell." The middleman, eager to close the deal, assents: "It is right. We offer \$100. We give nothing more. Go and consult your family; the purchase must be made today."

MR. WANG, delighted to obtain such a price, feigns to go and consult with his family. In reality he walks around an inner courtyard for a while, returns and says: "My people are still irresolute about the price of \$100; they would like to have something more. As for myself, I am satisfied." The middlemen, to cut the matter



GAMBLING ON A GRAVE IS HARDLY A WAY OF SHOWING REVERENCE TO DEPARTED ANCESTORS. BUT THESE CHINESE BOYS WHO ARE PLAYING FOR A FEW COPPERS AT NEW YEARS TIME HAVE MERELY SOUGHT A DRY SPOT, AND ARE NOT THINKING OF THE BONES OF THE LUKI DEPARTED THAT REST BENEATH THE STONES

FOR OUR MISSIONARIES

O ALMIGHTY GOD, Lord of the harvest of souls, we pray Thee to guide and bless all those who have gone forth to preach the Gospel of salvation in distant lands.

Pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon them to strengthen their weakness, to comfort them in their trials, to direct them in all their efforts, and open the hearts of the heathen to receive Thy message delivered by them.

Give unto them the spirit of power, and love, and of sound mind, that in all their work they may set forth Thy glory and move forward the salvation of souls, that the heathen may become Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth Thy possession, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

short, say: "If you are satisfied, please do not spoil our affair. If you are always irresolute, there will be no end of it. Make up your mind." "Well," says Mr. Wang, "let things be so. Where is the initial payment to clinch the deal?" Mr. Chang had brought a few dollars from Mr. Li for this purpose, so now he takes out this money and hands it over to Mr. Wang, saying: "We have just a few dollars here; take them as initial payment. When we see Mr. Li we will get the balance for you." Mr. Wang accepting the money, the deal is settled.

Thereupon, the two middlemen return to Mr. Li telling him: "The business is settled for \$100. We have paid \$3 to seal the bargain." "Good," answers Mr. Li. "Call quickly for the registrar to write out the deed and stamp it, thus the business will be ended. The adage says: 'In private matters the contract is required; in public matters the official seal is admitted as evidence.'"

Immediately, the middlemen call for the registrar, the seller, Mr. Wang, and the neighbors. Taking a *kung*, a measure of five feet, they measure exactly the length and breadth of the piece of property. Then a scholar is called in to draw up the deed, stating in minute detail the size and location and that Mr. Wang's ownership of the land is being transferred to Mr. Li; the registrar, the middlemen and the neighbors write in their names. Then the price agreed upon is computed. The registrar's fee is paid by Mr. Li; Mr. Wang pays the fee of the middlemen.

Mr. Li, the buyer, now prepares a banquet. All, including the scholar who wrote the deed, are invited to partake. After a good meal, the deed is handed over to the registrar, who brings it to the Yamen, where the fee is paid and registra-

tion made. Thus, the matter is settled with all possible formalities and safeguards.

THIS is only a brief résumé of the long, drawn-out process that enters into such business deals. It would take volumes adequately to record one of these property deals. For example, here in Yuanchow, there is a narrow strip of ground some fifteen feet wide, sandwiched in between the Mission and the new convent. For seven years the Mission has tried every possible means to buy that property. When the owners are talked into willingness to sell, they ask such an outrageous price that negotiations are, perforce, broken off. After the recent fire there was another chance of settling this problem. The owners made the first approach, quoting an extremely

high price; we felt confident of getting the property at the price we were willing to pay, a price quadruple any the Chinese would pay. A host of middlemen mixed in the affair, two of the higher officials in the city coming to see us to exhort us to raise our price to the fabulous sum asked by the owner. We succeeded in clipping a large slice from the initial price, but it was still far too high, so, eager as we were to close the deal, we had to admit that it was beyond our slender means.

Once more, we have reached a stalemate.

The owners seem to think we are rich, so we must wait for a more propitious day. If our friends, THE SIGN readers, will kindly remember this affair in their prayers, we will be most grateful. The acquisition of this property will mean much to the Yuanchow Mission.

The Missionary-Sister

By M. S. House

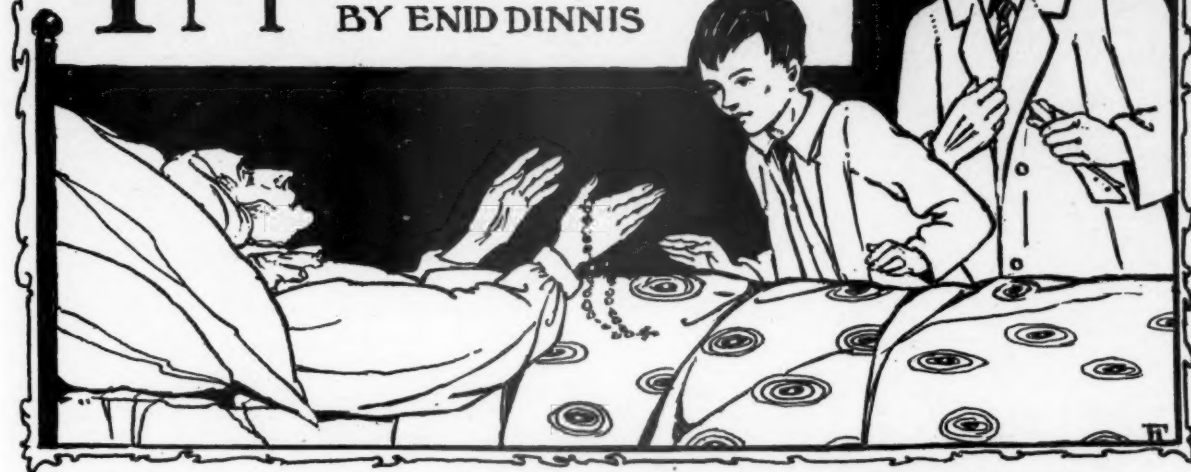
I SAW her stand, white robed, white veiled, serene,
Before the gilded Prison of her Love;
She touched a floweret, bent the trailing green,
Re-dressed a taper. Like some creamy dove
She hovered round the dwelling of her King,
Strengthening her soul for that long weary flight
To end 'neath foreign skies, where fierce waves fling
Their spray upon a shore in pagan night.

God bless those hands so near our "Daily Bread,"
Destined, perchance, to rescue some dear child,
To even pour upon some infant's head
The saving water, or in mercy mild,
To dress repulsive wounds of leprosy!
God bless the voice that sings Thy praises here,
Destined, perchance, to carry news of Thee
To lands where waiting souls live on in fear!

God bless the heart so pure, so true, so strong,
Beating all tranquilly beneath the robe of white!
Life is so short, Eternity so long!
That heart has chosen well in choosing night
Of work and suffering and waiting here,
Leaving the day for all Eternity!
O God, that generous heart is surely dear
Above the average human heart to Thee!

THE MESSENGER

BY ENID DINNIS



THE world is full of wonderful things—not merely on the screen at the movies, but in real life. The world held immense possibilities for Douglas Cripps; the more so, perhaps, because the movies did not figure in his daily round. The intermediate member of a family of half a dozen does not get a surfeit of the movies. Even when Douglas was promoted into being a wage-earner, his earnings were earmarked for new shoes and the like. But men and women moved on the stage of the real world in a really wonderful way. For instance:

Douglas earned his wage by running errands for Mrs. West, an elderly lady living in the next street who had been pensioned off after serving as a nurse in a rich family. Mrs. West's room was full of wonderful things. Things that other ladies didn't have, even when they were as superior as Mrs. West. There were statuettes, for instance, as well as pictures in Mrs. West's room, and a little lamp that burnt in the daytime. The world is full of wonderful things, as the kitten said when it turned the tap of the gas stove. Douglas was every bit as interested in strange things as a kitten, although not so mischievous. Mrs. West was very kind to him. She called him her "little messenger" and told him that he ought to be wearing a green coat with silver buttons (Mrs. West had lived with a very smart family) when he fetched her groceries or took a message round to the butcher: "Mrs. West's compliments, and would he please be so kind as to send her a nice chop."

But what interested Douglas even more than the statues was a photograph on the

mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a boy of about his own size; a boy who would probably have red hair and a freckled face like himself, and who was dressed in a most extraordinary way in a short white shirt-looking garment worn over a dark petticoat. This, he was told, was Bertie. There was another photo of Bertie in a round coat, knickerbockers, and a wide white collar and bow, but it was the dressed-up one that interested Douglas.

ONE day Mrs. West told Douglas all about Bertie. He was her pet boy among her nurslings. She spoke about him in such a sad tone of voice that Douglas leapt to a conclusion.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

But Bertie's nurse shook her head.

"He will come back before he dies," she said, more to herself, as she replaced the photograph on the mantelpiece; whereat Douglas gathered that Bertie had run away—made a bolt, or something of the kind. He didn't like to ask any more questions. Bertie looked as though he might be capable of being up to something, although he was wearing petticoats, like a girl, in one picture.

"He served on the altar for years," Mrs. West said. And then the tears came into her gentle eyes, and Douglas, who was afraid of tears, durst not ask what serving on the altar might mean.

"I ask God every morning to bring him back," Bertie's nurse went on, "and He will—someday, if I go on asking."

Douglas soon discovered that his likeness to Bertie had caused Mrs. West to take very kindly to her "messenger boy." She would tell him little stories about

Bertie, but never why or when he had run away. Every morning she went out early to church and, being in very feeble health, this made a second (shopping) expedition too much for her. Hence the services of the messenger. Mrs. West evidently thought going to church of more importance than choosing the right bit of meat herself.

Douglas grew fond of speculating over what might have happened to Bertie. Had he run away to be a sailor, and then turned pirate? A boy who dressed up in that queer way would not be a commonplace kind of a chap. Or he might have joined a circus and learnt to jump through a hoop? It was a pity that Mrs. West was liable to dissolve into tears when questioned about Bertie's disappearance.

Douglas became deeply attached to Bertie's nurse. He ran her errands in the most literal sense, and exercised a keen intelligence in choosing the right kind of cabbage, or noting when sprats were on the market. Mrs. West was getting more and more feeble. She still struggled out to church in the early morning, but with increasing difficulty. It was the Catholic church a good many streets away. When Douglas discovered this he became intensely interested. He determined to go and have a look at the church to which old Mrs. West went every morning to ask God to send Bertie back.

IT proved to be an intensely thrilling experience. The church was open and Douglas, ever enterprising, pushed the inner door and walked in. It really was a wonderful place. There was statues like those in Mrs. West's room only ever so

much bigger—as big as himself! And lighted lamps and candles with the sun shining on them! The world is full of inexplicable things!

Douglas took his full of wonder and exquisite querying. He must get over his shyness and ask Mrs. West about it. There was a thrill in the thought of the old lady issuing forth on the dark winter mornings, treading very, very softly so as not to disturb the downstairs lodger who never got home from work until after midnight, and going to Mass, as she called it, in this strange place; and asking God that Bertie might come back. Was God only there in the early mornings? Douglas wondered.

He ventured to open the subject to Mrs. West one morning when he was sitting in her little room, eating a banana after doing his errands.

"I've been, and had a look at your church," he told her.

"Ah, to think of that," Mrs. West said. "That's the church where my Bertie served on the altar."

Douglas received the information reflectively.

"What does serving on the altar mean?" he inquired.

"It means answering the prayers at Mass," Mrs. West told him. "And ringing the bell at the consecration."

Douglas was intrigued. "What's that?" he asked, and Mrs. West realized that she was up against abysmal if not invincible, ignorance.

"It means that when the bell rings God comes down and listens to our prayers," she said. "My Bertie used to kneel on the step there and ring the bell in his little white surplice and cassock as you see him in his portrait. Bless his heart! He was a good, holy little fellow."

It was a slight shock to Douglas to associate holiness with Bertie. His idea of religion was chiefly connected with black clothes and a tiresome string of "thou shalt nots." Bertie would not bet or play games on Sunday. He would not tell fibs, but carried dreadful tales to grown-up people about boys who did. On the other hand, Bertie did really wonderful things. He rang a bell which brought God down from Heaven, not to scold him but to give him anything he or anybody else asked for. Bertie was really a very wonderful chap. The world was indeed full of wonderful things, and some silly-billies had to go to the movies to find them. Why on earth had Bertie wanted to run away and be a pirate?

ONE morning when Douglas ran in after school to find out if Mrs. West had any errands for him he found her in a great state of distress. For some time past the old lady had been ailing, and now the doctor had definitely forbidden her to go out of the house. The great business of the day would have to be left undone.

The messenger boy was deeply concerned. "You will be all right, Mrs.

West," her landlady had said, "there is that nice little Cripps boy to run your errands for you, and the other can let be." A landlady would naturally have little patience with a body who got out of a comfortable bed on dark mornings for no reason whatever. She, poor soul, had to be up to see to her man getting off to work. But Douglas understood the situation. If his nurse did not go on asking, God might not send Bertie back.

POOR old "Nannie," as her nurslings had called her, let herself go to the little messenger boy with Bertie's red head and freckles. (Bertie's hair had grown dark when he came to manhood, and the freckles had quite disappeared). He was more than ready to listen. All these years she had been to Mass every day to pray for Bertie. The world had lured him away, but he would come back. He was a good boy, was Bertie.

A sudden thought struck Douglas.

"Couldn't I go and ask God for you?" he questioned. "You could tell me what to say when the bell rang."

Nannie was touched. Her little messenger boy was always so ready to be obliging.

"That would mean going out at seven o'clock in the morning," she told him. "Your mother would never agree to that."

Douglas could not argue the point. His mother had definitely refused to let his elder brother Tom take round newspapers.

"I don't suppose God 'ud listen to me," he remarked, by way of consoling himself.

"He'd do that," Mrs. West replied. "He would most likely listen all the more to you because He answers our prayers more quickly when we aren't asking things for our own happiness."

Mrs. West was right about Douglas's mother. She turned down with decision the suggestion that he might run a few errands for Mrs. West before breakfast. What was the child thinking of?

Mrs. West's illness got steadily worse. A strange doctor was brought to see her, and then relatives appeared on the scene. Douglas stood back in thrilled awe one morning whilst the priest from the church where God came down from Heaven passed him by on the staircase. They told him that Mrs. West was about to receive the last Sacraments.

On the following day the invalid was better. The priest had been more successful than the doctor. That same day another strange gentleman came to see Mrs. West. Douglas imagined that he must be yet another doctor. He was a big bald-headed man and he wore a fur-lined coat. He arrived in the evening and stayed quite a good time. Douglas crept up to see Mrs. West after he had gone, just to see if she wanted anything fetched in. The invalid was seated propped up in bed. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. Had the new doctor told her that she was

going to die? But that would hardly make her cry. Mrs. West didn't mind dying a bit. She talked quite a lot about Heaven to Douglas, who listened with interest now that God was someone Whom one might come across in the world at certain times and in certain places. There was no mistaking it that Mrs. West's visitor had made her sad. She was weeping quietly to herself. Just for a moment Nannie got muddled in her poor old head. "You have come back, Bertie," she murmured. Then she realized that it was Douglas, the little boy who ran her errands, and not Bertie. She stretched out a hand to him and whispered: "Can you do something for me, Dougie?"

"That's what I'm here for," the other replied, proudly.

"Will you ask God to bring Bertie back?"

IT was a tall order. Not simply a few candles from the grocer, or a cake of soap fetched in over night. But Douglas was not one to curl up in front of a tall order.

"Right O, Mrs. West," he replied, in exactly the same tone as though it had been normal trafficking with the baker or green grocer.

Mrs. West seemed pleased.

"He'll listen to your prayer," she said. "You're the living image of what my Bertie was when he served on the altar."

Douglas took his leave soon after. Poor old Mrs. West had bad nights but she might be dropping off for an hour or two. "I won't forget," he called back to her as he said good-night.

Once outside, he realized what a very tall order it was. The Catholic church had to be visited. Douglas had gathered that. Would this evening do as well as tomorrow morning? Mrs. West had sometimes gone out to church in the evening, but whether bells rang and things happened in the evening Douglas could not guess.

The thing indicated seemed to be to go and have a look and see if the church was open. He had never yet failed in going on an errand for Mrs. West. Douglas had been put on his mettle. His reputation as a messenger was at stake.

Luck appeared to be on his side. When he reached the church it was all lighted up. Something was going on inside. There were people streaming out of the door. Apparently he was only just in time. Only just, indeed. Already the lights were being put out. In a very few moments he would be put out as well. Douglas looked round him. The benches were empty. A curious, sweet scent hung about the air. He walked boldly up the church towards what Mrs. West had called the altar. In the dim light he caught sight of something which rivetted his attention. It was a round, shining object, placed on the step leading to the altar. A large and resplendent edition of a bicycle bell. Douglas remained spell-bound. All the other wonderful things—the statues and the lamps,

and the strange scent—were as nothing compared with this. Here was the actual bell which brought God down from Heaven to listen to what people had to say to Him! If only he dared ring it!

He crept into a corner behind a protruding piece of masonry where he could obtain a sideways view of the wonderful Bell. Bertie had rung a bell like that, and then—something had happened. Bertie was indeed a marvellous chap! He would be worth knowing if he did come back. He, Douglas, would jolly well stay there until there was no one about and then he would ring the bell, just as Bertie had done, and then—he would give Mrs. West's message.

Another light went out. The church would soon be in total darkness. Mrs. West's messenger boy drew himself up in his narrow corner. He threw out his chest. It was really a pity that he was not wearing a green jacket with silver buttons. The message was going to be delivered.

The last light was out now. The moonlight streamed into the sanctuary. It glinted on the shining surface of the bell. Dead silence reigned around. Douglas realized that he had let himself in for the most wonderful adventure of his life. And it had all come along of running errands for Mrs. West.

His heart began to quake within him. He glanced up timidly at the place where the marvellous thing would happen—if he had the spunk to go through with it! It would take some nerve!

IT was one of the things standing to the credit of Herbert Winstanley that he never forgot his old nurse. A man high up in the financial world with millions passing through his hands might have been forgiven such a lapse. Every now and again he would pay a short visit to Nannie, who lived in the little country town which was his native place—a place now given over to industrialism but holding pleasant memories of a more rural past. When tidings came along that Nannie was ill and not likely to get better Herbert Winstanley had made a point of paying her a visit. Poor old Nannie! These visits were always rather trying, for the old dear had made up her mind that Bertie, as she had always called him, would one day resume the practice of the religion which he had learnt at her knee. She would steer cautiously round the subject, her eyes fixed wistfully on his face, and it made him feel a brute. Nannie had taught him the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" and a number of "legends" which, he did not deny, had a beauty of their own. It had been a shattering blow to her when he had openly abandoned the Faith. The present occasion had been a particularly painful one.

"You will come back some day, Bertie," Nannie had repeated, after his disclaimer of any homeward leanings. Poor old Nannie! He had no comfort to offer her.

She had wept as he left her, and followed him to the door with her eyes.

"You will come back, Bertie," she had said, forgetting all about the Mr. Herbert that he had turned into.

He had engaged a room at the Railway Hotel, and now he was passing the time by taking a moonlight stroll round the town—the parts of the town of which he retained special memories.

priest and some day say his Mass there. Poor old Nannie! And, yet, why was he saying that? She had got the bulge over him, had Nannie, lying there on her death-bed, smiling a welcome to the beginning of Life. Gloriously independent of the things which his own philosophy offered with a nerve-racking uncertainty of tenure, Nannie had got the bulge over him.

She had done her best to make him a



"HE WILL COME BACK BEFORE HE DIES," SHE SAID

It gave him something of a shock when he found himself confronted by the Catholic church. It was the church where he had served Mass as a boy. His old home, with its rambling garden, had changed into a modern block of flats, but the church remained exactly as it had been, holding its own, as churches had a way of doing. They did not give place to mere money-making propositions. Nannie had made up her mind that he would be a

sharer in her "fool's Paradise." He had preferred the wise man's wilderness—the Desert Land of Doubt! He had become a prosperous business man instead of a poor priest. Yet, was Nannie's mirage less real than his own? The desert mirage reflects a reality. His own reflected nothing more substantial than its shadowy self.

Winstanley was standing in front of the church door, and suddenly he noticed that although the church was in darkness the

door was ajar. It was inviting him to enter. Pooh! That was an illusion. He had made a habit of investigating illusions—they led to superstition. He went up to the door and examined it. Yes, it was open! He went in. Then he paused in the vestibule and asked himself why? And as though by way of answer he heard the faint sound of a tinkling bell. The bell that rings at Mass and Benediction. Further investigation was plainly indicated.

The church was in darkness except for the light shed by the sanctuary lamp and that of the moon outside. What on earth could it mean? He had not set foot inside the church since his youth. Almost since the days when he had served Mass here, on this spot. It brought it all back vividly to him. The lingering scent of incense, the sound of the bell. It had been faint—as though it might have sounded from far off years! Of course it had been imagination. What an imaginative fool he was!

His eye was piercing the gloom of the sanctuary. It would be quite easy to make oneself believe that there was someone kneeling there.

There was someone kneeling there! The bell rang out again. This time it was more emphatic. He could not have rang it more decidedly himself, and he had prided himself on his manipulation of the sanctus bell.

The moon shot down a clear, cold ray; it revealed the figure of a boy, whitened by the moonlight. He had his hand on the bell, and he waited. Winstanley found himself waiting, too.

WAS there an invisible priest spreading his hands over the creatures of bread and wine up in the darkness by the altar? Priests do not say Mass at eleven o'clock at night.

Then the bell rang out again. Another silence followed. Then—in the silence—a boy's treble voice cried, rather falteringly:

"Are you there, please?"

The relief was unutterable. It was so entirely human and living—the voice.

Instinctively Winstanley answered.

"Here I am," he cried.

There was a moment's silence. Then the voice spoke again. This time it was fairly well under command.

"If You please, God, Mrs. West sends her compliments and will You, please, be so kind as to send Bertie back?"

The messenger had acquitted himself of his business to the best of his abilities.

Winstanley had now got beyond the stage of believing his ears. What could be the meaning of it all? Nerve-strain producing waking dreams? Association of memories acting on a jaded intellect?

He felt his way to the wall and turned on a switch. The light was welcome. A red-haired, freckled boy was standing in the sanctuary looking about him expectantly. A boy amazingly like himself when he was young; but a boy who was certainly his own self, right enough. A flesh-and-blood boy.

"It's all right," Winstanley said. "It was I who spoke just now."

The boy was plainly disappointed. Douglas had no illusions about the imposing personage before him, for all that he wore a fur coat.

"I thought it was God," he said. Then he added, "Mrs. West told me to bring a message."

"What have you got to do with Mrs. West?" the other asked.

"I'm her messenger," he said, "and she asked me to come here and ask God to send Bertie back. Bertie's a boy that ran off somewhere. He used to serve on the altar here. Do you know what that means?"

"I used to, years ago."

Douglas refreshed his memory.

"You ring a bell, and then God comes down and you ask Him for anything you want. Mrs. West used to ask Him to bring Bertie back. She used to come every morning; but now she's ill."

"But what was the good of it? God didn't send Bertie back."

"Mrs. West said He might if I asked Him," Douglas said, "'cos I'm just like him to look at, and God was very fond of Bertie. He was a good little chap. So I came round here, 'cos she was awful upset tonight about Bertie not coming back." The messenger boy drew himself up. "So I just ran round with the message," he said.

"I was in luck to find the church open," he went on, waxing expansive. "And I caught sight of that there bell and I thought to myself, if I could hide away until everybody was gone I might ring it and ask God to send Bertie along. I went to sleep for a bit; and when I woke up I was in a fair funk, but I got on with it."

"So it seems," Winstanley said. "I heard the bell ring and came in to see what was the matter."

I WAS half frightened to ring it the first time," Douglas said, "and nothing happened. I suppose it wasn't loud enough. Then I tried again, and I thought something had happened."

"You heard me speak," Winstanley said.

"No, before that." The boy's face was wistful. "I wonder if God did hear it?" he said. "Pr'aps He did, though it wasn't Him speaking."

Herbert Winstanley studied the face of the boy who was so strangely like what he had once been. It was a fine, frank face. His own youth was challenging his years.

"Perhaps," he agreed.

"Perhaps" was a manlier word than "impossible," which means, "I give it up." Hope was the content of the word as this boy spoke it—this boy who had been in "a bit of a funk" but had, none the less, "got on with it."

"Mrs. West is to be complimented on her messenger," he said. "But won't your mother be wondering where you are?"

"She'll think I'm staying on with Mrs.

West," Douglas replied. "I did one night when she was took bad."

"I think I had better take you back to her now," Winstanley said. "You see Mrs. West is my old nurse. I happen to be Bertie grown up."

"But where have you been all this time?" Douglas asked. "On a desert island, or were you lost in the jungle?"

"Both," Winstanley replied. "And belated in the doldrums as well."

"But you've come back all right, haven't you?" Douglas said. "I say, though, God was pretty quick about it when I asked Him, wasn't He? . . . I thought He was there, listening," he added, in a lower tone; "and He must have been because you've come back." He paused for a moment. "I wonder if He's here still?"

The grown-up Bertie was travelling back down the years to the time when he had been even as this clear-eyed child.

"Perhaps He is," he said.

* * * *

WE must wake up the priest and tell him that his church isn't locked up," Douglas's custodian said. They were saved that trouble, however, for just outside the presbytery they came upon the pastor returning home from a sick call.

"Frightfully careless of me," the good Father murmured along with his thanks. "I went off in a hurry to see an old lady in Cube Street who seemed taken for death. I always lock the door myself, but in my haste I overlooked it. Never did such a thing before in my life."

"Was it, by any chance, Mrs. West that you went to see?" Winstanley asked.

"To be sure it was."

"She was my nurse. This youngster is her messenger, and he is taking me back there now. So I owe it to Nannie that I found the church open at this hour."

"She was asking for 'Bertie'—that he might come back," the priest said. "You will find her conscious, and over the present attack."

They tramped on together—Douglas and Bertie. Herbert Winstanley had stepped aside—evaporated, as it were. He was a merely moonshine sort of person—one who held a dollar close to each eye and so obliterated the landscape. Mrs. West's light was burning. She was awake. Douglas ran upstairs. It had been a wonderful, wonderful day!

"Bertie's come back!" he announced, breathlessly entering the room where Nannie lay. "He's come back. He's outside."

But Bertie was inside by now. He crossed over and kneeling down by the bed, took the two old hands that were fingering a rosary in his.

Nannie's face lighted up, radiated.

"You've come back, Bertie," she said.

He pressed his lips to her hands. The crucifix attached to the rosary lay across them and his lips touched it.

"Yes, Nannie, I've come back," he said.

AMERICA *and the* NEW EUROPEAN SITUATION

ALMOST every month since the New Year began has produced some sudden and far reaching development in international affairs which adds to the confusion of the outlook in Europe. Since last I wrote, the United States has abandoned the gold standard, and the Anglo-American conversations have been proceeding on a different basis from what was expected before Mr. Ramsay MacDonald left England. Yet there is much less feeling of unsettlement and despair in regard to the future than such an event would have been likely to produce a year ago.

The first impression in London was certainly that Mr. Roosevelt was "playing politics," and that America's departure from the gold standard on the eve of Mr. MacDonald's arrival in the United States was simply a maneuver to improve America's position in negotiation. But that first impression did not last long. It is now generally believed that the American decision was taken for sufficient reasons in the interests of the internal position of the United States.

There was, however, a real sense of soreness at first, when people remembered that England had made great efforts to remain on the gold standard, and had borrowed very heavily from America and from France to try and keep the country from going off gold. Those loans have had to be repaid, after they had been wasted in a colossal effort to save the old parity of the pound sterling. The crisis in England resulted entirely from the sudden withdrawal of foreign money which had been invested in short loans in London.

America, as it appears from this side, has made no real effort to retain the gold standard, and has simply repudiated her obligation to pay in gold because it suited her to do so. But the world is in such a chaotic state that most people who study such matters are little inclined to blame any country for acting in its own interests just now. There is full confidence that the sacrifices made by England to keep faith with her creditors will be borne in mind, and that an agreement will be reached by frank and friendly discussion without recriminations.

America Dominant

TO some extent, indeed, the United States appears to us across the Atlantic as having come down to earth by making this rather humiliating gesture. All Europe assumed, in President Wilson's time,

By Denis Gwynn

that America was going to take an active part in creating the machinery to avoid future wars. Then came swift disillusionment. Since his administration most people have felt that America refuses to discuss the problems of peace and war in Europe except in so far as she is in a position to control other countries by her vast financial resources. Her loans to Europe since the war had made almost every country more or less dependent on her goodwill. It was assumed confidently that America could dominate any situation involving war by throwing her financial influence on one side or the other.

A Changed Outlook

UNTIL last year that was generally believed. America, in European eyes, had become the great money-lending Power which could always dictate its own terms. But the financial crash early this year changed the whole outlook. We suddenly realized that America was too involved in her own domestic troubles to be able to take any further interest in foreign countries. The effect in Europe was apparent almost at once. The old monarchists in Germany and throughout Central Europe began to regain hope. They no longer feared that America might suddenly intervene to prevent any effort to restore the pre-War militarist traditions.

America was regarded as being paralyzed by her internal troubles, just as England was thought to be paralyzed by the Irish question and other internal troubles in the early summer of 1914. So Hitler's nationalist and bellicose propaganda became more aggressive than ever. It soon dawned upon most people that there was no longer any restraining influence to prevent his bold defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. When accident enabled him to seize power, he swept all before him. A bewildered Europe has since been wondering what will happen next.

So long as America retained her Olympian attitude as the strongest financial power in the world, there seemed to be no hope that America would condescend to lend a hand in straightening out the world-wide confusion and turmoil. But now that America has abandoned the gold standard there is a new hope that she is sharing in the world's misfortunes, and

that perhaps she may be willing to coöperate with European countries in trying to find a solution for the world's unrest.

That is, very crudely, the attitude of many people in England now. America, it is felt, has at last come down from the heights of a transient prosperity. Meanwhile, the position in Europe remains chaotic. The Disarmament Conference seemed doomed to extinction at the beginning of this year when Germany gained confidence and the fears of so many countries in Europe were aroused. There was a sudden gleam of hope when Mr. MacDonald took the initiative in proposing some sort of special agreement between the four chief Powers in Europe, to settle their differences among themselves. Mussolini, in boldly demanding that revision of the peace treaties should become a matter of practical politics, appeared to have found the means of pacifying Germany in her excited state. But there was always the probability that agreement between Germany and France, or even Italy and France, in regard to treaty revision would be unattainable.

No solution of the fundamental difficulties has even yet been outlined, beyond the formulation of vague general principles which will be disputed by all sides. The smaller nations, which saw in the proposed Four Power Pact a threat to their own position under the Peace Treaties, have announced their determined opposition to any such scheme. France also, through M. Herriot, has declared that treaty revision is a most dangerous subject which ought never have been mentioned in such a way. It looks as though the Disarmament Conference has really got very little further, if at all, than it was before the negotiations in Geneva and Rome were begun.

Influence of Rome

YET Rome has become a centre of negotiation in recent months to an extraordinary extent, and the solution of many difficulties may yet come from there. Rome means not only Mussolini but the Vatican; and for months past the Holy See has been deeply involved in many efforts to promote reconciliation. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon made a point of visiting the Pope as well as Mussolini when they were there; and they had most important interviews with the Pope's Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli. It is not without significance that Cardinal Pacelli was

Nuncio in Berlin through a long and critical period until he was recalled to succeed Cardinal Gasparri as Secretary of State. His personal diplomacy and influence, under the direction of the Pope himself in his unceasing efforts to promote peace in Europe, have counted enormously during the past month. And the effects of his diplomacy are already plainly apparent.

The Hitler Ascendancy

ANY survey of recent happenings in Germany will be out of date before this article can be published. But, broadly, Hitler has been consolidating his position with energy and determination. In previous articles I have pointed out that he would have to face conflict with his allies once he became Chancellor. So far, he has been winning handsomely. In the present state of excitement it is impossible to know how far he is carrying public opinion with him in the extravagant measures he has taken. His persecution of the Jews cannot possibly be maintained for long under modern conditions, and he has stimulated the Jews all over the world to plan revenge on a scale which one does not like to contemplate.

Similarly with the repression of many interests which opposed him until they were overborne by force. He has to deal with far more complicated problems than Mussolini has had to face in Italy. The old resentment of Bavaria and of other States against dictation from Prussia will not die quickly; and in time he will have to face resistance in those quarters such as Mussolini has never known. Not only the Communists but the Socialists have been virtually exterminated as a political force; and in time they must regain their following if Hitler continues his present fanatical campaign. One of the latest developments at the time of writing has been the compulsory ejection from all public libraries of books by authors of whom Hitler disapproves. Several of these are men of vast international reputations, to say nothing of the writings of Karl Marx and of Lenin. Even in the most hysterical phase of war fever in this country such absurdities were not perpetrated.

How far the German temperament can be expected to acquiesce for long in such restrictions remains to be seen. But it seems incredible that any modern country which aspires to keep its place in ordinary civilized life can enforce such a ridiculous censorship. If it were merely a question of forbidding Lenin's books in the public libraries, and even the books of international geniuses like Henri Barbusse, there might be some excuse for such a system. But to fill the shelves of public libraries with the crudest Nazi propaganda instead appears to any observer in this country like blind incurring of a reaction which every sane person will welcome before long.

Moreover, that is only one aspect of the

new régime. Hitler has been pursuing his campaign to exterminate every force outside his own control with such determination that even the Steel Helmet organization, of which Hindenburg is the Patron in Chief, is being forced into submission. Some of the most highly respected men in Germany, with patriotic records which any nationalist might envy, have been forced into retirement because there is no room for the independent organizations which they control. Men like Dunsterberg of the Stahlhelm have had their own devoted following for years since the armistice; they have kept alive the national agitation when Hitler was still an insignificant street corner orator. Dunsterberg, like many others, has loyally accepted his enforced resignation, but he explains publicly that he has been *forced* to resign. It will be amazing, indeed, if Hitler and his untried crew of young colleagues can maintain their ascendancy indefinitely after ousting so many of the best known and most popular figures in modern Germany.

Yet there has been a definite easing off of the earlier strain. Many indications suggest that the Catholics, who have given their general support to the new régime, are becoming an increasingly powerful factor. In *THE SIGN* for April I wrote that even then "von Papen (who, with Hitler and Hugenberg, was one of the triumvirate which brought in the new régime) counts for very little except as a channel of communication with the aged President. . . . It seems inevitable that von Papen will have to go. But before he goes he may yet be the intermediary in bringing Hitler into closer working relations with the Catholic Centre." That forecast has been largely justified.

Envoys to Rome

IT happens that von Papen, who is a wealthy Catholic landowner and enjoys the special confidence of Hindenburg, is also a Privy Chamberlain to the Holy Father. When the new régime was seeking support in other countries, Hitler at once sent his principal lieutenant, the ex-aviator Captain Goering, to Rome to negotiate with Mussolini. He also sent von Papen to Rome to negotiate with the Holy See as well. He could not have wished for a better Envoy Extraordinary to the Vatican than this distinguished aristocrat who has given generous and earnest support to many Catholic movements in Germany. As Vice-Chancellor he could negotiate with special authority; and while Goering was busy with Mussolini, von Papen has been negotiating with remarkable success at the Vatican.

In the first flush of the revolution Hitler even suppressed the principal Catholic newspapers, with insolent suggestions that they were as subversive of social and moral order as the Socialist or even the Communist papers. But after one day he was obliged to remove the ban. The Centre

Party, under the skilful leadership of Brüning and Monsignor Kaas, has been negotiating skilfully at the same time, in close touch with its supporters in Rome, where von Papen could watch the situation away from the immediate turmoil. The Centre has already announced its general support of the new Government, and the German Catholic Bishops have withdrawn their former denunciations of the Nazi movement, on the ground that Hitler's opening speech to the Reichstag gave sufficient assurances for the future.

Centre Party Through?

BUT it is easy to exaggerate the importance of the Catholic Centre Party. For years it has been the most stable and most coherent party in Germany and it has produced a succession of adroit and courageous leaders. But it has deliberately committed itself since the war to democratic institutions; and democratic and parliamentary government in Germany has been a dismal failure. The recent revolution has produced changes which make it impossible to return to the conditions hitherto existing since the war ended. The Centre Party has had to pay the penalty of its commitments. For the time being it is more discredited than most people outside Germany had expected. It has been gaining ground steadily while Hitler was losing ground during the past winter. But the spring brought such a transformation—largely because America ceased to count in European politics—that the process was suddenly reversed. If the Centre Party revives it will have to put forward a different policy evolved to meet the new conditions.

Meanwhile, von Papen, as a Catholic leader of the new régime, has been attempting to form a rival organization to the Centre Party, with which he has himself had many close contacts in the past. He has not the necessary energy and personal character to form a vigorous party of his own. But his efforts seem likely to provide the nucleus of a new grouping, in which former members of the Centre may find ground where they can make a fresh start. What von Papen's future will be no one can foresee as yet. He had been expected to occupy one of the chief positions under the reorganized régime; but as Vice-Chancellor he holds only a more or less honorary post, and he has been used primarily as a useful envoy to the Holy See. There is even talk of his being appointed as Germany's ambassador to some important capital; and the mere suggestion shows how little his direct influence counts as a member of the triumvirate.

The third member, Hugenberg, is still to be reckoned with. Hindenburg insisted that he must be made Economic Dictator when Hitler became Chancellor; but as yet there has been no definite outline of any economic program. Certainly there is very little common ground between Hitler, as a member of the proletariat, and

this arrogant capitalist who is supposed to have charge of Germany's new economic plans. Hitler and Goering have been proclaiming with increasing insistence that the revolution is not only national but National Socialist. If they mean business, Hugenberg is not likely to keep in step with them for long. But if he goes, he will be able to mobilize enormously powerful forces in opposition to the new régime; even if he still professes loyalty to the régime which he has helped to introduce.

That is the situation which will give their real chance to the German Catholics with their traditional organizations. The Centre Party has allied itself too closely with the Left in recent years, and it is obviously anxious to form new attachments further to the Right. But what is Right or Left in the new régime baffles description. If Hitler intends to embark upon bold policies of social reform which will curtail the power of the great financiers he will have to reckon with vehement opposition from Hugenberg and his friends, and the Catholic forces will be his natural allies.

That possibility is very probably being considered closely at the Vatican; and there are indications of a common policy being adopted among the forces of Catholic Action in all countries concerned. It has been most remarkable to note how the Catholic Press in France has commented upon recent German events. Normally they would have been denouncing the new régime as a revival of militant Prussianism and as a direct menace to France. But instead the official Catholic organs like *La Croix* have been taking great pains to emphasize the goodwill of the German Bishops towards the new régime. Instead of quoting instances of outrages against leaders of the German Centre Party, they have been pointing out the tactical mistakes of the Centres which have weakened their position. There is, in short, a decided effort to understand the German point of view and to minimize the dangers of conflict with France, instead of seeking causes for alarm.

If that spirit prevails, and if the German Catholics are able to exert a restraining influence upon the new Government for one

reason or another, then the practical importance of Catholic Action as an international force will have been wonderfully demonstrated in a time of extraordinary crisis. There is ample reason still to regard the situation as full of danger to peace. On the day I write this, the newspapers report two most critical incidents in the Saar, where conflicts have arisen between French citizens and Nazis in a zone where Germany does not exercise jurisdiction. Almost any day some such incident might be the cause of acute international conflict which would lead to reprisals on a much larger scale. Moreover, the new régime has made so many enemies, both in Germany and outside, that there will be many persons willing to provoke a conflict in revenge. If Catholic Action on both sides of the Rhine can help to prevent such excitements from spreading, it will have contributed incalculably to preserving peace. That the Holy See is using all its influence to that end may be taken for granted. That is, indeed, one of the few really reassuring factors in a very explosive situation.

NAMES *and* NAMINGS

By Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

IN this age of scientific discoveries and of their practical applications we are confronted with immense vocabularies that try to keep abreast of the discoveries and mechanisms. Dictionaries are hardly off the press before they require supplements of new names given to discoveries and mechanisms. We note the ordinarily Greek or Latin terms thus invented for the new names, and we understand that the new names are in some measure descriptive of the new ideas broached or the new machines invented. We perceive the necessity of having names for the new things, and the desirability of names that convey some notion of the nature of the new ideas or inventions. We also surmise the scientific knowledge possessed by the man who invents the new word.

With this present-day background of scientific implications of wide knowledge, we turn to a text in Genesis that tells us about Adam's knowledge. The work of Creation had been completed: "And the Lord God having formed out of the ground all the beasts of the earth, and all the fowls of the air, brought them to Adam to see what he would call them: for whatsoever Adam called any living creature the same is its name. And Adam called all the beasts by their names, and all the fowls of the air, and all the cattle of the field. . . ."

(2:19, 20.) I have italicised the words indicating both the immense scope of this naming-process ("all") and the fact that whatsoever names Adam made up were the names appropriate to the natures of the various living things. For Adam had not as yet fallen from his high estate, leaving to his posterity darkness in the understanding, as well as weakness in the will and a strong inclination to evil. Our First Parent must have been an immensely knowing man. Whatsoever name he gave to an animal, "the same is its name."

Names, then, used to be significant things, however haphazard they may now appear in family or in "front" names of people. Archbishop Trench noted that "in passages innumerable, Scripture sets its seal to this significance of names, to the fact that the seeking and the finding of this significance is not a mere play upon the surface of things: it everywhere recognizes the inner band, which ought to connect, and in a world of truth would connect, together the name and the person or thing bearing the name. Scripture sets its seal to this by the weight and solemnity which it everywhere attaches to the imposing of names; this in many instances not being left to hazard, but assumed by God as His own peculiar care."

The fact thus noted by the Anglican

scholar has, of course, been within the knowledge of every fairly well instructed Catholic. The catechisms usually point out the meaning of Our Savior's name, for instance, and the significance of the new name, Peter, given to Simon by Our Savior. Readings in the Bible enlarge this catechismal instruction in namings. But I was struck by the amount of space (some six hundred words) given by another Anglican (the Rev. W. F. Shaw, B.D.) to the matter of Scriptural names in his *Manual of Catechising*, and by the fact that this treatment of names occurs in the very first Lesson (or, as the author himself styles it, "Catechising I.") Perhaps this early attention bestowed on Names was suggested by the fact that the Church of England Catechism ("that is to say, an instruction to be learned by every person before he be brought to be confirmed by the bishop") begins with the question: "What is your name?" and thus leads on to Baptism and the baptismal vows.

SO far as I am aware, this emphasis placed on one's name performs no other office for Anglicans than to lead back to Baptism and to the various implications of that Sacrament, since all kinds of merely ancestral names are imposed on children. The significance of such solemn namings

appears to be forgotten, but the custom amongst us of conferring names that honor heavenly patrons ought to remind us of such a significance.

THE Catholic idea that "Christian" names ought to have a Christian significance finds support in the emphasis given to namings in Holy Writ. In the New Testament, we are first of all confronted by the emphatic repetition of the angelic directions concerning the name of Our Savior. The Angel told Mary at the Annunciation that she should call her Son's name Jesus. (*Luke 1:31*.) To the disturbed mind of St. Joseph, the Angel brought explanation and comfort: "And she shall bring forth a Son: and thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins." (*Matt. 1:21*.) And at Our Lord's circumcision, St. Luke reminds us, "His name was called JESUS, which was called by the angel before He was conceived in the womb." (*2:21*.)

We are similarly impressed by the prophetic name given to Simon by Our Lord. When Andrew brought his brother Simon to meet Jesus for the first time, Jesus, looking upon him, said: "Thou art Simon the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter." (*John 1:42*.) The name Peter means in Greek a rock. "It was," wrote Bishop Le Camus in his *Life of Christ*, "the Word of God speaking a prophecy and creating! At that time its deep meaning was not understood. But Jesus will repeat it at a future time, and will announce to the son of Jona that by His omnipotence He has made him the foundation stone of the new society, the immovable rock destined to uphold the Church against the most violent storms. Meanwhile, this change of name signified that the Master took possession of the disciple, and that a new calling was to commence for Peter." Read what occurred later (*Matt. 16:13-9*), and note how St. Peter's grand profession of faith in Christ, the Son of God, was followed by the fulfilment of the prophetic name's meaning: "And I say to thee [Our Savior comments] that thou art Peter; upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Once again did Our Lord confer a name. When choosing His Apostles He named James and John, the sons of Zebedee, by the strange title of Boanerges (*Mark 3:17*) translated as Sons of Thunder—a name which commentators consider as characterizing the impetuous or even violent zeal of the Boanerges, as illustrated, for instance, on the occasion when a certain town of the Samaritans refused to receive Our Lord, and the indignant disciples asked Him: "Wilt Thou, Lord, that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?" (*Luke ix. 54*) only to be gently rebuked by Our Lord for this violent zeal. "Boanerges" may have been a warning to the sons of Zebedee to

restrain their impulsive disposition. The event shows that they learned the lesson slowly but at length completely.

Bishop Le Camus noted that Peter's name intimated a complete break with his past, his acceptance of an entirely new mode of living. This fact is illustrated by the new name assumed by a Pope after his election to the Throne of Peter. A similar break with the past occurs when the novice in a religious community finds his previous name changed into a wholly new one—as when James Kent Stone received the name of Fidelis of the Cross in the Passionist Order. We have illustrations of this intimation in the Old Testament, when the name of Abram (a high father) was changed into Abraham (father of a multitude); when Sarai (my lady or princess) became simply Sara (princess of the multitude); when Jacob (the supplanter) became Israel (wrestler with God). And in the Book of Daniel (*1:7*) we find the eunuch giving to four of the young Israelites entirely new names: to Daniel, Baltasar; to Ananias, Sidrach; to Misael, Misach; to Azarias, Abdenago—as though their past had been blotted out with their names and their new mode of captive life must bear for each one a new name.

Father Williams, S.J., in his recent volume (*Whence the "Black Irish" of Jamaica?*) gives a letter despatched from Ireland, in respect of sending Irish boys and girls to the West Indies: "... We could well spare them, and they would be of use to you; and who knows, but that it may be a means to make them Englishmen, I mean rather, Christianses." Williams hereupon quotes from Dr. T. A. Emmet's book (*Ireland under English Rule*, etc.): "Over one hundred thousand young children, who were orphans or had been taken from their Catholic parents, were sent abroad into slavery in the West Indies, Virginia and New England, that they might thus lose their faith and all knowledge of their nationality, for in most instances their names were changed." "In most instances" only, for apparently the English law governing Ireland in the Protector's time was not completely effective: "An act that Irishmen dwelling in the counties of, etc. . . go apparelled like Englishmen and wear their beards after the English manner, swear allegiance, and take *English surnames*; which surnames shall be one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colors, as white, black, brown; or arts or sciences, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as cook, butler, etc. and it is enacted that he and his issue shall use this name under pain of forfeiting of his goods yearly, etc." This is cited from Emmet's work by Father Williams (pp. 4, 5) in a footnote.

TOGETHER with their patronymics, the Irish were to lose their national dress, customs and manners. Those sent to the English colonies, practically as slaves, were to lose also their faith. This was

indeed a change of name that should achieve a complete break with the past. But the break was not quite complete: "A few years ago," writes Williams in his Introduction, "in one school in Kingston might be found Burke, Collins, Mackey, McDermott, McKeon and Walsh, and with one exception, the last-named who was a dusky brown, they were to all appearances full-blooded negroes. In a single class room of another school, there were Collins, Kennedy, McCormick and O'Hare. And here again, in only one case did the features or complexion indicate any infusion of Caucasian blood; although this one, too, was as black as the rest."

NAMES are powerful things, after all! In Cromwell's time, it seems clear, strong efforts were made to force Catholics in the conquered portions of Ireland gradually to lose all sense of their national, social and religious heritage. Those who were exiled to the Colonies—sometimes to conditions worse than death—were to be made "Englishmen, I mean rather, Christianses," as was explained so neatly. Incalculable damage was, indeed, achieved the wholesale exiling. But Irish names are still borne, in our own day, by the so-called "Black Irish" in Jamaica, as though to remind forgetful historians of a most grievous ancient wrong.

Well, the eunuch in the Book of Daniel similarly tried, as we have seen, to make the four captive Jewish youths forget their past by the expedient of changing their names. But he did not succeed, for the names remain. The Book of Daniel is not styled the Book of Baltasar. And in the triumphant Canticle of the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace, we think of the Three as Ananias, Misael, Azarias, and not as Sidrach, Misach, Abdenago.

Names are persistent things. And in this connection we can hardly fail to recall the strange fates that overtook the name of Jerusalem. How many tremendous catastrophes have occurred to that city in its long history! It has endured twenty-two frightful sieges; it has been often destroyed; it has borne other names, such as Jebus, Aelia Capitolina, Hierosolyma, el-Kuds, Beit el-Mukaddas. But it has been always known to the Jews, whether dwelling serenely within its walls, or scattered to the uttermost parts of the earth in their dispersion, as Jerusalem—and that ancient name has been officially restored, after the World War, to the present city that occupies the site of the olden city. No matter what fates may yet be in store for it, it will always remain to us as a splendid symbol, as a type of the heavenly City of Peace: "He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go out no more; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and My new name." (*Apoc. 3:12*)

A DELIBERATE VERDICT

No. 11 in The Divine Tragedy

By Daniel B. Pulsford

OUR Lord, as we have seen, refused to precipitate the final crisis until the education of the Apostles had reached the stage at which it would be expedient for Him to leave them. But the process by which He prepared them for the task ahead was not only educational; it was discriminating, selective, judicial.

In the course of their companionship with Him certain of the little company drew nearer to Him than others. Unknown to themselves, they were being tested and tried and their place in the apostolic hierarchy determined. In one case, this resulted in utter rejection. That fellowship with the Son of God which deepened so greatly the spiritual life of the others had the contrary effect on Judas. That which was for them a means of salvation was for him a means of damnation. The methods which attached Peter and the rest more closely to their Master only served to alienate Iscariot further from Him. That is one of the mysteries of the means of grace. St. Paul reminded the Corinthians that the Blessed Sacrament itself, if they failed to discern in It the Body of the Lord, would prove their undoing. The companionship which certain privileged mortals enjoyed with Jesus in the flesh acted in the same way.

But, though Judas was rejected, he was self-rejected. The wheat and the tares among the disciples were left to develop their own characteristic harvest. Judas fell away as a dead branch falls away from the tree. There was no change of behavior toward him on Our Lord's part. The last fatal kiss in the Garden of Gethsemane was treacherous on Judas' part, but, on Christ's side, a token of sincere affection. The judgment which overtook the Traitor was in no way forced or hurried by Jesus. We may speak of it as being, in a sense, automatic.

Judas and Judaism

OUR Lord's death brought about the judgment not only of Judas but of Judaism and of the whole world. And this gives us another clue to the postponement of the verdict. For that verdict, once made, could never be reversed. There must be, therefore, absolute certainty as to its justice. Those concerned must be given every opportunity to ascertain the truth concerning Jesus. And their final answer to the problem He presented must have all

the solemnity, all the finality of a World-Court acting in the most responsible manner and under circumstances which set forth its true juridical character.

It is possible to conceive of Jesus as having been killed in some street scuffle slain by a stone flung by an anonymous hand. It is not difficult to imagine that the attempt at Nazareth to hurl Him over the precipice as succeeding. Or He might have met a fate similar to that of His Forerunner, John the Baptist. A death such as these possibilities suggest would have been an accident in the true sense of the term. We should have seen in it no particular significance save that which attaches to the death of martyrs like St. Stephen. That which actually happened was very different.

The Final Tribunal

WITH regard to the Jewish authorities and people, the case is clear. "I have spoken openly to the world: I have always taught in the synagogue, and in the Temple, whither all the Jews resort," Jesus told the High Priest. For close on three years He had been up and down the country, mixing with all classes, accessible to any questioner who cared to interrogate Him, performing His miracles in the sight of great crowds—and all this without affording His opponents any ground for legitimate accusation. The most careful of men will sometimes slip. Leaders noted for their discretion have been humiliated by some one blunder which has given their enemies plausible excuse under cover of which they have been overthrown. A hasty word, an error in judgment, an extravagant gesture, a wanton disregard of national or other prejudices—any of these things, duly exploited by adversaries, have been enough to destroy their prestige.

But Jesus gave no opening for His foes. They sent their spies to trap Him in His speech and the spies came back saying, "Never man spake as this Man." They tried to fix false charges on Him of sedition or of sacrilege but the witnesses called contradicted one another and the charges fell to the ground. The trial of Jesus is a study in baffled rage and impotent spite. Even from their own point of view, no sin could be found in Him. Never were judges more bent on securing a prisoner's condemnation and never did they have a more difficult task.

The verdict finally given was in flagrant contradiction to the facts. The length of time the Prisoner had been before the public, the varied social classes with whom He had come in contact, the openness of His teaching and the spotlessness of His record under these tests made it possible to condemn Him only by a *tour de force* of violently prejudiced hate. The guilt of those who tried Him was thus placed beyond doubt. Their procedure constitutes the most flagrant miscarriage of justice known to history.

Nor was it any irresponsible body or merely local tribunal which perpetrated this infamy. Jesus had deliberately set His face toward Jerusalem. It was there, at the heart of the nation, He would be tried. For, as He Himself declared, it could not be that a prophet should perish outside Jerusalem. A king will sometimes excuse himself from wrongs committed by his subordinates on the ground that they acted without his consent or knowledge. Had Our Lord suffered at the hands of some inferior body, the Sanhedrin, the recognized heads of the nation, might have advanced this plea. But that was made impossible by the fact that it was before the Sanhedrin itself the Prisoner was brought. The consequent verdict had all the weight which official authority could give it. The pick of the nation's leaders was here. These men both actually and in theory represented Judaism. No one disputed their claims to act as a final tribunal; there was no rival authority; under their government Judaism was a united body.

Even so, a judiciary has its moods and tenses. It may be caught at an inopportune moment. Every politician is familiar with the trick of securing a "snatch vote" by presenting his case when only a handful are present. Also, the device of "packing" the assembly is not unknown among experienced parliamentarians. That the supreme authority acts thus or thus does not mean necessarily that it does so in full consciousness of its responsibility or when its membership is adequately represented.

Additional Factors

IT is this fact which gives importance to the occasion on which Jesus was tried. The season was that of the Pasch—the greatest feast of the year, the most sacred time in the whole twelve months. The presence in the capital of tens of thou-

sands of pilgrims made the Sanhedrin on these occasions more than ever conscious of its dignity. Never were the ceremonies accompanying the national rites more impressive, never was the High-Priest with his satellites the center of a more splendid display. Everything tended to heighten the color, to deepen the importance, to give increased prestige to proceedings conducted at this time.

An additional factor still further supplementing the significance of what happened was the presence in and about Jerusalem of representatives of the nation from every part of Palestine and of the Roman Empire. The Feast was to Judaism what a Eucharistic Congress is to the Catholic Church except that it was observed in its fullness in the Capital and that the heads of the nation were personally present. It is well-known that ecclesiastical centers tend to become cliques, the home of a pampered coterie of well-fed officials. An English cathedral city affords a good example of the way in which a population can develop along these lines. An ancient university town has much the same characteristics. A community of this kind is apt to lose touch with the larger world outside. It gives pedantic judgments at which those living in a larger and healthier environment smile. It is swayed by personal and private motives which have nothing to do with public interests.

All this might have been true of Jerusalem in normal times. But the Pasch brought to it the breath of an ampler life. For the time being it was the focus of a wide cosmopolitanism. The acts of the supreme authority were seen, at such times, to emanate from a society almost as far-flung as the Empire itself. It was no coterie which declared Jesus guilty but the Assembly which represented Jewry throughout the world and its verdict was given at a time when it would be particularly sensible of that fact.

Rejected Opportunities

A FURTHER aspect of the matter accentuating the decisiveness of the final result, is the manner in which the Sanhedrin was offered one opportunity after another to escape from the position into which it had brought itself. Without any illegality it could easily have avoided the fatal consequence of its verdict. Notably was this the case when Pilate reminded Our Lord's accusers of the custom which allowed the release of one prisoner at the time of the Feast. Had it been thought necessary, in the interests of public respect for the Law, to condemn Christ, that condition could have been satisfied without carrying the matter to the length of actually executing the Condemned. Pilate's reluctance to give the order for crucifixion was obvious in other ways. Flogging was offered as a substitute. The appeal to Herod, a native Prince amenable to suggestions from the national Council, offered an outlet of which use could be made if any desire had

existed. These opportunities were rejected, one after the other. Urged on by their leaders, the crowd bellowed for the blood of the Prisoner.

Under Pontius Pilate

BUT Our Lord came not only to save the Jews but the whole world. In the course of His ministry He had come into contact on more than one occasion with Gentiles, and even with officials of the Empire. But, in view of His universal mission, it was fitting that He should appeal to the local head of the Roman Government, and this meant the possibility of an adverse verdict. It so fell out by Divine design that Caesar himself was compelled to register his answer to the Nazarene's challenge. The providence of God so ordered it that not Judaism alone but the Empire also was involved in the death of Jesus. It was fated that there should be written into the Christian Creed: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate."

The significance of the fact that Christ died under the Procurator must not be lost. It meant that He suffered at the hands of a political power which was practically universal. He was condemned by one who may be said to have represented the human race. The Cross is set in a landscape which includes almost the whole of that area in which the great civilizations have flourished. With the inscription—Jesus, the King of the Jews—in three languages facing us, it is impossible to pretend that this was some small, provincial affair which does not concern the majority of our race. All those peoples who were to be the makers of the modern world were involved in it.

And, as if this was not enough, the prince-ling who ruled Judea, the infamous Tetrarch who had killed St. John the Baptist, also plays a part in the Drama. He, too, had it in his power, at one stage, to acquit Jesus and refused.

It is difficult to believe that such a combination of circumstances such a junction of various authorities concerned in this judicial murder was accidental. It is more rational to hold that there was some deep design on the part of Providence to secure a verdict which should be truly representative. We see every precaution taken to ensure that it should be neither sectional nor hasty. The circumstances are such that we are bound to acknowledge that the condemnation of Jesus was a deliberate thing. The prosecution had every chance to avoid thus damning itself.

A human dramatist, even though at full liberty to invent, would find it impossible to conceive a situation in which so many factors fit into the pattern and convey the impression of a unified conception. A writer of fiction intent on making his Hero the Victim of the whole world in its profoundest as well as in its widest aspects could not have devised anything which so completely answered this purpose as the actual Tragedy related by the Gospels.

It looks, indeed, like a plot, and so it is. But the Dramatist Who planned it was God, and it was Jesus Himself, coöperating with His Father's will, Who brought it about. If the expression may be allowed, He so staged His death that it should be indicative of the world's real attitude towards Him. There must be nothing superficial and inconclusive about the verdict. His trial must thoroughly test those taking part, and the conditions must be such as to give them the fullest opportunity for reconsidering their conclusions regarding Him.

We can see now the mercifulness of that policy which with the full consciousness that a sacrificial death was His vocation, made Jesus refuse to precipitate the event prematurely. To quote once more the parable in which the principle of Divine judgment is set forth, the tares are allowed to grow up side by side with the wheat until of themselves and by their own action they are separated from the harvest which the angels gather. In the first place the climax is delayed until the disciples have given clear proof of their ability, when endowed with the Holy Spirit, to lay firmly the foundations of Holy Church. In the second place, Jesus' antagonists are offered every possible chance to revise hasty or unrepresentative decisions.

This particular problem of the New Testament is now explained. We are able, by the explanation offered, to reconcile the fact that Our Lord came into the world in order to die with that other fact, seemingly so contradictory—His avoidance of death till a certain situation had developed. And, as we look at His story once again, in the light which has been thus shed upon it, the conviction is confirmed that the Cross, so far from being an accident, was the deliberately designed climax of the program He set Himself to realize.

Our Personal Verdict

AND we welcome with joy this further truth revealed by the line of thought we have followed—namely that the Divine Judge searches the heart and will not allow us to misrepresent ourselves by impulsive verdicts against Him. As He would take nothing less than the considered verdict of Jerusalem as a whole, so He will not condemn us until all that is within us rises up and says: "He shall not reign over us." So long as there is one untried avenue by which we can escape the utter repudiation of His authority He will refuse to commit Himself to our ill-will. The patience of God is beyond all human calculation. Institutions and men that seem to cry out for the Divine vengeance to overtake them He allows to survive. The final damning infamy has not been enacted, and, because He sees some small chance that it will not be enacted, He refuses to close the account. The wheat and the tares will be allowed to grow together until the processes of self-development have made the judgment inevitable.

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Trouble-Yankers

NOW that alcohol is being interpreted less as an enemy to humanity than as a friend to unbalanced budgets, and hence is finding itself re-admitted to national favor, a new scape-goat seems badly needed. A belief of Sir William Osler's comes along just at the right time. He holds that more harm arises from defective teeth than alcohol ever dreamed of.

Possibly the dentist will now supersede the Prohibition agent as the savior of his country; and the mouth that was yesterday tight closed to the beverage unholy will be wide open to the steel that is cold, quick and determined.

Pull a tooth and save a personality. Mayhap this will be a slogan of the New Deal. And one could think of several a whole lot worse.

But before yanking anything too freely out of the average mouth, it may be much better to put something in. However harmful decayed teeth can be, it remains true that hunger is far more dangerous still. We do hope that the New Deal will slip us a Santa Claus or two, along with a possible regiment of dentists—social and otherwise. What would it profit graciously to be relieved of one's pyorrhea, and ungraciously left with—well, what would it profit?

Primary School Zoology

"WHAT animal's nearest to man?" The teacher asked sententiously. Little Nellie frowned dark, And then trilled like a lark: "O teacher, I know. It's the flea."

Glances

THE average man is awfully cut up over the wage he's getting. The wage itself is more cut up, however, than the average man.

Complete reversal:

Today our only snobs
Are folk that still have jobs.

What's all this talk about "Stable Money?" Dumb Dora thinks it's money that people bet on horses. But all we can say is: the nickel that can be kept from sprinting, flying, and rendering itself invisible in a twinkling hasn't yet been conceived!

What is "inflation"? Just look at a politician "pointing with pride" or "swell-

ing with emotion." And that's what they want to do to the American dollar!

Europe's icy stare appears to have frozen ever so many American assets.

If Love makes the World go 'round: all's we have to say is that, nowadays, it has to.

Bubbles

AS we look back on "near beer," we are impressed that at least it was exceedingly well named. Experience proves that Prohibition really kept it near enough to anybody at all that wanted it.

Anheuser-Busch announces a million dollar advertising budget this year. As if—

One factory is turning out ten tons of pretzels a day. What! Shall we become a race of dunk-arads?

The President of the New York Bartenders' Union announces that the bartenders of the new era will all be up-standing men. We trust that those they serve will be able to stay that way too.

"No nation ever drank itself out of a depression," warns the National W. C. T. U. Possibly not. But it looks as if America somehow had the distinction of drinking herself into one.

Mediocrity and Muck

THERE'S no little poetic justice tucked away in the announcement that Paramount Publix Corporation, with \$166,000,000 in assets and 1,500 theatres, had to go into receivership. This amusement monster, for long the chief of its group, did a full share, in its day, toward causing the morale of the nation, with colorful portrayals of jazz and passion, to crash; and now it is caught in the chaos itself.

The cinema—a regular Aladdin's lamp—was evidently rubbed the wrong way. At any rate the wrong genie rose up out of it, and disaster became a foregone conclusion. Pants-pressers from the East Side of New York secretaried and swanked themselves into Hollywood czars; pictorial piffle was

elbowed for the fanciest prices; millions were poured out like water "to get ahead of the other fellow"; salaries that could be guaranteed only by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation were pledged to Bessie Big-Eyes or Percifield Poof, because the yokelery happened to like a story or two in which she or he had made faces; and garbage was glorified in a way that made Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba look like poor relations with the flu.

Deluge

TWAS Noah himself, quite up-to-date, Who lived unperturbed. When business got very bad, He merely—liquidated.

The gods were patient. Their mills seemed to grind slower than ever. Even when the panic had more than begun, the movies were widely tooted as a depression-proof industry, and their stocks were twirled to astonishing heights in Wall Street. But at last strange gurgles and gasps began to come from them. Warner Brothers and R.K.O. were evidently sick; Loew's was ailing; and Paramount—

Well, it's good, if sad, to have one more of our myriad big lies exploded. With the damp of disillusionment on our brow, our eye is livelier to the truth.

There's a saying: "Where nations lived that were not just, lo! the skulking wild fox scratches in a little heap of dust." An up-to-date paraphrase might be: where movies thrived on mediocrity and muck, lo! in their own off-scourings they now are badly stuck.

Un-False-Faced

HE who fights and runs away—might just as well have run away in the first place.

Empty pitchers sound the loudest—but those that emptied them (hic) sound even louder than that.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. That is, if a king is crazy enough to go to bed with his crown on.

Half a loaf is better than no bread. But no bread is infinitely better, after all, than a pan of one's wife's first biscuits.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is quite safe to send a boy to college.

Fruit of Experience

"A H certainly feels a fullness,
As if ah was swellin' and swellin'," Sighed Rastus, eyes rolling.
Beamed Mandy, consoling:
"It's only yo' fifth water-melon."

Hymns and What-Have-You

OF all phenagling explanations of the fact that young people don't go to church, the Hymn Society prefers the supreme. Believe it or believe it: the fault is not in the young people, but in the old hymns.

You see, Smark Alick, Tortoise-Shell Tessie, and Intelligentsia Alice can't abide the unlitery, or, for that matter, excessive sentiment of any kind. Positively makes 'em wince, my dear. *Wince*. And how can you expect them to come to church when all's they can do, when you get there, is wince and wince!

The only solution to this intricate problem seems to be: hurl out your "Rock of Ages"; soft-pedal "Abide with Me"; mercifully forget all about "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." And then—why, then the young but highly cultured progressives will be able to find some other good reason for not coming. Such as the lack of cubistic statues, or the predilection of the preacher for such old-fashioned institutions as Matrimony and the Home, or the absurd notion that there is such a being as God.

The Hymn Society might better busy itself with vindicating the old melodies, instead of patting the young people so sympathetically on the shoulder for nose-thumbing them. The least literary hymn is sheer poetry alongside the stuff which the youngsters, who wince at church-verse, are daily and nightly yawping as popular-songs.

But perhaps the Hymn Society has never heard. If so, they are to be roundly congratulated. What a blessed deafness is their lot! Blessed and—unbelievable.

Funny Picture

THE Sixth Avenue entrance to the Radio Corporation of America Building in Rockefeller Centre, N. Y., will be adorned with a huge glass mosaic entitled, "Intelligence Awakening Mankind."

We wonder whether Intelligence will be impersonated by some draped equivalent of Rudy Vallee, Jack Pearl or Ed Wynn. Obviously the theme of the mosaic is too fantastic for popular appeal. Mankind is notoriously hard to "get up" in the mental morning, even though Socrates, Plato and Aristotle should sound reveille on so many tubas. What chance would such chiefs of Radioland as Vallee, Pearl or Wynn possibly have?

After all, this heroic mosaic may turn out to be not a mosaic at all, but just another æsthetic—or anæsthetic—jig-saw puzzle.

In a Nut-Shell

A CRITIC thinks that in Utopia there will be no tabloids. If so, then Utopia won't be Utopia at all for millions of Americans. It will be mental non-existence.

Japan is ready, at a moment's notice, to end the war with China—psychologically. Fighting, however, will go on as usual.

We are told that this depression is good for the health. Nevertheless, we still hate spinach, castor-oil, and—this Depression.

The body of a human-being is composed of about 98 cents worth of chemicals. So say the scientists. But quite evidently they are not figuring in the cost of the chemicals which a lady, for instance, uses on her cheeks, lips, eye-lashes and hair. This would doubtless bring the value, in many cases, up to at least a small-sized fortune. Feminine economy is hardly aware of the absurdity of spending thousands of dollars to embellish ninety-eight cents.

The smallest of fishes is the pandukapygmeas. (If you don't believe it, ask any columnist—and then there may be a pair of you.) That is to say: what's in a name? Hardly a spoonful of fish in this one, but truly a mouthful of language!

America spent four billions for amusement last year.

P. S. And got the usual ten-cents-worth.

There are—well, let's say, three million stars in the sky. And this depression hit us so hard that we seemed to see every one of them.

Discovered

I'VE always hated morons.
And sure would hate to be one.
But when I look into a glass,
XX!!!**X!—perhaps I see one.

Strange Hesitance

ONCE a young man walked into a restaurant and ordered a lily—for his soul. Folk thought him a silly poseur: which mayhap this particular creature was. But the idea of a little nourishment now and then for something other than the stomach is quite excellent.

The best the spirit of man has been able to get, all too often, in this materialistic day of ours is the husks of swine or several assorted stones. And all that is finest in the race is, understandably enough, beginning to rebel at such roughage. Civilization, the prodigal son, seems about to rise up and return to the Father's house.

Hasten the day.

What a banquet royal is awaiting the wanderer! The art of the world is all

watery soup in a cracked dish in a fifth rate restaurant, alongside the rich truths so beautifully served in the mansion of souls known as the Church.

A lily for the soul? A whole heavenly garden! Bread instead of a stone? A feast fit for angels! Why a famished world keeps waiting: that is the greatest of modern mysteries.

Blinking Eye

FOLLOWING Paramount, other Hollywood concerns are said to be about to crack. Not surprising. To judge from their out-put, they've been half-cracked for a long time already.

Al Capone's autograph brings \$14 here and \$110 in Europe. In other words, the New World, while still ineffably foolish, has about eight times as much sense as the Old.

Sixty per cent. of the women in America are not certain whether they are blondes or brunettes. Killing!—isn't it? Well, not exactly. Just dye-ing.

National Need

NO less an authority than Nicholas Murray Butler opines that what this country needs is George Washington. Unfortunately it seems practically impossible to fill the order. But, though we shall continue to lack Washington, at any rate we appear to have plenty of Valley Forge.

They say that catastrophes produce the super-man. Thus far the present debacle seems to have had more success in uncovering the "super" than in revealing the "man." America is waiting for a hero of the Father-of-his-Country type; waiting with her finger to her lips. That is, speak-easily.

The District of Columbia is gestating. Who knows what may come forth in the next four years! Already there's Huey Long.

But for the sake of those that dislike leaving anything to chance, we probably should start training the future Washington right here and now in the primary schools. Of course, we thought we had been doing precisely that, for the last twenty-five years, with the millions and millions and millions we gleefully poured forth in the name of Education. Alas, the joke is evidently on us. So, naturally, we must start all over again.

In these days of wide-spread unemployment, it will give us something to do. And what if, after all, no Washington bobs up out of our efforts to lead us in the next twenty-five years? That will be normal. Besides, by that time, either the Depression or ourselves will be quite over; so there will really be no need of a leader at all. And there you are.

PILATE CONDEMNNS JESUS

*The Third of a Series of Devotional Papers
on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross*

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

HEROD ANTIPAS was a disgruntled ruler. The son of a King, he should be a King, and here he was with only a part of his full inheritance, an alien King by the will of Rome. Herod the Great had divided his kingdom into four parts, or tetrachies, over which he placed his sons as rulers. He had given Judea to Archelaus, who was soon removed by the Romans on account of his iniquities. The Roman governors had succeeded him and thus Pilate chanced to be in power at this time. To Herod Antipas had been given Galilee. Apparently of kingly power, he was in reality of little consequence. The Jews hated him. They knew him for what he was—a depraved, lecherous being who did not scruple to satisfy his lusts by an incestuous marriage with Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip, still living. Herod Antipas was the tool of the wily, ambitious Herodias. To satisfy her lust for revenge he had assented to the murder of John the Baptist.

So much was he despised by the Chief Priests for his public sin that he was excluded from participating in the Temple sacrifices. He, in turn, despised the religious leaders in Jerusalem. Ordinarily he lived at Tiberius and came to Jerusalem only at the time of the Passover, not from any religious motive but because it was a custom he could not safely defy. When in Jerusalem he lived not far from the Praetorium, in the place called the little Herodian palace, which had been the former residence of the Machabees, and to which Herod's sons retired when his palace was taken over for the Roman governors.

PILATE had considered it a lucky move for him to try to settle the question of the condemnation of Jesus by sending Him to Herod Antipas. It was a clever bit of diplomacy. Up to now each hated the other. Herod, in fact, had gone to Rome to voice the complaints of the Jews against the cruelty of Pilate and his attacks upon their religious customs. Herod for some reason was very friendly with the Emperor Tiberius. He had named his castle at Cesarea in honor of the Emperor Tiberius, who had already shown his regard for him by making him King of Galilee.

But if Herod hated anybody, it was Pontius Pilate. One reason was that Pilate had not helped him in his war

against the Arabians. Another cause of enmity was the trouble that ensued from the building of the famous aqueduct which had been financed by the money Pilate stole from the Temple treasury. Herod had supplied the workmen, but had arranged that the construction should be faulty, and as the result of this deviltry the tower of Silae collapsed and eighteen laborers were killed. In revenge Pilate had his soldiers fall upon the Galileans, when they were sacrificing in the Temple, and a great slaughter resulted. Thereupon Tiberius gave over to Herod the care of the Temple treasury. Hence the bad blood between the two.

IT WAS not doing Pilate any good, for he felt that Herod and his party were always plotting against him and working for his banishment. With Pilate recalled, there was better hope for Herod Antipas to be made King of Judea, also. He was the logical man. Thus, not only did Pilate think to get out of a ticklish position by sending Jesus to Herod, but it also gave him the chance to make the grand gesture of reconciliation and show Herod that he was still his good friend, eager to recognize his kingly authority.

So, in the early morning Jesus, led by some of Pilate's soldiers, and surrounded by the Sanhedrists and the pushing mob, was led to Herod to break in upon his slumbers. But it did not take long to arouse him when the advance courier rode up to the castle bringing the news that Pilate was sending a Prisoner to be heard by Herod, and that this Prisoner was none other than the prophet Jesus. Herod felt good at the deference of Pilate. Mock King though he was and with no bodyguard allowed him, the act of Pilate was an assurance to him that he was regarded as a real King. Besides, he had always wanted to see this Jesus. He had heard much about Him. Strange that he had never seen him. His desire to see Jesus was not because he had any religious interest in the Man. Religion or morality did not trouble him much. But he was curious. He wanted to see things for himself. He had a sneaking fear that this Jesus was in reality the man he had killed, risen from the dead, John the Baptist. He had even thought at one time of settling the matter by putting Jesus to death. It was on that

occasion that Our Lord referred to him as "that Fox." It summed up the whole character of the sly, cruel and cunning King.

Now the chance was come for him to see Jesus and, perhaps, witness a few of those miracles He was said to perform. And then Jesus arrived. Herod was smiling but the Sanhedrists were disgusted. They had expected Pilate to condemn Jesus and here they were sent to the King they despised. And, moreover, this same Herod was receiving Jesus in state! In fact he was saying that he was actually glad to see Him! How was this going to end? They knew that Herod regretted that he had killed John the Baptist. Was he now going to make amends by recognizing Jesus? Anyway, there was little chance that such a King would give sentence against Jesus under the circumstances. Herod knew the feelings of the Chief Priests. They despised him. Now he would show them that they were not going to drag him into condemning this Prisoner. Well, he would snub them and be nice to this Juggler! But they soon had the laugh on Herod. For when the King began to ask Jesus questions, "He answered him nothing."

JESUS knew Herod. He knew that he was a mere show-off. He did not want enlightenment. He was a soul impenitent. He still clung to his incestuous union, still wallowed in his lusts. The Truth was not for him. So Jesus refused to speak to him. Herod was indignant. Here he was mortified, made a laughing-stock of in front of these gloating priests. He was mad enough to get back at Jesus by ordering Him to be killed. But, angry as he was, he was still the fox. He was not going to circumvent himself. He knew that he had no authority to order an execution outside his own territory and, besides, he was not going to repeat the mistake he had made about the Baptist, a mistake he had never lived down. Anyway, no trouble for him! He was, as Josephus says, "fond of a quiet life," not one to risk his own comfort and pleasure.

But he must save his face. This show had missed fire. The comedy was flat. But he would show them how to make a funny ending. He would send the Man back to Pilate. Pilate had been nice to him, and



PILATE WASHES HIS HANDS, PROTESTING HIS INNOCENCE

he would be nice to Pilate. But he would have his revenge on this Jesus Who had flouted him and at the same time he would give Pilate the chance for a hearty laugh. This Jesus was a fool and should be dressed as a fool. So he ordered the servants to fetch some kind of white garment. True, the white robe was worn by the Jewish Kings, as Solomon had done, on festive occasions. It was a good joke. Everybody would see the point, for this poor fool claimed to be a King. The white garment was brought. With a sly laugh Herod threw it upon the shoulders of Jesus. Yes, it was a sly dig at Pilate, too, for the white robe could be interpreted as a jest at the consul's toga or the robe worn by Roman candidates. Never mind if the white robe was also the garment of fools. Pilate would see the joke. Also it was a tribute to the judgment of Pilate in releasing Jesus, for Herod agreed the Prophet was a simpleton incapable of any crime. Jesus was acquitted. It was a burlesque acquittal, in keeping with the inanity of Herod.

BRANDED as an harmless fool, Jesus was sent back to Pilate, the soldiers sick and tired of their job, the priests disgusted at the folly of Herod, the mob determined that this so-called Prophet should be destroyed. Pilate had dodged the issue. Now they would compel him to face it.

The exchange of diplomacy between Herod and Pilate was a success. From that hour they became friends. The comedy ended very happily. Happy for a while, but it soon changed into a tragedy both for Pilate and Herod. In a few years Herod was to be treated as the fool, the mock King. He had a long reign, for forty-two years, a reign sinful and inglorious. He had always been eaten up with the ambition to be the real King of his father's dominion, and finally, at the instigation of the equally ambitious Herodias, he went to Rome to beg the royal title, but instead of getting more power he was, through the plotting of his nephew, Herod Agrippa, deposed and banished to Lyons, A. D. 39, where he, still with Herodias, the mur-

deress, died ingloriously in exile. The joke was on Herod Antipas.

It was a horrible crew that dragged Jesus back to Pilate whom they were eager to bend him to their will. Pilate must have been disgusted to see all his trouble return. He hurried out into the open court where the Sanhedrists stood surrounding Jesus while the multitude crowded about, snarling. What was it all about? Why had Herod sent the Prisoner back? Someone told him of Herod's diplomatic gesture and pointed laughingly to the white robe the Victim was wearing. Perhaps Pilate too smiled at the joke. He was in no humor for smiling, but he did appreciate the fact that Herod felt kindly toward him. Evidently he was safe now from the plots of his former enemy. Friends again! Well the trial of this Man fool brought about some good.

And then, perhaps to save Jesus from possible harm at the hands of the mob, he brought Him inside and then went out again to speak to the priests and their followers. He made it plain that he himself had found no guilt in the Prisoner, and that Herod had agreed with him. "I will chastise Him, therefore," he added, "and release Him."

THAT was the beginning of Pilate's end. He showed himself a weakling in that moment of concession. With the great Roman power behind him all he had to do was to disperse the rabble, and throw his protecting arm about the Man he knew to be innocent. But if he was determined to save Him, it was a poor way to go about it by volunteering to chastise an innocent Man. If he believed Him guiltless, he should have released Him. In that moment Pilate showed his true character of compromiser and trimmer. He brought out Jesus and stood Him at his side. It was all ended. He would have the Man punished and let Him go. But the Jews, seeing that Pilate was weakening, were just as determined that the trial should not end in such a fiasco. They loudly voiced their opposition. Pilate quailed. Then he thought of a clever ruse. He would save Jesus in spite of them. Any way but the right way, the manly way. Pilate had failed deplorably. He had seen his duty plainly and wanted to do it, but he quailed before the possibility that if he did it and opposed the Jews he would have to suffer a certain suspicion of disloyalty. He was not going to give up his ease and comfort for anybody or anything. There was a choice between right and self, and he chose self. What was Truth, anyway?

The ruse was to offer the rabble a choice of prisoners to be pardoned. This was an old custom, to pardon at the time of the Passover one criminal. He recalled that there were to be executed on this very day three prisoners, one of whom was named Barabbas, a notorious criminal who in a sedition had committed murder. Pilate

very likely had sentenced the man to death. He knew how the crime of Barabbas had stirred up the people. Just the man for his ruse. So he put his plan to the Jews. One man was to be pardoned. Take their choice, Jesus or Barabbas. And with one accord the whole mob shrieked, "Give us Barabbas!" They had chosen Barabbas? Impossible! Pilate was stunned. His ruse had failed. He blamed the Jews and exonerated himself! They should have chosen Jesus, but Pilate should not have given them the chance. He had put Jesus in the same class as condemned murderers by offering a choice between Him and Barabbas. And the Jews saw that Pilate was weakening before their onslaught.

AMAZED, he floundered about. Sparring for time, he asked, "What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ?" And they howled in chorus, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" Pilate kept on sparring. "Why, what evil hath this Man done? I find no cause of death in Him. I will chastise Him, therefore, and let Him go." But the only reply was another "Crucify Him!"

Pilate felt himself beaten. He fumbled around for another ruse so that these hated Jews would not have the laugh on him. Chastise him! That was it. He would have Jesus scourged and perhaps that would satisfy the mob. So he commanded the soldiers to take Jesus and scourge Him, and scourge Him well so as to inspire pity in the Jews. It was another blunder on Pilate's part, for scourging was generally preliminary to crucifixion.

Scourging was a peculiarly horrible punishment. The Jewish method was terrible enough but it had a little mercy. The Rabbinical Books ordered that the lashes should be given, thirteen on each shoulder, and thirteen on the chest, thirty-nine in all, "forty less one." The Jews used a scourge of three thongs. But the Roman method beggars description. It was considered such a degradation, so agonizing a punishment that a Roman citizen could not be condemned to endure it. It was fit punishment only for slaves. The Roman scourge for flagellation was meant to be an effective instrument. It had a short handle, and the leather thongs bore at the ends knobs of bone or balls of lead. It was made for effective business, for sometimes the criminal was sentenced to be scourged to death.

To this horrible Roman lash Jesus was now subjected. First He was stripped.

His hands were then fastened to an iron ring in a low column or pillar, which is now venerated as a holy relic in Rome. And then the lictors began their horrible task of whipping Him. The scourges whistled through the air, blow after blow. The blood began to stream, the skin rose in ridges. Blow after blow, indeed, indefinitely, for unlike the Jewish law, the Roman law set no number to the stripes.



PILATE READS THE SENTENCE OF CRUCIFIXION

Beat the criminal as long as you wished. If he died from the beating, well no harm was done. It was too bad for the victim but fine sport for the lictors.

The scourging of Jesus was keeping alive Pilate's hopes. It was cruel, but then sometimes one had to be cruel to be kind. He kept one eye on the mob. This would satisfy their desire of revenge. Surely they would not want to go further than this. This would settle the matter and free him from being compelled to go on with the crucifixion. But if Pilate thought so, he did not know this scurvy crew. There was some pity in Pilate's heart, but none in theirs.

Pilate realized that the scourging had gone far enough. A little more and Jesus might fall dead beneath the blows. He gave the signal to the lictors to stop, and still sat on his tribunal, racking his brain for a new plan to circumvent the Jews. In the midst of his musings there came a message from his wife: "Have thou

nothing to do with that just Man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him." There is a tradition that the name of Pilate's wife was Claudia Procula. Some think that the name Claudia indicates that she belonged to the gens *Claudii*, from which the Emperor Tiberius descended. According to the old tradition she was a pious woman who had been attracted to the Jewish religion, had built many synagogues, and had even joined the Proselytes of the Gate, the name given to the many members of the Roman nobility who, though still pagans and uncircumcised, renounced the worship of idols and kept certain precepts of Noah.

Very likely she had heard much of the ministry of Jesus, perhaps even thought of accepting His doctrine. She was afraid for Him, afraid for Pilate. By all natural processes there was every reason for her to dream about Him. But most commentators believe the dream was supernatural.

Origen stands by the belief that she was even a Christian, which would go far to substantiate the belief in the supernatural character of the dream. Some of the commentators thought that the dream was the work of a bad angel wishing to prevent the death of Jesus and the salvation of sinners. But these commentators are few. The great Fathers, Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom and many others believe the dream was the work of a good angel. Chrysostom, with Origen, say that in this manner Claudia came to a true belief in Jesus Christ. St. Augustine declares that "both husband and wife bore witness to Christ," and St. Jerome believes the same, "thus presaging the faith of the Gentiles." Again St. Augustine says: "In the beginning of the world the wife leads the husband to death, in the Passion she leads him to salvation."

HOW did Pilate receive the message? Perhaps he dismissed it as a foolish whim of his wife. In all the multitude his Claudia was the only one to say a good word for Jesus. He thought better of her for that. She agreed with him as to the innocence of the Man. If he only had the courage to carry out his conviction! He believed himself the victim of circumstances. No, it was not his fault! He would tell the Jews so! So he called for water. He recalled that it was a Jewish custom for a magistrate in a city where a murderer was not discovered to wash his hands over the corpse of the victim as a declaration of his own innocence. Pilate knew the Jews were watching him. A soldier ran to him with a pitcher of water, a shield was turned upside down, and over Pilate's hands the water poured into it. "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man: look you to it," he said. And the Jews retorted sullenly, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." That settles it, thought Pilate, I am not to blame.

Meanwhile there had been another tragic interlude in the inner hall. The soldiers were having their fun with Jesus. He was in the bedraggled garments they put back on Him, over the lacerated flesh, the clotted blood, the welts, the ridges. A poor fool! They would create Him the King of Fools! Herod had mocked Him as a mock king. And they could mock as well as Herod. They tore off His garments again, forced Him down upon a stool for His throne, grabbed an old red cloak, threw it over His shoulders in burlesque of a royal mantle, and put a reed or stick in His right hand. To complete the comedy they twisted some thorny branches of the lotus or common thorn into the shape of a rough crown and jammed it down on His head. It was a piteous spectacle, but the brutal soldiers saw only the funny side of it. "Hail! King of the Jews!" they cried with violent laughter. "And they struck His head with a reed; and they did spit on Him. And, bowing their knees, they adored Him."

What a pitiful thing this poor Victim was! Pitiable! It gave Pilate the idea for another ruse. He would show Jesus to the mob. Perhaps the sight would move them to pity. So he took Jesus by the arm and led Him back to the Gabbatha, the elevation paved with tiles in front of the palace. His hand commanded silence.—"Behold," said he, "I bring Him forth unto you that you may know I find no cause in Him." He still wanted to save Jesus from death. "Behold the Man!" he cried, as if to arouse the pity of the mob. Pity? There was but one idea in their minds. His death by shameful crucifixion. And so they howled, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

"Take Him you and crucify Him," said Pilate, "for I find no cause in Him."

The Jews retorted: "We have a law, and according to the law He ought to die because He made Himself the Son of God!" There it was out at last! They had been trying to bluff Pilate with silly accusations against Jesus as a political criminal. Now, at last, they gave the real reason of the condemnation by the Great Council, that Jesus claimed to be the Son of God. Blasphemy! At these words Pilate began to fear. Son of God? What did it mean? There was evidently something strange about the Prisoner. What if He were a god? A god! He was still more frightened by the implication in the charge of blasphemy! Blasphemy was a crime that the Roman governor must punish with death, or else conflict with the Jewish law. It was as if the Jews said, "We have condemned Him. You can't undo that. You are simply to ratify that sentence. If you don't crucify Him, we will stone Him to death!"

He brought Jesus inside again. "Whence art Thou?" he asked. Jesus did not answer him. He knew it was useless to try to convince the selfish Pilate. So He gave him the same silent treatment He had given to the equally insincere Herod Antipas. And Pilate was insulted, as Herod had been, by the refusal of Jesus to speak. "Speakest Thou not to me? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee?" Jesus answered: "Thou shouldest not have any power against Me, unless it were given thee from above. Therefore he that hath delivered Me to thee, hath the greater sin." Pilate got back a bit of courage. No, he would not condemn this good Man. He rushed out again to the crowd and told them he would release Jesus. They howled him down.

THEN they threw their threat at him: "If thou release this Man, thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a King, speaketh against Cæsar." The words hit Pilate between the eyes. Cæsar! They were going to accuse him again to the Emperor. Pilate knew his Emperor—Tiberius, the suspicious, the blood-thirsty, afraid for his life, so that he hid himself in a fortress to make himself

safe. Pilate had already been worsted by the Jewish informers who had run with accusations to Rome. He was safe now but how long would he be safe if the anger of Tiberius were again roused against him? Tiberius had deposed Kings; he wouldn't hesitate to depose mere governors. Pilate visioned himself on trial, saw himself convicted of high treason, driven into exile, perhaps put to death. No, that wouldn't do. He would like to save Jesus. But he must save himself first. He must appease these inimical Jews. He gave orders for Jesus to be brought out. Pilate mounted to his tribunal seat. Just then Jesus was brought out and Pilate pointing to Him said to the Jews, "Behold your King!" It was a covert sneer at the Jews. This poor bedraggled Victim was the only fit king for such a lowly mob! "Take Him away!" they cried. "Crucify Him!"

PILATE sneered again. "Shall I crucify your King?" And the hypocritical priests who despised everything Roman declared, "We have no King but Cæsar!" That was too much even for Pilate to stomach. He was beaten. But with all the Roman dignity at his command, he gave orders for the release of Barabbas, turned to Jesus and simply pronounced the formula: *Ibis ad crucem*—"You shall go to the cross!"

Pilate had his great chance in life, but miserably failed. He had violated all justice in order to curry favor with the Jews, but they used him as a tool, and then cast him aside. Josephus tells the story: "But the nation of the Samaritans did not escape without tumults. The man who excited them to it, was one who thought lying a thing of little consequence, and who contrived everything so that the multitude might be pleased; so he bade them get together upon Mount Gerizzim, which is by them looked upon as the most holy of all mountains, and assured them that when they were come thither he would show them those sacred vessels which were laid under that place, because Moses put them there. So they came thither armed, and thought the discourse of the man probable; and as they abode at a certain village, which was called Tirathaba, they got the rest together to them and desired to go up the mountain in a great multitude together. But Pilate prevented them going up, by seizing upon the roads with a great band of horsemen and footmen, who fell upon those who were gotten together in the village; and when they came to an action, some of them they slew, and others of them they put to flight, and took a great many alive, the principal of whom, and also the most potent of those that fled away, Pilate ordered to be slain."

"But when this tumult was appeased, the Samaritan senate sent an embassy to Vitellius, a man who had been consul, and who was now president of Syria, and accused Pilate of the murder of those that were killed; for that they did not go to Tirathaba in order to revolt from the

Romans, but to escape the violence of Pilate. So Vitellius sent Marcellus, a friend of his to take care of the affairs of Judea and ordered Pilate to go to Rome to answer before the Emperor to the accusation of the Jews. So Pilate, when he had tarried ten years in Judea, made haste to Rome, and this in obedience to the orders of Vitellius which he darst not contradict; but

before he could get to Rome, Tiberius was dead."

Pilate was a weakling. He was the type of the self-satisfied, self-seeking corrupt Roman nobleman, who would walk roughshod over everybody to attain his end. And Pilate's crime was that he even walked over God and murdered the Innocent One. Perhaps he was converted in the end, but

always there must persist the terrible doubt, for you cannot serve God and Mammon and get away with it,

"with that ill band

Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only."

BERNADETTE GROWS

*The Fifth of Twelve Chapters in a
New Life of Blessed Bernadette Soubirous*

By Aileen Mary Clegg

IT was towards the end of January, 1858, that Bernadette went to the *cachot*, that is to say, to the prison cell that now comprised the whole of her home.

The family was at its lowest ebb. Not only were they so necessitous that hunger was a common guest at their table, but none of them were properly clothed, and they could afford no fuel save what they could pick up haphazard in the woods and along the edges of their country roads. The district they now inhabited between the Rue du Bourg and the Rue des Petits Fossés is full of clinging mists that settle down on the town like the determined effort of some devil of suffocation. As the streets are narrow, the shadows are very deep and they endure most of the day. At night the cold can be appalling, especially when the north wind rakes down from the frozen plain of France, like Death riding down the weakest. Among these scarcely any would be an easier prey than Bernadette. It is significant that Made-moiselle Estrade could write of the poor child after she had lived for a short time in such conditions: "Bernadette coughed the whole way (to the Grotto); her breathing was so labored, so painful, it hurt one to hear her."

The second girl, Antoinette Marie, has described their lives at this time. This is how her vivid, simple account begins:

"I used to go to the hospice (of the Nevers Sisters) with Jeanne Abadie to learn my catechism in class, and then, when the catechism lesson was over, we came back home to work. Two little brothers were at home with Bernadette and me then. There was Jean Marie, who is still alive. He was seven then. And there was Justin, who died the year they bought us the mill. He was three in 1858.

"Father was working for Monsieur Cazenave. He was a carter and he had to

drive the carts to Tarbes and Bagnères. He was able to come and sleep at home from time to time. Mother went out to work by the day, or she would hire herself out for field work, or she would go and gather wood and sell it again. Bernadette would spin or knit or mend our clothes. She was always good at sewing. I looked after Justin. We used to stay at home all together and she was never horrid to me, but I was often horrid to her. I was jealous because she worked better than me and because my brothers loved her best, and yet, though I ought to have been looking after them, I would rather have left them alone and gone off to play. Bernadette had a weak chest, she could hardly eat anything and maize porridge made her ill. If they bought her a pound of bread it would last her three days. She never told father and mother that I used to beat her.

"OUR house was the old prison; we had only one room with three beds, a table, two chairs and little wooden stools for the children, a little cupboard, a dozen plates of red earthenware, a bread pan and a little flour. If we had three pairs of sheets, it was all. Often there was no bread in the house. I used to go to Paillasson's shop and get them to give it me on credit, and then mother would go twice as often for wood. She could sell a load of wood for six sous and in this way she was able to pay for the bread. When Bernadette was at Bartrés she came home on Sundays and she would bring us a few potatoes. The day before the first apparition I had gone to the woods with mother, long before day-break, to help her to pick up sticks, and I was so cold she had to wrap my feet up in her apron. Father was ill in bed and had to stay there three days.

"Before the apparitions Bernadette

used to pull me up and scold me if I fell asleep over my prayers or if I ran off and left baby. She wanted me to stay at home. She told me to say the Hail Mary before I went to sleep. 'Supposing you were to die, what would become of you?' she used to say.

"Mother used to take great care of us. We said our prayers together every night. When I went out with baby, I picked up bones, scraps of paper, rags and old iron. We never had any new clothes, and we always wore sabots out of doors."

Bernadette's godmother says the *cachot* was "a very horrible and very dark place."

IT is a curious and interesting fact that Bernadette herself does not seem to have suffered intolerably from the awful physical conditions in which she now found herself. She suffered, she wept a little, she at once forgot. She reproached the children only for those quite definite faults it would have been wrong for her to pass over. So far as they behaved badly to her, she was content to forget. She was weakly. She could not breathe properly. She was often hungry and cold. She had had very little home life. She worked hard. In a sense, she had had grown-up responsibilities and trials before her childhood had been achieved. Yet these sufferings did not touch her.

"Everyone loved her, she was so gay and full of life. She always saw the will of God in everything that happened to her. She had a living faith," writes her cousin, Jeanne Védère. So when, later, she was to be treated coldly by her parish priest, contemptuously by many of the influential townspeople, almost brutally by the police, these things did not trouble her peace. She took adversity in her stride, so that she could dance unfed, could pray fervently at the end of an exhausting day,

could remain untroubled in face of the threats of an irate Commissioner of Police. It was only in later years that suffering was able to force an entry into her soul.

MANY a child brought up in such circumstances as she, and handicapped with such ill-health, would have developed a whining disposition. It would have been almost natural to do so. For instance, she, in common with the rest of the family, might have come off much better had she put her pride in her pocket and begged for help. The Soubroux had no false pride. They were perfectly simple people. On the other hand, they had too much natural dignity to ask for anything they could possibly do without. They preferred to earn their living, even if it were by picking up refuse in the streets. They were as natural in their poverty as they had been in their prosperity. They were not ashamed to be poor. They might all have spent half their time thinking of days when they were once so much better off, they might have brooded over lost comforts and bewailed present ills. Not a bit of it. They set to work to mend matters as best they could; and having come down at last through long stages of painful disillusionment to a room so low in the social scale of habitations that it had never before served to shelter any but criminals, they contrived to be happy in it. Oh! miracle of nature and of grace!

There was a very definite reason why, through such tribulations, they were so serene. Everyone who has described the Soubroux' way of life has had to admit that one aspect of it was invariable no matter how great their misfortunes. They were united to one another by a yoke of love. Therefore was their burden almost sweet. Though "François was too easy-going and did not give his whole mind to making a success of his job," as his sister-in-law said, and though Louise had been so generous as to be wasteful, no one had ever heard the least word of reproach pass between husband and wife. Their cousin, the stone-mason, who was living over them at the *cachot* has given the clearest testimony on this point. He had the fullest opportunities for knowing how things really stood. Evidently in their case it was not true that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. This is the more remarkable in that their poverty was their own fault.

How many other cynical proverbs are equally untrue! The world, the flesh and the devil have invented a good many of them. Not, of course, those sponsored by Holy Writ, that garner the wisdom of the ages, but those later despairing utterances of a society that is sick from surfeiting on pagan lies. Catholicism is the everlasting antidote for such poisonous stuff.

This true union between husband and wife, transcending their appalling circumstances and making them bearable, must have had an immense effect on their chil-

dren. The parents might not be efficient enough to bring up their family properly from a material point of view, but, at least, they set such an example of love and mutual respect that their children instinctively loved and respected them too. In such cases discipline is an easy matter. Jeanne Védère has said of Louise that "she was a very good Catholic, sweet-tempered and well-spoken," and of François it has also been recorded that he was "a good kindly man." Bernadette's aunt-god-mother has added, too, "Their mother brought them up well." And there follows this homely touch, "She did not spare the rod. And neither do I with mine when I want them to get a move on." (In French, *pour faire marcher les miens!*) The children quarrelled among themselves, as children always will, excepting Bernadette, who was distressed profoundly when they wrangled. But when it came to essentials, to the big questions of morality and social obligation and family discipline; above all, of religion, the family was as one. Then there could never have been any finching. The parents issued their commands. The children obeyed.

NOT that they were crushed! When the history of the Lourdes Apparitions is dealt with, it will be seen how freely every character moves, how naturally he betrays his particular disposition. If the young Soubroux were disciplined, they were entirely unrepressed. This is interesting in the light of present-day theories, where there is a tendency to think implicit obedience harmful to personality. The lives of these French peasants are again proofs of the inherent sanity of normal Catholic life.

Everyone, then, who came in contact with the Soubroux was agreed that their family life was irreproachable. This is, indeed, a sufficient testimony because, in a small French town, there is no such thing as an isolated life. Each man is marked. His faults and also his virtues, but especially his faults, are known. Utter privacy, such as is possible in a big industrial town, is out of the question. For one thing, the enduring Catholic tradition would not permit of it. The Communion of Saints militant is so literally understood and so vigorously practised that the effect of the doctrine continues even where Catholicism is being crushed out. Where in English-speaking countries the Puritan tradition tends to isolate us, where it would be bad form to be interested in our neighbors' affairs, in Latin countries it would be bad form not to be interested. It is of obligation to join intimately in laughter as in grief. Hence, among other customs, the beautiful traditional Catholic rites connected with death.

Then, too, in Latin countries so much of what would be private life elsewhere takes place in public. Matresses are hung out of windows, meals are eaten on the pavement, people weep publicly and so on. The Latins are so much less self-conscious

than we are. So most of what went on in the Soubroux family was public property. This fact, too, gives a very literal value to evidence in their connection.

And as Bernadette grew up, she absorbed the same sort of attitude to life. She would be taken to the weddings and to see all the new babies. They lived so conveniently near to the parish church, whether at Bartrès or at Lourdes. Above all, the dead would be visited. On these occasions she would kneel in the shelter of her mother's skirts while she slowly said a decade of her rosary, and then, when Louise passed her the sprig of bay dipped in holy water, she would gravely sprinkle the still figure lying in the bed, wondering the while, but not at all repelled or frightened. Death, too, is a matter of course in France. And this, too, is in the Catholic tradition.

The fact is that Bernadette was one of the people. It was from them that she inherited many of her tremendous virtues. They gave her an independent spirit and simplicity and wit. For Bernadette had a peasant simplicity, so that in time, by the grace of God, she could become like a flawless mirror, reflecting only God and the Mother of God; or she was like one of those cool lakes high up in her own mountains, transparent and deep, stirred only by winds so pure that they might have been angelic wings in flight across the breast of the water.

People spoke of her pityingly as "the poor little thing," because of her asthma; or as "a good little thing," because she was so willing and so cheerful. The truth is she was as unconscious of pity as of praise. God was All that mattered to her and she contemplated Him so naturally and in so effortless a manner that no one suspected her extraordinary secret. Nor can she herself have thought she was unusual in any way. She simply did not think about herself.

It was terrible that she should have been kept from making her first Holy Communion until after the Apparitions. How Heaven must have been guarding her soul to have kept her so good! And all her life was really one long spiritual communion. Yet we know how greatly she was wanting to make a real Communion, too. Her aunt Bernarde, whom we have already quoted, has described how, when a Lourdaise happened to be walking through a field at Bartrès where Bernadette was watching her sheep, the child seized the opportunity to send a message to her parents.

ONE of her rare cries for help escaped her. "Tell my parents I am unhappy," she said. "I want to go back to Lourdes, so that I can go to school and make my First Communion. Ask them to come and fetch me." The parish priest backed her petition and she was sent home.

It is difficult, of course, not to help feeling that the child has been exploited. She

had been too useful at Bartrès. She had guarded the sheep too well. As a consequence she was completely uneducated, except for the short period of the catechism lessons; and at the age of fourteen she could neither read nor write nor reckon nor speak in French. There is a sort of shamefulness that she should have been so neglected. However, she had been fed and perhaps her health had improved somewhat, and she had suffered no real harm.

When at last she reached the ardently desired goal of the Lourdes First Communion classes, she was taken for at least two years younger than she was, so small was she for her age and with so innocent a face, and they put her on the back benches among the little ones. She did not protest because she could not think this was not the perfect disposition of things; and so little trouble did she give and so average was her intelligence, that, some time after the apparitions had begun, the priest did not know which of the children she was. He had to call out that Bernadette Soubirous was to stand up so that he could see her.

Yet, though she was incapable of "standing up for herself," she could do so when a principle, or some one else's honor was at stake. We shall come across examples of this later, as well as of the sword blade of her wit. She was absolutely obedient and reliable. That was what made her precious to her mistress at Bartrès. She was ignorant, not only of learning, but of sin. Later in her life she was to be overjoyed to find that she had never offended God, because she had never committed deliberate sin. The priest at Bartrès had been struck, as we have seen, "by her modest manner and the utter depth of purity of her expression." She had a Latin tact and sweetness. "Everyone said she was sweet, smiling and kind." "To see the soft fire in her big black eyes made one feel in one's heart as though one had been caressed," says a woman who knew her. "She was little and shy; she did not seem to have any faults," is another testimony.

HER most authoritative biographers, Fathers Sempé and Duboé of Garaison, have described her in this wise: "Nothing distinguished her from other poor children. She had been left uneducated. She had just the ordinary measure of intelligence. The continual difficulty she had to draw breath had quenched in her the liveliness natural to children of her age.

"This frail child had a treasure that God was watching over. This was her heart. Simple, natural, obedient, loving, she was utterly transparent in look, in word, in features, which, though they had nothing special about them, were yet charming and sweet and amiable in expression.

"At fourteen, Bernadette had not yet made her First Communion. The baptismal innocence of her soul must have

been unstained, so greatly did she feel herself drawn to sacred things.

"She had a horror of sin and suffered at faults committed in her presence.

"At night, when she was home again from Bartrès, Bernadette said night prayers aloud for the rest. She would not begin till everyone was well on his knees. She held herself properly; she was never known to lean on anything; she was not distracted.

"This simple child prayed much, ignorant though she was; and she loved praying, especially the rosary, that prayer of little ones and the simple of heart. Often during the day she prayed, with her poor beads, to the holy Virgin Mary, whom she hardly knew. The Virgin Mother of Nazareth loved Bernadette, let her grow up humble and good, and waited for her."

The Thirteenth Station

By Matthew Richardson

JESUS is lowered into Mary's arms.

O Mother, shall I ever understand?
Each tear for Him, but only me it warms;
Each kiss for Him, yet falling on my hand.
O kiss His wounds no more, my hand no more,
No more! Thou hast fulfilled that darkest moan
Sounded in fable on Hellespontus shore:
I have borne to kiss the hand that killed my Son.

DARK is our heart, and sin confounds
Penitence there with a sorrow of sorrows
Weeping blindly in its barren bounds
Tears that must not touch His Wounds.

Tears for repentance, all we have,
Never could wash the Wounds of Jesus.
Only Mary's tears could lave
These five open Wounds we gave.

These five Wounds our hands have given,
Four to hold Him, one to slay Him,
Shall not for tears, not Mary's even,
Ever be closed in Earth or Heaven.

Never could sin so wound and mar
But the Wounds of Christ can heal us;
Yet His Wounds shall keep their scar:
Wounds of love immortal are.

Only the wounds of love we bear
For the love of Jesus wounded
Shall in one voice with His declare:
Neither do we of men despair.

THOU stainless Virgin Spouse,
God's Mother undefiled,
Console each mother's breaking heart that bows
On the still heart of her dead child.

O, found her in the peace
Which only can arrest
Death's shrivelling horror blown into her kiss
From the cold mouth which knew her breast!

A BIBLICAL ZOO

By John Gilland Brunini

IT may be assumed, without flippancy, that Noah is both the exemplar and the envy of all who seek to make a zoo complete. Perhaps some, who believe in utopias on earth, might cast more longing eyes toward the Garden of Eden where Adam not only "called all the beasts by their name, and all the fowl of the air," but was one with them in friendship. Yet Genesis recounts no strife among the dwellers in the ark, and, more importantly, the ideal for the collector lies in assembly in one place. Adam might easily have had to range Eden from the River Phison to Gehon, from Tigris to Euphrates, before he could run down one of the shy, or merely more independent, species.

IN one respect, however, the chroniclers of both Adam and Noah failed. They did not catalogue. Their beasts and fowl and reptiles are left without either familiar or technical names, of which the latter are at once the delight of our modern zoologists, ornithologists and reptilarians, and the despair of a public come to marvel. Specifically, of all created things below the order of man, Genesis only treats of the whale and the serpent. Again it informs us that both the raven and the dove, symbols of unfaithfulness and faithfulness to trust, lodged in the ark.

Nevertheless there can be no doubt of Noah's completeness, for he did all things the Lord commanded: "Of all clean beasts take seven and seven, the male and the female. But of the beasts that are unclean two and two, the male and the female. Of the fowls also of the air seven and seven, the male and the female: that seed may be saved upon the face of the earth."

Princess Bibesco, in *The Crusade for the Anemone*, advances the theory that the Scriptural writers were not good botanists or rather that they were careless in terms. She argues that, no doubt due to lack of interest in the subject, they applied one name to numerous species of plants only loosely attached to one family. Their lily, she contends, was really the anemone. Again, it is certain that translators encountered tremendous difficulties in relating Hebrew, a poor language, to a richer Greek. Thus, in the Canticle, various translators met the problem in different ways. "I am the flower of the field," sang Solomon in the Douay version, and "I am the rose of Sharon" in the Authorized. Actually the Hebrew word denotes some specific flower—one that was red and bulbous. Either translation is a departure. As zoologists and ornithologists, the genetical writers could be conceived as deeming the enumeration of the ark's beast and

fowl, even were that of any importance, a task to be approached with hesitancy.

GENESIS is, of course, on safe ground when concerned with those animals which attend man's domestic life. They, however, are introduced sparingly although our first parents are scarcely out of Eden before they are surrounded by flocks. For Abel was a shepherd; Abraham, too. And here enumeration begins. Abraham had sheep, asses, oxen and camels. Thereafter the animals and birds more rapidly begin to take their places. Early, the patriarch was bidden by the Lord: "Take me a cow of three years old, and a she-goat of three years, and a ram of three years, a turtle also, and a pigeon." The horse delays, it is true, in making his appearance. He only enters when Reuben and his brothers, the sons of Jacob, went down to Egypt where they sought Joseph's relief from the seven years' famine. Joseph, still unrecognized but recognizing his brothers, gave them food in exchange for their horses, sheep and cattle.

Shortly before its close, Genesis recounts the singularly beautiful and prophetic blessing of his sons by Jacob, dying. Here the lion, the first feral beast of the Scriptures, might be said to have originally received, by implication, his title as king of all animals. For the lion was cited as the symbol of Juda and his house. "Who shall rouse him?" Jacob demanded. "The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh, until He come that is to be sent: and He shall be the Expectation of Nations." Similarly the house of Naphtali was "A hart let loose," and that of Benjamin, "a ravenous wolf."

The frog is described as a small, tailless, amphibious, web-footed animal, and he comes into Exodus in multitudes. For the second plague of Egypt was of frogs. They covered the land and entered into its houses and bed chambers. They came forth through the power of Aaron's rod which was from God. But the powers of darkness enabled the magicians of Pharaoh to do likewise, until the ruler was forced to call Moses and Aaron and beg them to rid his country of its visitation.

Otherwise Exodus makes only three contributions to biblical zoology and ornithology. Of these two are important: the eagle and the dog. The first recalls that holy and awesome day when Moses ascended Sinai to speak with God and was told: "You have seen what I have done to the Egyptians, how I have carried you upon the wings of eagles and have taken you to Myself." If the eagle is here seen

in a setting which dignifies the king of the air, it is not similarly with him who is called man's greatest friend. For the dog's first biblical rôle is not as the companion of man but as the devourer of that which is unclean: "The flesh that beasts have tasted of before, you shall not eat, but shall cast it to the dogs." Indeed the dog is nowhere in the Old Testament given the character which our many recent centuries have imputed to him. He, no doubt, tended the flocks, but he more commonly is mentioned as roaming wild, gorging himself ravenously on what was discarded.

In one of his many capacities today, the dog is associated with the hunter. "Nimrod the stout hunter before the Lord" has become the symbol of the huntsman but there is no indication that he used pointer or setter. Also Genesis is silent on the nature of his quarry. But certainly when the Israelites were in the desert they did not need be Nimrods to bag quail. For this bird became their divinely appointed and daily evening meal. "And the Lord spoke to Moses, saying: I have heard the murmuring of the children of Israel. Say to them: In the evening you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread. And you shall know that I am the Lord your God. So it came to pass in the evening, that quail coming up, covered the camp."

THE division of the clean from the unclean is carried much further in the precepts of Leviticus, where the biblical writers do extend their knowledge of wild life in a fashion which has greatly confused the translators. Here are listed the swine, the weasel, the mouse, the shrew and the mole; the osprey, the kite, the vulture, the ostrich, the owl, the hawk, the cormorant, the ibis, the swan, the bittern, the heron and the bat; the crocodile, the chameleon, the stellio and the lizard. All these are forbidden the Israelites. Likewise the cherogrilus, who becomes the first doubtful animal of the Scriptures despite the fact that he claims kinship with the rabbit. But some of the proscribed birds are even more strange to modern lay knowledge—the larus, the porphyrio, the charadriion and the houp. And, were one to include insectology, he would stumble over the bruchus, the attacus, and the ophiomachus, all of which, together with the locust, to whom they were mainly related, were permissible in Jewish dietetics.

Given as it is to census figures and the history of the greater part of the sojourn in the desert, Numbers only produces one new animal. He is the rhinoceros to whom the strength of Egypt is compared. The

simile comes from Balaam shortly after his experience with his miraculous ass. It may be recalled that she was the first, and no doubt the last, animal to protest against man's heartlessness toward brutes. Balaam's ass refused his guidance because she saw in a narrow place between two walls what he did not—an angel standing as barrier. And Balaam beat her three times. Whereupon she spoke: "Tell me if I ever did the like thing to thee." Indeed, said the angel, revealed, "Unless the ass had turned out of the way, giving place to me who stood against thee, I had slain thee, and she should have lived." Truly if societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals should lack a symbol, the ass can be most appropriately recommended to them.

BECAUSE it repeats the laws formulated at Mount Sinai, Deuteronomy provides a supplementary list of clean and unclean animals and birds. The chamois is immediately recognized; the buffle, Webster says, is the buffalo, although the translators should probably have used "the auroch," a species of antelope; the camelopardalus is the giraffe disguised in that name because of his fancied likeness to the camel and his leopard spottiness; and the pygarg, which might, less confusingly, have been given his cousinship with the buffle and the antelope. At the same time the biblical aviary is enriched by the ring-tail, the stork, the crow and the grype.

Deuteronomy also adds scorpions and asps and dipas, for it describes the wanderings of the Israelites through "the great and terrible wilderness wherein there was the serpent burning with his breath, and the scorpion and the dipas." The latter was a serpent whose bite caused a violent thirst. The dipsa accordingly takes a place in the Douay version through the Greek word which signifies thirst although this is not the true scientific name of an actually identifiable serpent. In like manner the dragon, which Deuteronomy is first among biblical books to mention ("Their [the idolatrous Israelites'] wine is the gall of dragons, and the venom of asps, which is incurable"), is believed to be either the crocodile or some other poisonous reptile whose true identity is hidden in the Hebrew word.

The fox, rather unhappily, makes his entrance into the Bible hard on the heels of Samson. The latter had, on his road to Philistia, met a lion and torn him "as he would have torn a kid in pieces, having nothing at all in his hands." The Philistines' treatment of Samson provoked him to enmity. "And he went and caught three hundred foxes, and coupled them tail to tail, and fastened torches between the tails. And setting them on fire he let the foxes go, that they might run about hither and thither. And they presently went into the standing corn of the Philistines." The Book of Judges elaborates on the destruction thus caused but is silent concerning

the fate of the foxes, which may be supposed to have also been consumed.

Obviously the Israelites looked askance at baldness. Samson's strength lay in his hair and in his profusion of locks Absalom found death. At least the baldness of the prophet Eliseus was sufficiently rare to cause a group of young ruffians to taunt him with it, shortly after he had received the mantle falling from the shoulder of Elias. "And there came forth two bears out of the forest, and tore of them two and forty boys." However, the bear had once before appeared in the speech of David, the young and comely shepherd whom Samuel had secretly anointed as God's choice for the King of Israel.

At that time David had come into the camp which Saul, the recognized king, had set against the Philistines. The lad, visiting his soldier brothers, had been angered by the unchallenged boastings with which Goliath daily threatened the Israelites. Saul scouted David's determination to oppose the giant. "And David said to Saul: Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a ram out of the midst of the flock. And I pursued after them, and struck them, and delivered it out of their mouth. And they rose up against me; and I caught them by the throat; and I strangled and killed them. For I thy servant have killed both a lion and a bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall also be as one of them."

In the Books of Kings also, a second conversation between Saul and David introduces the partridge. For David describes Saul's persecution of him: "The King of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as the partridge is hunted in the mountains." Later it was to be David's son Absalom who should flee from his father, the King of Israel. Because Absalom coveted the throne he plotted against David, slew his brother Ammon at a banquet, "and all the king's sons arose and got up every man upon his mule, and fled." Although this is the first mention of the mule, it is to be presumed that the Israelites, in contravention of their laws, had bred mules for many years before the kingdom had been established.

ELEPHANTS, apes and peacocks were never indigenous to Palestine and hence it is reasonable to suppose that they would not come early into the Bible. It was not, accordingly, until Solomon had made his nation great and powerful that other peoples flooded Jerusalem with tributes. And "The King's navy, once in three years, went with the navy of Hiram by sea to Tharsis; and brought from thence gold, and silver and elephants' teeth, and apes, and peacocks." Although from the record Solomon appears never to have seen an elephant, the Machibees became familiar with the pachyderm, which was numerous in the armies of the invaders of Judea in the century before the coming of Christ. Again al-

though the Book of Job records that "the tiger hath perished for want of prey," it is also probable that this scourge of the jungle was never a native of Palestine.

THE Psalms, being poetry, would naturally abound with animals and birds, both in direct reference and in simile: "As a lion prepared for the prey"; "Many calves have surrounded me"; "Who will give me wings like a dove?"; "The voice of the Lord prepared the stags"; "Vain is the horse for safety"; "As a hart panteth after water"; "The boar out of the wood hath laid it waste"; "For the sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest"; "I am become like to a pelican in the wilderness"; and "Thy youth shall be renewed like the eagle's." David also sang of unicorns: "Save . . . my lowliness from the horns of the unicorns." But this is surely no proof that the unicorn was ever more than fabulous. In fact it is more logical to suppose the translators responsible for this substitution for some other beast, possibly the rhinoceros. The basilisk has its first place in the Psalms and the country of Lebanon is described, thus: "The high hills are a refuge for the harts, the rocks for irchins." The strangeness of irchins is lost when they are reduced to hares or rabbits.

Isaiah, too, speaks of the unicorn and the hairy ones (presumably baboons) and the lamia and the ericius in his prophecies of the general judgment of the wicked. The lamia, many believe, is the hyena. From the description—"There hath the ericius had its hole and brought up its young ones, and hath dug round about and cherished them in the shadow thereof"—commentators are logical in supposing that the ericius, the Latin word for hedgehog, was really some species of serpent since there is nothing appalling in the idea of hedgehogs.

The dromedaries of Isaiah were admittedly strange to Palestine for they are described as from Madian and Ephraim. It remains for Jeremiah to introduce the last wild animal of the list, the leopard. This he does in his prophecies of the judgments of the Jews for their sins: "Wherefore a lion out of the wood hath slain them, a wolf in the evening hath spoiled them, a leopard watcheth for their cities."

Despite the Israelites' long sojourn in Egypt, which held the cat sacred, none of the Mosaic historians mention this particular feline. Doubtlessly, because of the Egyptians' reverence for the cat, the Israelites held her in great disrepute. She is only mentioned once in the Scriptures and centuries later when the prophet Baruch, himself a disciple of Jeremiah, heaps contempt on the gods of Babylon: "Owls and swallows and other birds fly upon their bodies and upon their heads, and cats in like manner. Whereby you may know that they are no gods. Therefore fear them not."

Ezekiel introduces no new animals to

the Scriptures but one passage should be noted. This occurs in that apocalyptic and awesome description of his vision of God seated on cherubims. "Every one had four faces, and every one four wings. . . . And as for the likeness of their faces: there was the face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side of all four, and the face of an ox on the left side of all four, and the face of an eagle over all the four." The revelations of St. John closely parallel this. "And round about the throne, were four living creatures. . . . And the first living creature was like a lion: and the second living creature was like a calf: and the third living creature, having the face, as it were, of a man: and the fourth living creature was like an eagle flying."

The Church, because of these revelations, has sanctioned the human head, a

lion, an ox and an eagle as emblematic figures of the four Evangelists. The human head symbolizes St. Matthew for he begins his Gospel with the human ancestry of Our Lord. The lion, the dweller in the desert, is symbolical of St. Mark who opens his Gospel with the mission of St. John the Baptist, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." St. Luke takes the emblem of the sacrificial ox since his narrative launches the story of Zachary, priest and father of John the Baptist. And the eagle, which of birds reaches farthest into the heavens, is the symbol of St. John, for his opening sentences carry us to Heaven itself: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Of all the animals mentioned in the Scriptures, the sheep naturally occurs

most frequently. It is the lamb, too, that occupies both the first and last place. For once Adam and Eve were barred from Eden, Genesis swiftly and explicitly introduces the firstling of Abel's flock, the lamb of man's first recorded sacrifice to God. "And the Lord had respect to Abel." This prefiguration of Calvary was not inadvertently placed by the Hebrews at the very beginning of the history of man after the fall. One need not be a symbolist to realize that life on earth was created primarily for the glory of God, nor that Abel epitomizes His entire priesthood. Genesis, then, all the books of the Old and New Testament, is to abound in lambs and the blood of lambs. And the Lamb shall be the Bridegroom of the Church until the earth shall be no more and the just shall see the Face of God.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE LONG ROAD HOME. By John Moody: The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00.

Almost any religious autobiography makes interesting reading, but *The Long Road Home* is a religious autobiography. plus. It is the life story of a familiar and successful Wall Street figure, a financial expert whose name and accomplishments are well known in every banking and brokerage house in the country.

John Moody was born in 1868, in Jersey City, of a practically minded New England mother and a Yankee father who, nevertheless, had an unquenchable and, for the most part, disastrous attraction to Wall Street speculation. His boyhood and youth were spent in various small New Jersey communities close by New York City, the family moving frequently according to the results of his father's "plunging." His parents were too poor to send him to college, but, nothing daunted, he became an omnivorous reader and, in time, one of those rare persons whom we refer to as self-educated men. Indeed, in his young manhood he even became a newspaper publisher and later on the editor of a magazine. Always, however, there was the hard-headed business man dormant in the dreamer and budding literary light. When his publishing ventures failed he entered the banking house of a relative in New York and thus began his career as a financial man. Henceforward he became more settled, married, moved to a quiet suburb, dabbled a bit in politics and, in general, became the typical American business man.

Throughout all this we notice an undercurrent of deep religious longings which found their outlet in the reading of various philosophers and theories of life, mostly modern. But none of these schools of

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thought or theories ever really satisfied John Moody. He felt constantly and spiritually adrift, unable to locate secure and safe anchorage. Nominally, he was an Episcopalian; in reality he was an unbeliever, or better, a seeker after truth. As he himself remarks: "For a quarter century or more I had been doubting the existence or the need of God; had viewed religion as little more than comforting poetry or emotional illusion. I suppose that in my heart I knew . . . that there was, back of life, something far deeper."

On the Feast of the Assumption in 1927, in Vienna, there finally came what he terms, *The Awakening*. From then on he read and studied more about the Catholic Church. His long years of business training came to the fore and prevented any hasty capitulation to Cathol-

icism. He felt ready and indeed eager to join the Church, but "extreme caution, born of life's experiences, bid me deliberate and think things carefully through before I took the irrevocable step. I decided to wait a year." In the spring of 1931 he came to the end of the long road home, returning to the faith of his forefathers of four centuries ago.

The Long Road Home is a well written highly interesting and intensely sincere autobiography. For one accustomed to the terminology of big business and high finance, Mr. Moody writes with a surprising warmth, at times with an almost poetic touch. The book is replete with colorful anecdote and richly sprinkled with precious personal experiences and valuable reflections on men and affairs. One may find here the story of Adolph Ochs and the rebirth of the *Times*, and come across stories of such men as Frank Munsey, P. T. Barnum, Warren G. Harding, and various others prominent in American life. It is to be regretted that



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Mr. Moody does not give more time and space to such interesting experiences, as the little that is told makes one itch for more. We get a fleeting glimpse into the underhanded methods that sometimes creep into big corporations, a brief view of the inner workings of Wall Street, while his timely reflections on the overthrow of old standards of morality are all too short. But, then, his evident purpose is to tell the story of his journey down the long road home.

One sets this book down with the wish that John Moody would go on talking, calling upon that vast reservoir of his crowded life. Some thoughts, however, lie too deep for words. This is a book that should not be missed.

SAINT ELIZABETH. By Elisabeth von Schmidt-Pauli. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50.

The author of this excellent life of Saint Elizabeth is an expert in the art of creating atmosphere. Reading the book one almost feels transported to those days of the Middle Ages, days of the Crusades, of jousts and tournaments when "restlessness was in the world's blood." All of which goes a great way toward an easier and fuller appreciation of this glorious Saint.

In her delineations of character she is no less successful. Elizabeth of Thuringia stands forth a truly Christian princess, a noble mother and a great Saint. In the brief and crowded twenty-four years of her life are found romance, tragedy, the pomp and glory of feudal reign, poverty, indomitable courage, genuine Christlike charity and finally, triumphant reward.

The beautiful love idyll of this girl-wife and her young husband, the Count of Thuringia, is told tenderly and with restraint. Elizabeth's many benefactions, the cruel misunderstandings of friends and advisers, the final loss of her regency and her unselfish, unconditional choice of a Franciscan manner of living offer a life story that is exceptionally interesting and replete with anecdote.

The author is equal to the task. Her writing is simple, unaffected and refreshingly limpid. Her *Saint Elizabeth* is understandable, appealing and memorable. Olga Marx performs another fine bit of translating.

THE SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD. By Gertrud von le Fort. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.25.

The song at the scaffold was the *Veni Creator* sung by sixteen Carmelite nuns of Compiegne guillotined during the French Revolution. Fraulein Gertrud von le Fort has taken one of the singers, Blanche de la Force, and woven around her life this brief but powerfully appealing novel.

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an agonizing fear that tortured her the length of her days. She struggled against it but never quite overcame it. Afraid to take her final vows she ran from the convent chapel and was swallowed up in the maelstrom of those horrible days of terror and bloodshed. But there did finally come a day when, by the grace of God, she conquered. In that dread hour when she stood in the Place de la Revolution and, transfixed, watched her former Carmelite companions march bravely up the scaffold a song upon their lips, and heard the strains of the *Veni Creator* floating full and clear above the chaotic confusion, all fear seemed to leave her. And when the voice of the last had been stilled by the cruel, relentless blade, but the song unfinished, Blanche de la Force from the thick of the crowd took up the hymn and "all alone across the great terrible square she sang the *Veni Creator* of her Sisters to the very end."

It is a brief story, a tragic story, but written with grace and tenderness. With marvelous insight the author portrays the deep spirituality, the generous self-sacrifice and the simple "other-worldliness," of these holy women. It is the story that one remembers, especially the final graphic pages wherein is described the singing of the song at the scaffold.

The translator, Olga Marx, has done her work exceptionally well. In her rendering the story loses none of its charm and delicate beauty, and the many poignant passages retain their appeal. This is indeed, a distinct and happy addition to the Malta Books series.

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS. By Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. The Century Co., New York. \$1.00.

To the thousands of eager listeners who heard these inspiring talks delivered over the radio so dramatically, this book should serve as a most welcome remembrance. In its seven chapters we read the message of Calvary as contained in the Seven Last Words which, "unlike the words of dying men, never died."

Father Sheen has a style distinctly his own—refreshing, powerful, stimulating and appealing. It is full of apt comparisons, sparkling but not 'smart' epigrams and vivid description. Many things that most preachers would scorn or, perhaps, fear to use as, for instance, an apocryphal legend or a bit of poetry, he takes advantage of, and incorporates into a discourse with an altogether successful and happy effect.

There have been thousands of sermons on the Seven Last Words. Books on the subject are legion. With the exception of descriptive passages they are all poured from the same mold. In the topics chosen and used for moralization there is practically no difference. Father Sheen is no exception, but what he says has such a freshness about it that it is almost as if these Seven Last Words were uttered only

yesterday. Take as an example the Fifth Word, "I thirst." In this Father Sheen takes as his theme the love of God. Most other books and preachers do the same. However, by using a few lines from The Hound of Heaven as a conclusion, an added beauty and a far more appealing quality are obtained.

In the blurb we are told that the author's purpose is to renew the message of the Seven Last Words in the hearts of his readers and to disclose their application to daily life and thought. This he does admirably, "tempting us to love the Love we fall just short of in all love."

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. The Century Co., New York. \$2.75.

Professor Maynard is convinced that every man is a potential lover of poetry. Most people who disdain poetry and who are, or believe themselves to be, antagonistic to all poets and poetry suffer from misunderstanding and ignorance. Another great hindrance to the love of poetry is that it is approached too often in a rigidly formal way as though it were a science.

Hardly anyone will love poetry to whom it is not taught intelligently. Moreover, it must be a love that grows naturally; it cannot be forced. The first great step toward engendering such a love is an intelligent understanding followed by appreciation and a response to beauty of expression. Then inevitably comes the conviction that "a man is more a man, a fuller man for his appreciation of poetry," and that the esthetic enjoyment derived is "the most intense as well as the most durable of all forms of pleasure and, let me add, one of the most accessible."

With the avowed purpose of demonstrating the passing beauty of true poetry and the real enjoyment to be derived from it, the author in an easy, inviting and wholly delightful manner shows us over the entire field of poesy. He tells us what poetry is, what a poet is, and how a poem is made. All this we find in the section headed, The Nature of Poetry. Then we learn of the various patterns and kinds of poetry. There is also a brief and charming appendix on reading poetry aloud. Another appendix is added, probably for poetic hopefuls, containing a list of magazines that accept poetry for publication.

He summons to his aid all the better known and most worthy lights of English poetry, ancient and contemporary. Well-known critics and their works and opinions are not forgotten, and there is a positive wealth of poetic quotations. Only one branch of poetry is not found in this book. The omission, however, is small loss. The author makes no attempt to "examine in detail the work of the experimental schools."

A vast range of subjects and topics is covered in a comprehensive, attractive

and eminently practical way. Truly may this book be called a *Preface To Poetry*, for it introduces one to poetry and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, was heretofore missed or unappreciated. It is a book of valuable information. It is a text book, to be sure; but at the same time is free from the cut and dried make-up and lifelessness generally found in a text book. Perhaps, this is because the author is himself a poet.

THE MODERN DILEMMA. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.00.

Under the general heading of *The Modern Dilemma*, Christopher Dawson has gathered together a number of his radio talks given last autumn on the problem of European unity. The burden of the entire book is an effort to answer the question: "How are we to adjust ourselves to the vast movement of change which is sweeping over the world, tearing the old civilizations away from their traditional moorings and threatening to wreck society both spiritually and materially?"

Mr. Dawson contends that the problem of Europe is fundamentally a spiritual one. Hence, the ultimate answer to the great question is: By a restoration of spiritual tradition of Europe. The Church is necessary to Europe, necessary to European unity, and the author is convinced "that the Church that made Europe may yet save Europe." Moreover, he prays that in all things there may be a "returning to unity through Him from Whom they took their beginning."

The book is rather slow in getting under way. In the initial pages it makes somewhat heavy reading. But when he arrives at the subject of democracy, Mr. Dawson hits his stride and in the chapter on religion he is superb. Those who wonder what can be done about the boiling cauldron that is modern Europe will find an answer, indeed the only logical and advisable answer, in this book.

SAINT JEROME. By Paul Monceaux. Translated by F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

In the initial pages of this life of Saint Jerome, two very misty matters are cleared up, and a mass of legend contradicted. Saint Jerome, we learn, was born about 347, in Stridon in the province of Venetia-Histria. The first fact would make him barely thirty at the time of his hermitage in the desert where so many writers and Christian artists have depicted him a doddering old man. The location of his birth-place makes him "quite simply, an Italian of the region of Aquileia."

After a boyhood spent in his native place guided by the gentle influence of his grandmother and subject to the rougher handling of his teacher, Jerome left for Rome to continue his studies. Thence he

went to Gaul, presumably to launch forth upon a career, probably in some unimportant diplomatic post. Shortly after this, we find him a member of a small group of ascetic-minded Christians. Upon their dissolution, Jerome set out for the East and entered the Syrian desert. Here he remained until the early spring of 378, spending his days in solitude, study and prayer. He left because "he had sought the road to Paradise and had not even found peace."

Here, too, the author takes leave of Saint Jerome, "at thirty, when he turned his back on the monks of the desert to reënter the world and face the unknown future." However, it was during this period of self-imposed solitude that Jerome's ability as a writer, his literary style and his profound scholarship began to assert themselves and produce abundant fruit.

The book is of much value as an historical document. It shows the results of deep and painstaking research. The picture it gives of the times is interesting and not too detailed. Interpreted by M. Monceaux, Saint Jerome stands forth a vital, believable personality. We see him an enchanting letter-writer, a vivid narrator, and a fearless controversialist. He wrote with a verve and freshness and with sudden popular touches that flashed genius. All in all this is a welcome addition to modern hagiography. It is hoped that M. Monceaux will some day offer us the finished portrait of this great Saint and Doctor who is so little known. It may be remarked that for its size and make-up the price of the book is a bit too stiff.

THE PASSION AND DEATH OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By Archbishop Goodier, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$3.00.

In this work Archbishop Goodier takes up the thread of his narrative of the public life of Our Lord and gives us the story of Christ's Passion beginning with the events of Tuesday of Holy Week and concluding with the Entombment.

The author is averse to dwelling much upon the outward circumstances and accessory characters of the Passion. Rather, he offers an attempt to "study Him round Whom the story is gathered." He asks himself, and in this book endeavors to answer, such questions as: How does the Passion reveal Christ to us? What were His thoughts and feelings? What was His soul?

Although he succeeds quite admirably in presenting a moving and graphic study of the sufferings of Jesus in His Passion, yet he errs, if the word may be used, on the side of devotion. This is evident in his description of the mental sorrows of the Pro-Passion. The passages on the Scourging and Crowning are much after the manner of what one will find in any of the

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standard and more familiar books of meditation and do not manifest a great deal of research or profound study. It is difficult to understand how any book purporting to be a thorough work on the Passion and Death of Jesus can fail to contain a discussion of many of the extraneous details that are here missing.

Throughout the book the Scriptural citations are set in blank verse. While at times this is disconcerting, for the most part it is advantageous. One can find much valuable and edifying reading for meditation. Preachers will also discover an abundance of material useful in the composition of sermons. The chapters on the Discourse at the Last Supper are especially recommended as, perhaps, the best thing yet done in English on that ineffably beautiful and far too little known discourse of Our Lord. Although this is a book on the Passion and Death of Jesus, it is to be regretted that a chapter on the Resurrection was not included, thus bringing the author's trilogy on the public life of Our Lord to completion.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTIAN CLASSICS. Edited by Michael Williams. Liveright, Inc., New York. \$2.00.

In the prevailing tabloid arrangement there is to be found gathered between the covers of this volume a profuse selection of Christian devotional literature. The use of the word Christian is made advisedly, for we find included not only Catholic authors but those of certain non-Catholic Christian sects as well.

The editor, Michael Williams, in his introduction, points out seven, and to him, dominant characteristics of all Christian literature, namely, sacramentalism, supernaturalism, a sense of mystery, an atmosphere of ecstasy, symbolism, obedience to higher authority and, finally, an all-embracing belief in the God-Man Jesus Christ.

All these seven characteristic notes he believes are most obviously and definitely apparent in the selections printed in this book. Only two departments or classes of Christian literature, however, are here represented, that of mystical experience and that of devotional meditation, or essays in poetry and prose.

Like all excerpts they only half satisfy. On the other hand a complete inclusion would be well-nigh impossible in a volume of this size and, we suppose, half a loaf is better than none. Then, too, perhaps whoever reads this book will be tempted, as one can be coaxed by a choice morsel, to delve deeper into the well springs of Christian thought and classic literature and read in full one or several of the works represented.

As to the group represented, there are some who will say that a more representative and happier selection might easily have been made. Nor would they be far from wrong. For what is offered herein

leaves something to be desired and at times the book is greatly lacking. Much of what is contained could hardly pass as genuinely classic Christian literature. It is difficult indeed, to understand how any book purporting to be an anthology of "the devotional literature of Christianity," can pass over the sheer beauty and unmistakably classic quality of the New Testament or fail to include something from a Bernard of Clairvaux or Blessed Thomas More. And if non-Catholic Christian authors are to be included where is John Keble? Moreover, to cite one example, Edward Benlowes' poem, "Theophila's Love Song," can scarcely be numbered among Christian classics.

There is indeed a wide representation of various and varied authors, including such names as Tertullian, Blessed Juliana of Norwich, Cardinal Newman, John Donne, Coventry Patmore, Ste. Therese of Lisieux, and Blessed John Ruysbroeck.

While a reading of this book should impress one with a greater appreciation of those glorious and all too often neglected Christian classics, at the same time the glaring omissions leave the unpleasant suspicion that this is merely another "publisher's book."

SERMONS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. By Rev. Thomas P. Phelan. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.50.

In this book of sermons the reader will find a wide variety of occasional sermons and addresses ranging from The Blessing of a Church Bell to a Seminary Alumni Sermon. The collection is the fruit of thirty years labor on the part of the author. All are well written and are not too long, for the most part twenty minute talks. The busy priest who finds himself crowded for time or called upon for an occasional address at short notice will find plenty of ideas and "leads" in a perusal of this work. In all, thirty-five different subjects are treated.

ECCE HOMO. By Francis X. McCabe, C.M. Bruce Co., Milwaukee. \$1.00.

Pontius Pilate standing on the balcony of his palace that first Good Friday pointed to Our Lord and cried out to the assembled multitudes: "Behold the Man." This cry of Pilate has echoed across the centuries on the lips and in the hearts of all those who saw or wanted to see in Jesus only a Man. In our own day it is heard uttered on all sides by those numerous and powerful agencies which attempt to deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

This book is by way of a refutation of their teachings and an explanation of the true dogma. It is not, indeed, an elaborate or exhaustive theological discussion, but merely a gathering together of historical facts found in the New Testament and proving the Divinity of Jesus. After bringing us up to the martyrdom of Saint

Stephen the author in his concluding chapter paints a graphic picture of the world's woes and makes an impassioned plea for belief in the Divinity of Jesus as its one hope and salvation.

The book serves its purpose only fairly well. With the exception of the chapter on the Resurrection the author seems not to clinch his arguments thoroughly. A bare recital of facts will not always be convincing. In many places the composition is poor, the style not smooth, and there is evidence of frequent padding.

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF REDEMPTORIST GENERALS. Bruce Publishing Co., New York. \$2.00.

This volume presents something new in the way of religious literature—a selection from the circular letters of two Superior Generals of a religious congregation. Its publication is particularly appropriate, coming as it does immediately after the second centenary of the founding of the Redemptorists and just one hundred years after their first coming to America.

The letters cover a period of fifty-four years and set forth the ideals and spirit of Saint Alphonsus and his sons. In them we find a very clear and attractive presentation of the fundamental principles of the religious life, indeed, of all sanctity and perfection. There are such varied topics as The Love of God, Humility, Purity of Mind and Body, Fraternal Charity, the Contemplative Life and others well calculated to encourage and edify all who read.

The arrangement of the subject matter is most agreeable and especially helpful are the frequent marginal glosses that explain or sum up the accompanying paragraphs. Although much of the material naturally will have an appeal to the Redemptorists only, nevertheless, as the foreword remarks, the book, is offered to all Religious and workers for souls and to the laity, in the hope that a study of the principles and ideals of Saint Alphonsus may prove a benefit and an inspiration.

ONE HOUR. By Mother Mary Philip. I.B.V.M. P. J. Kennedy, New York. \$1.25.

This collection of meditations, indulged prayers and devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been compiled for the purpose of aiding those who wish to conduct or to spend a Holy Hour. Each chapter follows an orderly plan of devotion, beginning with an offering of the Holy Hour. This is followed by various prayers, short edifying anecdotes, hymns, snatches of poetry, and excerpts from well-known religious authors all calculated to last one hour. However, these may be shortened according as time or one's devotion and affections dictate. Such a book should indeed prove a help to those whose duty it is to conduct a Holy Hour.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special-blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey,

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses said.....	44
Masses heard.....	30,571
Holy Communions.....	20,085
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	78,809
Spiritual Communions.....	153,317
Benediction Services.....	12,595
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	110,850
Stations of the Cross.....	20,824
Visits to the Crucifix.....	83,331
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	18,934
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	103,222
Visits to Our Lady.....	181,351
Rosaries.....	60,956
Beads of the Seven Dolours.....	20,370
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	4,104,107
Hours of Study, Reading.....	37,687
Hours of Labor.....	77,625
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	77,846
Acts of Zeal.....	108,999
Prayers, Devotions.....	209,937
Hours of Silence.....	72,483
Various Works.....	606,357
Holy Hours.....	822

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

V. REV. T. WUCKER
REV. JOHN OSSEMER
REV. W. V. VAN AN
SR. M. STANISLA
WM. H. CARROLL
GERTRUDE SIRLIN
MARY ELLEN KIRBERGER
THOS. F. O'CONNOR, JR.
THOMAS O'HARA
THOS. F. O'CONNOR, SR.
JOHN KARRENBauer
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MARY MULLALLY
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

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GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

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HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

• • •

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

• • •

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

• • •

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

• • •

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

• • •

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

• • •

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

• • •

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

• • •

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

• • •

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

• • •

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

• • •

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

• • •

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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